









Bhudeb M. A. B. Jee Collection  
THE

# BENGAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

THE REV. LAL BEHARI DAY.

VOL. VI.

*From August 1877 to July 1878.*

CALCUTTA :

THACKER, SPINK & Co.

PRINTED BY B. M. ROSE, AT THE SAPTARIK SAMBAD PRESS

1878.



# CONTENTS.

	Page.
A Bengali Primer ... ..	29
Bianca : Or the Young Spanish Maiden ...	264, 279, 325, 371
Chit Chat Club ... ..	17, 61
Civilization in Ancient India. By Una ...	231, 527
Comte as a Philosopher. By A Hindustani ...	407
Diary of the Russo-Turkish War. By A Son of Mars.	137, 184, 209, 276, 315
Die Weisze Frau. By D. ... ..	262
Dogmas of Rationalism. By A Hindustani ...	467
Duff on the Famine, The Rev. Dr. ... ..	70
Duff, The late Dr. ... ..	319
Duty of Educated Natives. ... ..	252
Echoes from the French Poets. By the late Miss Toru Dutt	9, 47, 121
Folk-Tales of Bengal... ..	73, 104, 190, 295, 331
Grand Father Chhakessur ... ..	156, 360
Hindu Philosophy. By Una ... ..	52, 95
Is any change in Progress ? ... ..	419
Lieutenant-Governor's Speech ... ..	131
Margaret. By D. ... ..	136
Model Baboo Papers, The. A New Disease ...	90
Mythic Astronomy ... ..	33
Near Seone. By D. ... ..	315
Notes on the Transfer of Property Bill. ...	302
Notices of Books. ... ..	40, 226, 557
On Board S. S. Retribution. By D. ... ..	382
Origin of Caste. By Nobin Krishna Bose ...	446
Ourselves ... ..	1
Personal Recollections of Sir Edward Ryan. By G. C. D.	515
Poesy. By Delta ... ..	259
Prayer, on. ... ..	24
Present Tendencies of Brahmoism. ... ..	495
Prospects of Material Prosperity. By R. N. Basak	383, 507
Religion of the Brahmo Somaj. By A Hindustani	165
Review of Mr. Bonhwetsch's Matthew. By the Editor	112, 145, 195
Rival Cities of Assyria. By S. ... ..	429
Ruins of the Old World . By S. ... ..	344

	Page.
Shadows. By D.	199
Sonnets. By D.	136, 199, 314, 368, 369, 382
Spiritualism.	200
Stories from the Mahabharata.	1
Tale of Native Christian Life in Bengal, A.	122, 176, 214, 335, 399, 423
Trip to Rajasthan.	548
Viceroy on Education, The.	205
Wonders of Egypt. By S.	476

493

# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

• August, 1877.

## OURSELVES.

With the present number the *Bengal Magazine* commences the sixth year of its existence. When we remember that several Magazines, which were ushered into the world either along with this or shortly after its commencement, have gone the way of all the earth, we cannot be sufficiently thankful to the public for the measure, however limited, of patronage which they have so cheerfully accorded to us, and to our collaborators for literary contributions for which we have never been in a position to render pecuniary compensation. Far be it from us to take up the language of boasting; on the contrary, we are conscious of many imperfections in the conduct of this journal, having never been able to attain to that high ideal which we had set before us. When we think of the first-class English Magazines, the consummate ability with which they are conducted, the many articles of high excellence which they contain, the amount of useful knowledge they diffuse among the reading population of the United Kingdom, and the influence which they exert on the nation, we are filled with admiring despair; and yet we see no reason why there should not be in Bengal, with its hundreds of well-educated young men, we do not say a first-class, but at any rate, a good Magazine. We hope and trust that the best educated of our countrymen will come to our help, and make the *Bengal Magazine* a worthy exponent of that culture to which the natives of Bengal have attained. For ourselves, we shall endeavour to improve the Magazine as far as our humble abilities will enable us to do so; at any rate we shall endeavour to make it more interesting than it has been for some time past by the insertion of a larger number of articles discussing the great political, social and moral questions of the day.

Nor are we satisfied with that scanty measure of patronage which the public has hitherto doled out to us. No Magazine can ever flourish which simply pays its expenses, and which is unable to remunerate its contributors. The *Bengal Magazine* has a bare subsistence allowance. Not to speak of luxuries, it has not the ordinary comforts of literary life. From this state of penury we trust a liberal public will soon deliver the *Bengal Magazine*.

## STORIES FROM THE MAHABHARAT.

### THE THREE PUPILS.

*Aad-Dhormya* had three pupils. These, according to the practice that obtained in the country, boarded with their tutor, compensating him chiefly by the performance of menial offices, to none of which the spirit of the age attached any disgrace. *Aad* was profoundly versed in Sanscrit lore comprehended in the programme of saintly education. His fame spread far and wide, and attracted to his residence three aspirants to classical distinction. What served as an additional inducement was *Aad's* reputed power of communicating knowledge simply by willing it, without subjecting his pupils to the tedious process of going through the text books, chapter by chapter and verse by verse. "Know thou the *Vedas*," he said to the fortunate youth who succeeded in securing his good wishes, and forthwith he became familiar with the sublime truths contained in those voluminous works of *Vyas*. But the benediction had to be dearly purchased. Loath to waste high attainments on worthless objects, the gifted seer took care, in each individual instance, previously to ascertain how far the candidate had entitled himself to so easy a transition from ignorance to knowledge, by habits of application and by due appreciation of the inestimable boon to be conferred: invariably therefore, did he impose on his pupils tasks entailing, not only steady perseverance, but such bodily hardships that very few could have the heart to undergo. As a reward for an ungrudging submission to hard labor and trying privations only was conceded the passport to the Temple of Fame.

It was *Aruni's* lot first to go through the ordeal. He was ordered to repair a breach in the dam to prevent water from issuing out of his master's cornfield. *Aruni* spared no pains with a view to complete the work within the time specified. He threw basket-fulls of earth on the breach, but he

threw it in vain. The cruel element washed off the impediments in its way and triumphantly flowed down the declivity mocking the efforts of the would-be scholar. Nothing dismayed *Aruni* worked away with the strength of a giant from day-dawn to dewy eve without being able to effect his purpose. Soft soil dug up from the adjacent moist grounds would not stem the torrent that rushed on furiously and drained the irrigation, on which rested *Aod's* only hope of confronting the severe drought of the year. At last depressed in spirits and exhausted in strength, the amateur clown threw himself on the breach thus partially to stop the unpropitious drainage. Fast advanced the night. The repentant preceptor alarmed at the protracted absence of *Aruni* sallied forth in quest of the missing lamb whom he would fain see safe in the fold again. Planting himself on the margin of the cornfield he pathetically exclaimed, "Where art thou, O *Aruni*, darling dear? Come back to my arms impatient to embrace thee." Roused from the stupor by the familiar voice, the pupil directed his feeble steps towards his preceptor and, ere long, presented himself dripping wet and well nigh robbed of the power of articulation to relate his sad plight in detail. The exploring party listened to the mournful tale with breathless silence and conducted the devoted disciple to the hospitable domicile, where all hands combined to minister to his comforts till perfectly restored to animation and cheerfulness. Early next morning *Aod*, after the due performance of his morning ablutions, summoned his pupil unto his presence and thus delivered himself,—“Well hast thou earned, *Aruni*, the pearl above all price. The dullest of dullards may with the aid of such exemplary self-denial and steadfastness of purpose, attain distinction in any sphere of life. Thine is a noble ambition. To excel in knowledge is true excellence. Blockheads may be helped to titles and sceptres, but in literature one must help himself. Riches and dominions have I none to bestow. What I have I freely give unto thee. Be thou an adept in the *Sastras* and continue to adore thy mother-land as long as thou breathest. Farewell.”



Next came the trial of *Upamurna* who was ordered to tend the preceptor's flock. This necessarily confined the youth to one meal a day after his return from the pasture, but it did not in the least affect his general appearance. He looked as sleek and plump as ever to the great surprise of the puzzled tutor who, as a rule, subordinated instruction to discipline, which latter he considered the sole end and aim of education. Unable to suppress his suspicions any longer, the rigid disciplinarian one morning catechised the appointed cowherd as to the cause of the unusual phenomenon. "*Upamurna*", he said, "I readily give you the credit of being too shrewd to lend thyself like shallow rogues to lies which must finally ooze out however cleverly managed at first. Tell me candidly then how it is that, in spite of the privations, thou hast maintained thy looks unaltered." The pupil replied, "Venerable Sire! I have of late taken to begging alms, the proceeds of daily charity support my health and strength." With well-feigned indignation *Aud* observed that such misappropriation of what was earned during the time allotted to duty was reprehensible in the highest degree, and as such could not be permitted. "Henceforth," he added, "whatever is thus procured should be made over to me, the rightful owner of every thing purchased at the sacrifice of my time." The pupil went on doing as he was bid, but still continued to grow fat and stout as before. His preceptor had no reason to doubt that every grain of what was obtained by the admitted appeal to the liberality of others, was evening after evening faithfully made over to him according to his injunctions; but the conviction served only to mystify the matter more. The ready obedience to his order rendered a further expostulation extremely delicate as calculated to betray a want of confidence ill-deserved by the frank and free admission on the part of the young man of what had been done without permission asked or granted. But, on the other hand, suspense became gradually intolerable. How to get at the truth without doing violence to the feelings of an apparently honest youth, was a problem which he could not satisfactorily solve for himself.

He patiently brooded over the matter for a while till curiosity got the better of delicacy. And he once more challenged his pupil to account for his triumph over the eternal laws of nature which make nourishment necessary for the proper development of the frame. The reply was as laconic and unequivocal as on the former occasion. "I support myself," said *Upamurna*, "by a second course of begging after reserving for thee what I gain by the first." This was prohibited, not only as an unlawful monopoly of public charity, but also as calculated to engender a greed quite incompatible with literary aspirations. The tutor thought that he might now congratulate himself on having put his pet scheme of discipline in a fair way to success, little dreaming that he was destined to fresh disappointments. For *Upamurna* continued to look well fed, in fact looked better fed now than at any previous period of his life. Questioned a third time, he pleaded guilty to having drawn support from the milch cows he had to tend, and unhesitatingly endorsed the cogency of the arguments adduced by his logical preceptor to represent the practice as involving a serious and culpable breach of trust. Days passed on, but *Upamurna's* vigour knew no diminution even after the discontinuance of the pilfered milk supply. Sorely vexed at what now seemed to be a deep concerted plot to frustrate the end of the probation *Aod* did not know what to make of the matter. Compliance with his wishes evidently caused no discomfort to the party whose patience and forbearance it was his only object to test. Humiliated beyond measure in his own estimation for being nonplused by a beardless youth, he somewhat unceremoniously broke out one evening into a rhapsody on truth whilst the comely figure of his pupil stood, as was his wont, before him on his return from out-door labor. Unconscious of having disobliged his instructor in any particular, the bewildered youth was quite at a loss to discover the drift of the exordium, and reassured *Aod* that his injunctions had been carried out to their very letter. If he had subsequently erred at all it was, he said, in attempting to retain health and strength unimpaired by partaking of a substance which could not

possibly be of use to any other living thing—the froth remaining on the mouth of calves after leaving off the teats of their dams. “Little dost thou understand the nature of animals which man, in the fulness of his vanity, designates irrational. Most of these are endowed with qualities which would do honor to the so-called lord of the creation. These young calves, moved to pity by thy wants, purposely collect more froth for thy support than is consistent with their fair growth. So that your appeal to their commiseration virtually ruins the prospect of their well-being in after life. Discontinue the highly culpable practice at once,” said *Aozl*. “Thy will be done,” replied the ever obedient pupil, “from this day I will take nothing without thy knowledge,” and the next morning led the flock to the field as usual. Unaccustomed to abstinence from childhood and deserted by his ingenuity, the hungry youth was driven to the necessity of joining his fourfooted comrades and cropping the herbs to satisfy his appetite, but unprotected by their instinct he swallowed some poisonous leaves that forthwith deprived him of his eye-sight. Surrounded by cimmerian darkness he attempted to grope to his lodging and fell into a deep well that lay in his uncertain way. There he remained helpless long enough to cause uneasiness in the breast of his guardian. He fidgeted and complained of the delay, though often remonstrated with by the other inmates of the house, who either did not or would not see in the absence any thing so seriously to be taken to heart. Exact punctuality, they argued, on the part of one who had to conduct a large herd of cattle never slow in taking advantage of their short-lived liberty, it was by no means reasonable to expect. Impatience was unanimously condemned as quite uncalled for, as *Upamurna* was sure to return in due time. “Ye all recollect very well,” sobbed the apostle of discipline, “how one by one I cut off the lad from all his resources for responding to the call of nature. Driven to desperation, the child must have made up his mind never to return. This very moment, for aught I know to the contrary, he is roving in the trackless wilderness a prey to

hunger and thirst, aye perchance to wild beasts that prowled after nightfall for human blood, or mayhap lies lifeless stretched in some remote unfriended bank, having no body within miles to perform the last offices for securing his soul a better fate than it met with during his pupilage. Bear me company, my friends, I entreat you, while I go in search of the ill used youth, and lend me your assistance in rescuing him from certain death or at any rate in rescuing his soul from perdition." The exhortation was not without effect. A party was soon formed with whom the kind-hearted tutor marched out in search of the supposed truant, and at each step in a plaintive voice invited him to return. They had to proceed far before an almost inaudible voice informed them of the catastrophe. *Aod* was in a dead fix. It is true he possessed certain powers denied to the ordinary run of mankind, but under that category did not come that of restoring sight to the blind which rested solely with the physicians-general of the gods. Then the unfortunate youth was advised to invoke, which he did without loss of time, and thus began :—"Oh ye mighty twain of *Aswini*-born ! Ye who were ere creation was, and, incarnated in that incoherate embryo, did expand yourselves into this visible universe—ye who, uncircumscribable by space or time, did breathe the instinct in man and the sublime concepts arising therefrom ;—ye who beyond the grasp of word or thought, did roost on trees of flesh, and, dispensing with the ordinary laws of mechanism, did inaugurate vast panoramas of beauty and symmetry by your sovereign will,—led by intuition, contemplation and instruction, I invoke you for the cure of my malady &c." The prayer was fervent, and failed not to summon down those masters of the healing art who offered him a cake, the taste of which they assured him would effect the desired cure. This however *Upamurna* refused to do, largely apologising for the act of seeming ingratitude. He could, he said, internally take nothing however tempting without the knowledge of his master. "Your master," they said, "on one occasion advanced the same plea when offered a cake by us, but was ultimately over-

ruled, take the cake and regain thy sight." *Upamurna* intreated the celestial visitors not to urge the matter further, as he was determined not in any account to deviate from the resolution. This so delighted the divine physicians that they at once granted his prayer. After regaining his sight, *Upamurna* went to his lodgings and gave a detailed account of his adventures which greatly affected the old man, and induced him to cancel the remaining portion of the probation. The usual benediction was pronounced, and so they parted.

The task imposed on *Bade* the remaining pupil, though apparently the lightest of all, was rendered more irksome than that of *Upamurna* by the studied caprice of this conferrer of renown. He had to minister to the personal comforts of his master, to secure which it often became necessary not only to expose himself to the inclemencies of the weather, but to lend himself to affairs that could be ill reconciled with the dictates of his conscience. In season and out of season he drudged on like a beast without ever thinking of his own wants, or questioning the propriety or impropriety of his master's behests. Time rolled on, month after month, year after year, found the youth busily engaged in work that would tire the patience of the hardest slave and disgust the feelings of the most depraved of men. *Bade* swerved not, complained not, but by dint of dogged perseverance extorted from the tutor the coveted blessing, and returned to his native village, resolved to inaugurate in his own school a new regime that would exempt pupils from personal service for which he and his chums had had to pay so dear, albeit for proficiency acquired without novitiating in literature.

## ECHOES FROM THE FRENCH POETS—NO. 2.

[ From the Manuscripts of our late contributor T. D. ]

It is with the deepest sorrow that we record the death on the 30th of August of our gifted contributor Miss Toru Dutt. Her elder sister Aru Dutt died little more than two years ago ; and Toru now follows Aru. They were pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided. Both the sisters possessed unquestioned genius, and had come in contact with the highest culture of the age in England and in France where they lived with their parents for five years. Living in the delicious climate of Nice in the sunny South, they caught the spirit of true poetry, and for ever retained the divine afflatus. Aru wrote but little, and that little only in the *Bengal Magazine* ; but those pieces, though few, contain in them the spark of true poetry. Toru lived to achieve wider fame. Her pieces were admired not only by competent scholars in India but by critics in England and in France. If Aru and Toru had been English or French girls their literary attainments would have been deemed marvellous, how much more marvellous must they be considered when it is remembered that they were Bengali girls, born of Bengali parents though Christian, and that neither English nor French was their mother tongue.

Sad it is to think that their sun is gone down while it is yet day. And yet why sad ? They have changed an earthly for a heavenly song. With golden harps in their hands they now join

“That undisturbed song of pure content,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne  
To Him that sits thereon ;  
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,  
Where the bright seraphim in burning row  
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow ;  
And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires ;  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly.”

To the bereaved father and mother of those dear girls we offer our deepest condolence. They have lost their richest treasures. But those treasures are not lost. Faith sees them safe in the treasure-house on high amongst the Lord's jewels. Ed. B. M.

## SUR LA TERRASSE DES AYGALADES

*Joséph Méry.*

From this high terrace where the roses  
 Mount up as if to tempt the hand,  
 Three things the horizon-bound discloses  
 The road, the town, the sea-line grand.

The sea says :—Fear me, when wrath urges,  
 Yawns terrible for all my deep,  
 And those who brave my foam-fringed surges  
 Down, down amidst my sea-weeds sleep.

The town says :—Wouldst thou comfort borrow  
 From me so full of noise and care ?  
 My days are given to toil and sorrow,  
 And all my nights want fresher air.

The road says :—Lo, my winding traces  
 Lead to the climates of the snow,  
 Inhabited by divers races,—  
 But Death is in the winds that blow.

Now, life is here, in this sweet shadow ;  
 What balm sheds Zephyr as he flies !  
 And oh ! what flowers on hill and meadow  
 As thick as stars in summer skies !

Around the red-tiled roofs that slumber  
 Bathed in an azure light divine,  
 Grow olive trees, a countless number,  
 And tendrils propped that promise wine.

The mountains stern, as stern Pelides,  
 Wear crowns of flowers, and at their feet  
 The fair spring of the Hesperides  
 A carpet strows for Beauty meet.

The skies rain music, clear and clearer,  
 Sweet echoes from the Heavenly court !  
 And on the rounded hill-tops nearer  
 The gentle sheep and lambkins sport.

What long arcades of birch and hazel !  
 How soft the twilight that they cast !  
 And what cascades ! The sunbeams dazzle,  
 And span them with a rainbow vast.

Peace on these shores herself invites us  
 To pass with her the hours away ;  
 The very air we breathe incites us  
 To keep an endless holiday.

Ah ! Who would not live here for ever,  
 From every care and passion free,  
 And leave the crowd its vain endeavour,  
 Its dusty road and town and sea ?

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER,

*Jean Reboul.*

An angel with a radiant face  
 Bent o'er the cradle of a child,  
 As in a waveless brook to trace  
 His own sweet image undefiled.

"O charming child, that seem'st my shade,"  
 Said he,—“come, come away with me ;  
 Oh come, and let no fears dissuade,  
 This earth is not a place for thee.

“Here never is an unmixed joy,  
 Distinct from suffering and from pain,  
 Nothing, alas ! without alloy ;  
 No smile but has its sigh again. •



"Ah ! Not one pleasure here is sure !  
 The calmest day,—the brightest sun,  
 A murky tempest will obscure  
 Perhaps before its course be run.

"And what ! Shall griefs disturb or fears  
 This brow as pure as summer skies !  
 And shall the bitterness of tears  
 Bedim the lustre of these eyes !

"No ! No ! With me through boundless space  
 Thou shalt delight, my child, to rove ;  
 The great good Father sends this grace  
 And spares thee further years, in love.

"I take thee hence away my flower  
 From those that thee have fondly nurst,  
 But let them greet the last, last hour  
 As joyful as they hailed the first.

"Let none wear mourning in this home,  
 No heart keep sorrow as its guest ;  
 For souls as pure as ocean-foam  
 The last day is of all the best."

The angel spoke, and shook his wings,  
 And to the Throne eternal sped,  
 Whence gush for man Life's crystal springs.  
 —Poor mother ! there thy child lies dead.

#### THE SLAVER.

*Henri Heine.*

The good ship's captain, stout Mynheer Van Kock,  
 Is seated in his cabin, occupied  
 In making up his Balance-sheet account.  
 He calculates the cargo's price with care,  
 And then the profits likely to accrue.

"The gum is good, the pepper better still,  
I have three hundred sacks—and let me see,  
Three hundred barrels nicely stowed below.  
I have too gold-dust, and ivory rare,  
But the merchandise of blacks for slavery  
Is what is worth the most, ta'en all in all.  
I have six hundred negroes I acquired  
By fair exchange, that is, for almost naught  
In verity, on Senegal's wild coast.  
The flesh is firm, the nerves are tough and strong  
As bowstrings strained,—a looker-on may say  
Statues my figures are, of moulded bronze.  
Brandy and gin in barter I have given,  
And beads of glass that look like precious pearls,  
And instruments of steel as bright as sharp.  
Eight hundred for each hundred shall I gain  
If but the half alone remain alive.  
Yes, if there rest for me three hundred souls  
In Rio Janeiro's port, the well-known firm  
Gonzales Perreiro shall to me count out  
A hundred ducats by the head at least."  
All of a sudden, good Mynheer Van Kock  
Is interrupted in his happy thoughts.  
The surgeon of the brave ship enters in,  
Monsieur le Docteur Van der Smissen, named.  
It is a figure dry and thin,—the nose  
Full of red warts. "Ah well! My surgeon-friend,"  
Cries out Van Kock, "how fare my dear, dear blacks?"  
The doctor thanks him for his interest,  
And says, "I came here, Captain, to announce  
That the mortality, the night just past  
Has much augmented. On an average  
One with another taken, there have died  
About per day but two. This day have died  
Not less than seven, four men and women three.

I have inscribed the loss without delay  
Upon the registers ; I have done more ;  
I have examined, and with care minute,  
The corpses, for often will these rogues  
Counterfeit death, in hopes they may be thrown  
Amidst the waves. I took away their chains  
And saw, as is my wont, the bodies flung  
This morning in the sea at break of day.  
Then instantly the sharks came darting forth  
From the blue bosom of the waves ; they came  
Band after band, a serried army fierce.  
They love the black flesh, Captain, oh so much !  
They're my pensioners since a long, long time.  
They have pursued the track of our good ship  
E'en from the day we left the savage coast.  
The rogues ! They scent the corpses,—far, far off,  
With the dilated nostrils of gourmets.  
It is most comical to see them seize  
The dead afloat. This grinds a wooly head,  
And that a foot ; some others swallow down  
Strips of black flesh ; when all have been devoured  
They joyous dance around the vessel's sides,  
And look at me with great and glassy eyes  
Portruding from their fronts, as if they wished  
To thank me for their breakfasts."—Here Van Kock  
Sighing, cut short his words. "How soften down  
The evil, doctor, let me ask you that.  
How stop this progress of mortality ?"  
"Many are lost," the doctor gravely said,  
"By their own fault. It is their dirty smell  
That has corrupted the salubrious air  
Of this good ship ; and many more are dead  
Of melancholy, and because they felt  
Quite weary of their lives and longed to die.  
A little air, and exercise, and play,

And music and the dance might be enough  
 To heal the evil or to lessen it."  
 "Good counsel !" Cried Van Kock, "my surgeon-friend,  
 You are as wise as Aristotle's self,  
 Great Alexander's teacher,—yes, you are !  
 The President of the Society at Delft  
 For tulip culture and perfectionment  
 Is very able,—yea, a man of men,  
 But half your wit he has not. Quick, oh quick !  
 Music,—that is it,—music and a ball  
 For all the blacks upon the clean-scrubbed deck !  
 This shall I have, and then let those beware  
 Who are not well amused, or shun the dance.  
 We shall rejoice their bosoms with the whip  
 Prompt to persuade where milder measures fail."

## II.

From the pall of heaven spread out on high  
 Thousands of stars look down like tender eyes  
 Of lovely women,—bright, and large, and full,  
 Full of desire and strange intelligence,  
 As they have done for aons, they regard  
 The blue sea stretching miles and miles away.  
 Covered with purple vapours, lit by stars  
 With strange phosphoric gleams. Murmur the waves  
 Voluptuously around the gallant ship.  
 No sail floats on its towering masts. It seems  
 Despoiled of all its rigging and its gear.  
 But lanterns shine upon the glancing deck  
 Where joyful music summons to the dance.  
 The pilot plays the violin, the cook  
 Breathes on the flute, a sailor strikes the drum,  
 And Van der Smissen gives the trumpet voice.  
 About a hundred men and women dark  
 Utter wild cries of joy, and leap and whirl

**Uttara para Jaikrishna Public Library**

**Accn. No.** 31099 ..... **Date** 31.3.04

In Bacchanal frenzy. At each turn  
Their chains resound in cadence to their steps.  
They beat the creaking planks beneath their feet  
Like folk gone mad, and many an ebon nymph  
Twines with her arms voluptuously the form  
Of some companion stalwart yet though gaunt.  
But ever and anon across the noise  
Tumultuous.—a low sob resounds.  
The garde-chiourme, the master of the bands,  
Is master of the ceremonies here,  
And with the lash by fits he stimulates  
The dancers faint, and urges them to joy.  
And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !  
The tumult from the waves' dark depths attracts  
The monsters of the sea, at last aroused  
From their long stupid sleep. But half awake,  
Drowsy and dull, and heavy still, they come,  
The sharks, yea hundreds of the ravenous sharks,  
With eyes fixed on the ship in wonder mute.  
They have perceived, however, that the hour  
For breakfast has not dawned as yet. They gape,  
They open wide the caverns of their throats,  
Demoniac jaws displaying, set with rows  
Of teeth, that look like, and are sharp as, saws.  
And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !  
Still, still the dance whirls furious on. The sharks  
From sheer impatience bite each other's tails.  
I think they love not music. Those do not  
Who are their similars amongst our kind.  
Old Albion's poet world-renowned, has sung  
The man who has no music in his soul  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
Never on such a creature put thou trust.  
And dideldumdei ! And schnedderedeng !  
The dance whirls on, and on, and endless on !

Mynheir Van Kock is seated near the mast,  
 The great mast of the ship,—his hands are joined,  
 His eyes half closed, as thus devout he prays ;  
 "O good Lord ! For the precious love of Christ,  
 Spare, spare the remnant of these sinners black !  
 If they have Thee offended, Thou oh Lord  
 Knowest, they are as stupid as the kine.  
 Spare Thou their lives, and spare for Jesus' sake  
 Who died for us, yea, all of us, and paid  
 The ransom full. For oh, if there remain  
 Not full three hundred, when I reach the port  
 Of Rio Janeiro, then I shall have made  
 A sorry business of it, and instead  
 Of reaping profit, shall have suffered loss ! "

## THE CHIT CHAT CLUB.

•  
NO. VIII.

## The Russo-Turkish War.

---

 Interlocutors.

Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea.

„ „ Pyari Chand Basu.

„ „ Jaya Gopal Ghosha.

„ „ Syama Charan Chatterjea.

„ „ Jadu Nath Mitra.

„ „ Prem Chand Datta.

Maulavi Imdad Ali.

Radha. We are met, my friends, this night after a recess  
 of upwards of two years, in the midst of great

scenes which are now being enacted on the stage of the world : there is the terrible famine in the Madras Presidency "blowing mildew from between his shrivelled lips" and threatening the lives of millions ; there is some mischief brewing, if political vaticinators say right, in the cauldron of the North West frontier ; and last not least there is the great war which Russia has undertaken for the liberation of the vilely oppressed Christian inhabitants of Bulgaria.

Imdad. Oh ! Oh ! You seem to be a live Russophil ! I thought from what the *Hindoo Patriot* said the other day that all educated Hindu gentlemen were on the side of Turkey in the present war.

Radha. I am neither a Russophil nor a Turkophil, but I am an anthropophil. I love neither Russia nor Turkey, but I love *man* who is my brother wherever he lives, whatever language he speaks, and whatever God he worships. In Bulgaria the Christians were massacred, were tortured ; their homes were burnt down to the ground ; their women were dishonoured ; and I rejoice that Russia has taken up their cause and is trying to put down those licentious savages that perpetrated those enormities. As for the statement in the *Hindoo Patriot*, the Editor must have given his own views ; for every educated Bengali to whom I have talked on the subject takes the side of Russia.

Jaya. And justly ; for to take the side of Turkey in this war is to take the side of the oppressor against the oppressed, the side of cruelty and atrocity against the side of humanity.

Imdad. Fancy Russia appearing as the champion of humanity ! You seem to have forgotten the atrocities Russia perpetrated in Poland.

Jaya. No, I have not. I remember them well; and if the case were *Prussia versus Poland*, I should unhesitatingly take the side of Poland. I abominate those atrocities of Russia against the Poles. But we are now sitting in judgement not over Polish but over Bulgarian horrors. You are guilty of the fallacy usually called *ignoratio elenchi* when you now talk of Russia's treatment of Poland. What has that to do with Turkey's treatment of Bulgaria? I admit that Russia's conduct in that case was unjustifiable, but how does that condemn Russia's taking up at present the championship of humanity? You don't mean to say that because I once got tipsy at a dinner over an extra glass of wine, I have no right to be sober any day of my life? That is how you argue.

Syama. Admirably argued! That's exactly my opinion.  
Pyari. The case is simply this. Here is a people, the Christian Bulgarians, oppressed, maltreated, persecuted, tortured and massacred in cold blood by the Turks. The Russians in sympathy with their Slavonian Christian brethren take up their cause, and attempt to liberate them from the oppressive yoke of the Moslems. This is quite natural. It would be unnatural if the Russians did not interfere.

Imdad. I have two things to urge against that argument. In the first place, Russia has no business to interfere with the internal administration of Turkey. The Bulgarians revolted, and the Turks put them down; some excesses might have been committed by the Turkish irregulars, but the Bulgarian horrors are a fiction. Besides, granting the reality of those horrors, why should Russia poke her nose into the matter? If every government interfered with every other government in its home adminis-



tration there would be universal war throughout the world. And in the second place, the liberation of Bulgaria is a mere pretence of Russia. She does not mean to liberate Bulgaria, but to absorb it into her already overgrown empire. The war is not for the liberation of Bulgaria, but for the aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of Turkey.

Pyari. What you say regarding the non-interference of one government with the domestic administration of another is true as a general principle; but there is a limit to such non-interference. When one government cruelly maltreats, for reasons best known to itself, a portion of its subjects, other governments have a right to interfere. There is in Europe a public opinion to which governments are amenable. When one nation disgraces itself by acts of barbarity, other nations protest, and the offending nation is practically excommunicated from the comity of civilized nations. Though this is not always done, for might is often right in this bad world of ours, yet the principle is maintained. Hence all the great powers of Europe protested against the horrors perpetrated by the Turks in Bulgaria, and urged upon the Ottoman Porte to give greater liberties to its Christian subjects. And Russia is more interested in the fate of the Bulgarians than any other European power, for they are of the Slavonian stock of the human family, and worship God in the same way. In my opinion, the Russians have a better right to interfere in Bulgarian affairs than the British-Indian Government had to interfere in the affairs of the king of Oudh, though I do not say that it was not justified in interfering. And now as

- Jadu. Allow me, Pyari Babu, to take up Maulavi Saheb's second point which is, that the object of Russia in the present war is not the liberation of Bulgaria but its annexation to Russia. In the first place,\* we have no right to say now that the latter is the object of Russia, since Bulgaria has not yet been annexed. We may talk about it when the annexation takes place. But, in the second place, suppose Bulgaria is annexed to Russia, there would be nothing extraordinary in that. The Bulgarians would fare better under Russian than under Turkish domination; they would be delivered from the oppression and the illegal exactions of the Turks. I have not the slightest doubt that if the Bulgarians had a choice, they would bodily transfer their allegiance to Russia.
- Prem. The Russians and the Bulgarians are of the same race and of the same religion. They would easily amalgamate. I think the Bulgarians would prefer Russian domination not only to the galling yoke of the Ottoman Porte, but to being independent. They would like better to have their destinies united to those of Russia which is young and which has a glorious future, than to be independent and insignificant like the Montenegrins or the Roumanians.
- Imdad. What ! all Russophiles with a vengeance, what a nest of Russian hornets have I stirred !
- Radha. So much for the truth of the statement of the *Hindoo Patriot* !
- Imdad. And yet what the *Hindoo Patriot* says must commend itself to every educated Bengali's reason. He says that every Bengali ought to take the side and rejoice in the success of Turkey because Turkey is an Asiatic power, and Bengali

are Asiatics ; secondly, that Russia is making war for Christianity, and the war is a religious war, and Bengalis do not care either for Christianity or for religious wars ; and thirdly, Russia is Britain's foe, therefore every loyal Bengali ought to hate Russia. I think these are strong reasons.

Jaya. With all deference to the *Hindoo Patriot*—and he has done good service in his day—his three reasons do not hold water. The first reason is that we as Asiatics ought to rejoice in the success of an Asiatic power. Are we not to consider the character of that Asiatic power ? Are we to rejoice at the success of some bloodthirsty cannibals, simply because they are Asiatics ? Are we to rejoice at the terrible successes of a Zengis Khan or a Tamerlane and at the pyramids of human skulls which they piled up, simply because they were Asiatic heroes ? What is Asia but a geographical term ? If race be indicated by the writer, then we have better reason to identify ourselves with the Russians than with the Turks. The Russians are of the Aryan race, to which race we ourselves belong ; and the Turks are an alien race. The Russians are our kinsmen. Our ancestors and their ancestors dwelt under the same roof, or rather in the same tents, in the wilds of Central Asia in primeval times : but the Turks are utter strangers to us.

Prem. With reference to the second reason, I may well ask, why should Bengalis not take interest in Christianity, seeing that it is an Asiatic religion. That religion is Asiatic, its founder was an Asiatic, and its first preachers were Asiatics ; and if every thing Asiatic, no matter what its character, has such a charm in the eye of our able editor,

why should he and other Bengalis not take interest in a religion founded in Asia ?

Jaya. But the third reason is quite rich. We are loyal Bengalis, therefore England's enemy is our enemy, England's friend our friend.

Prem. Bravo ! Jaya Babu, you deserve a Rai Bahadoorship for such loyalty ! Master good, me good ; master's friend, my friend ; master's foe, my foe ; master and me both same ! Seriously, such toadyism is disgusting because insincere. And yet it pays well.

Jaya. But is it loyalty ? The first reason of the able Editor's seems to be inconsistent with his his third. If he rejoices to see an Asiatic power as such licking a European power, he must also rejoice to see some Asiatic power overthrowing British domination in India. That has not the ring of genuine loyalty.

Radha. Gentlemen, we must now bring this discussion to a close. I think most of us are agreed in this, that Russia is engaged in one of the noblest wars that has ever been waged since the beginning of the world. Her object is the emancipation of the Bulgarians and of the inhabitants of Turkey generally from the ruthless oppression of those savage hordes and fanatical brigands which, upwards of four hundred years ago, overthrew the old Byzantine empire and established an iron despotism on its ruins. Those savage hordes are to-day the same as they were four centuries ago,—murderers of men, women and children in cold blood, ravishers of women, incendiaries of religious edifices, mutilators of the wounded, in one word, tigers in human shape. They are enemies to morality, civilization and humanity. All the civilized powers of Europe ought to have com-

bined together to put down these conspirators against the liberty and virtue of mankind. I expected England which, in my opinion, represents the highest type of civilization, to have taken a prominent part in this war of liberty against lawless oppression, of civilization against barbarism, of humanity against brutality. England has let slip a golden opportunity ; and Russia has been alone left to fight in this glorious cause. Should Russia prove unequal to stem the tide of fanaticism, barbarism and inhumanity, I doubt not but that Germany and Austria will at last be persuaded to embark in the sacred cause and unite with Russia in putting down this common foe of the human race.

Maulavi Imdad Ali made an indignant protest against the strong language of the President, who had evidently with him all the other members of the Club.

### ON PRAYER.

Speech, next to reason, is man's highest glory and distinction ; and even reason, without speech, could be of little service. How anxious then should man be never to make his speaking power the vehicle of untruth and deceit, the veil of hypocrisy, or the medium of unmeaning compliment. When one thinks of the torrents of nonsense, of platitude, of hypocrisy, of adulation, of unreality, which perennially flow from human lips, one is almost inclined to agree with one of the most original thinkers of the day, that "Silence is the eternal duty of man."

Prayer to God is the noblest and sublimest form of human speech ; yet in how many instances is prayer not only worthless but actually sinful. People sometimes remark of an individual who has fluency in prayer, "What beautiful prayers he

offers ! What fluency ! what earnestness ! what warmth ! Truly he has extraordinary gift for prayer." And yet a prayer of extraordinary fervency, earnestness and warmth, may not only never enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, but it may make its utterer more guilty and criminal than before. Some people pray above the tone of their average piety. Their practice is not in harmony with their prayer, and their prayer is not proportionate to their practice. A man of little or no piety and virtue may have mastered the vocables of rapturous prayer, and these he may ever and anon pour out in super abundant profusion. Hence the prayers of a man are no index of his tone of piety, for a godless and graceless man may utter the divinest of prayers, so far as the phraseology is concerned ; and I cannot but think that Satan could, if he made the attempt, compose a prayer more fervent, more earnest, more beautiful, than any to be found in the liturgy of the Christian Church.

We should constantly bear in mind that prayer imposes an obligation on us in reference to the objects for which it is presented. Prayer is not only a medium for obtaining necessary blessings, but it is also a means of personal improvement. Our prayers are to act upon ourselves ; they ought to have great power in the formation of character and the regulation of conduct. The moral influence and religious obligation of prayer are, I fear, too much lost sight of. I fear that much of our prayer is mere words ; we either do not understand, or do not consider, or do not mean what we say. This is an awful thought ; for if it be true, we play the hypocrite before God, and insult Him by the offerings of feigned lips.

Let us then, now, briefly consider the moral obligation of our own prayers, and institute a comparison between our prayers and our practice.

And, *first*, let us consider such of our prayers as relate to ourselves. How fervently we sometimes pray for the salvation of our souls, as our one great business in life, adding also an entreaty that we may always consider it as such. Well, do

we make it so ? Do we go from praying to acting ? Do we live for salvation, for heaven, for eternity ? How common is it for professing Christians to pray for victory over the world by faith ; to be delivered from the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life ; to be enabled to set their affections on things above, and not on things of the earth ; and to be dead to things seen and temporal, through the life that is hid with Christ in God,—and yet all the while they are as obviously eager to amass wealth, to multiply the attractions of earth, and to enjoy as much luxurious gratification as possible. Nothing is more frequent than petitions to grow in grace ; but where is the diligent use of the means of growth ? where the habit of constant and lengthened retirement for prayer, meditation, self-examination, reading the Scriptures ? Where is the habit of regular attendance in the sanctuary ? Professing Christians pray for the mortification of their corruptions, and for their crucifixion with Christ : then of course they ought to have their eye fixed upon their heart, to watch against the least rising of sin ; they ought to repress the first movement, and crush a thought or feeling of iniquity. But do they do all these things ? Do they put forth those exertions for the destruction of sin which their prayers would lead us to expect ? Spirituality of mind is the subject of innumerable prayers from some people who never take a step to promote it, but who, on the contrary, are doing all they can to make themselves carnally minded. How many repeat that petition, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ who instead of carefully keeping at the utmost possible distance from all inducements to sin, place themselves in the very way of it ! How often do they repeat that other petition of the Lord’s Prayer, ‘Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,’ and yet how many feel disposed to pardon those that injure them, and how rarely do they from the heart forgive the trespasses of their neighbours ! Professing Christians ask to have the mind of Christ, and to imitate the example of their Lord ; but where is the assiduous endeavour, the labouring effort, to copy this high—this divine model, in

its self-denying condescension, its profound lowliness, its beautiful meekness, its indifference to worldly comforts, its forgiving mercy, its devotedness to God ? But it is unnecessary to multiply the illustrations of the want of harmony between our prayers and our practice, in reference to our own individual concerns as Christians. Alas ! we must all blush, and be ashamed of our inconsistency in this matter. Each of us must smite upon his breast for this his iniquity, and say in deep humiliation and contrition, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Let us now, in the second place, examine our prayers and our conduct in reference to others.

All consistent members of a Christian Church of any denomination pray for its prosperity. But is it enough to repeat the words of the Psalmist, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companion's sake I will now say, Peace be within thee." Should not this petition be followed up with a peaceful, judicious and unwearied effort to promote the good of the community ? But is it ? Professing Christians pray for the abounding of charity and brotherly love, and the undisturbed peace of the Church. How fervent are their expressed longings after the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace ! How fervent their entreaties that no root of bitterness may spring up to trouble the brethren and thereby many be defiled ! Now, such prayers of course bind those persons that utter them to follow after the things that make for peace ; to abstain from every action, every expression, every look, that would prevent or disturb it ; and so to demean themselves as to unite the hearts of the brethren more closely together. To pray for love, and nourish enmity ; to pray for peace, and to promote faction ; to pray for union, and to encourage division—all this is hypocrisy. Every one who prays for charity, should exemplify it in his life and conversation ; and he who prays for the spirit of union upon a community, should be the first to open his heart for its reception. But how little do professing Christians seem to be bound by their own prayers in this matter ! It would seem as if they thought that their peti-



tions for love and peace and charity were designed for others, but not for themselves; as it, while they prayed that others might be the friends of peace and charity, they themselves had a dispensation to indulge in wrath, in envy, in hatred, in malice and all uncharitableness.

Thus you see, brethren, that the sincerity of a professing Christian is tested by his prayers, and it must be so, if those prayers are to be considered any thing more than unmeaning forms. For God answers our prayers, not by miracle, or by such interpositions of His providence as leave us nothing to do but to stand still and see the salvation of God, but by engaging and blessing our own instrumentality. Prayer is not a substitute for human action, but the connecting link between our doings and God's blessing. If we pray for pardon, we must repent and believe; if we pray for sanctification, we must watch and resist temptation; if we pray for the conversion of others, we must use means for the purpose. We are commanded to *seek* as well as to *ask*; and any one that *asks* without *seeking* is a hypocrite. To be insincere in our talk with our fellow creatures; to ask for favours we do not wish to obtain; to solicit an interchange of offices we do not covet; to acknowledge obligations we do not feel; to utter compliments we do not mean—all this is a lamentable inconsistency: but how much more guilty is it when addressed to the holy and heart-searching God! Hence the exhortation of the wisest of men—"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow, and not pay."

Brethren, do not imagine from what I have said that I wish you to pray *less*; indeed, I wish you to pray *more*. I wish you not only to give yourselves up to prayer, but to give yourselves up to the power, direction and control of your prayers. I do not wish you to lower the standard of your prayers, but I wish you to elevate the standard of your practice. Let your practice correspond to your prayers. I wish you to escape the

reproach indignantly cast by our blessed Lord on the insincere devotions of the Jews, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips ; but their heart is far from me."

### A BENGALI PRIMER.

The Rev. Mr. Bomwetsch of the Church Missionary Society is one of the best Bengali scholars amongst European missionaries. There may be in the country one or two European missionaries who are better Sanskrit scholars, but there is none who surpasses him, or even equals him, in the knowledge of idiomatic Bengali. Having married a Bengali wife, and lived in familiar intercourse with Bengalis for nearly one third of a century, Mr. Bomwetsch is to all intents and purposes a Bengali. But he is also a German of the Germans, thoroughly versed in the wonderful literature of that land of scholarship and genius ; while his attainments in theological literature are such as entitle him to be called a divine. Familiar with the poetry of Goethe, with the speculations of Herder, and with the latest phases of Biblical criticism, Mr. Bomwetsch does not think it beneath his dignity to write primers for children, and thus make the path of learning easy to the rising generation. In this he only imitates his countrymen who, though profoundly learned, stoop to the writing of elementary books on education. We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of an unpretending little book by Mr. Bomwetsch called *Nutan Varnamala* or New Spelling Book. The method adopted in this book is that of the celebrated pedagogue Paestalozzi, and though well-known in Europe it is quite new in this country, at least so far as its application to the Bengali language is concerned. It is a peculiarity in this system that the learner is not made acquainted with the whole of the alphabet at once, but gradually from letter to letter and simple words in which it occurs. But we had better allow Mr. Bomwetsch to speak for

himself and for his system; and we therefore make no apology in inserting here the whole of his English preface to the book.

"This Spelling Book is methodically arranged and divided into lessons, which not only serve as landmarks how far to go at a time; but, being progressively founded one on the other, are themselves the sure road to the desired end. Each new lesson is at the same time always a repetition of the preceding one. The children can therefore not forget the first lesson, while learning the second; or forget the second while learning the third and so on down to the end. So that when the book is finished, the children will have mastered its contents. They will be able to read and to write with ease every word.

"Lest the infant-pupils get confused and discouraged by an overwhelming mass of matter, we (following Paestolozzi) do not place before them the whole of the copious alphabet, but begin with very little and with the simplest and easiest (a vowel and two liquid consonants: *ৗ ন ন*). As by exercise their power of perception is gradually getting keener and their retentive faculty larger, we gradually increase our matter; and as their understanding is getting more developed, we gradually introduce the more intricate and difficult.

"We do not tire our children by making them spell meaningless syllables, but out of the few letters at our disposal we at once compose intelligible words (*ন ন নান নান রান &c*), which the children not only read, *but are made to write at once*. Thus the children in the very first lesson get conscious of what they are doing and are exceedingly delighted to find that, at the very outset, they **!** are able to read and write words so familiar to them.

"As our letters increase, our sentences get larger and more and more instructive. From the 31st lesson down to the end the book contains interesting stories, so that with the 31st lesson book-reading has fairly commenced.

"Reproduction is the only test of comprehension. As long as a child cannot reproduce—write by dictation—what it can read, you may be sure the eye of its mind has not grasped the object. Unless therefore the children can write by dictation every word of the lesson, you must not proceed to the next. Proceed slowly—very slowly, especially at the beginning. If the first lesson take much

time. do not be afraid of not getting through the book in proper time. Each successive lesson will proportionately take less time than the preceding one. The slower you proceed, the surer you will achieve your end. Your patient unassuming labour will be crowned with complete success.

“A diligent teacher will get through the book in a year. If it takes one and a half, never mind as long as you do your work *punctually*. A teacher who has to attend to 8 or 4 classes, will probably want two full years to get through the course, but even then it will be a great blessing, considering that in the very best schools (we have examined many and closely) it takes three years, and in common schools more; until the children get over all the difficulties.

"The Bengali alphabet contains 44 simple letters and more than a 100 compounds, partly of a very intricate nature (অ ঈ ই উ ঋ ঌ ঐ ঑ ঒ ও ঔ ঐ এ ঐ ঙ্গ ঝ ঞ্জ ঢ ণ্ণ ত্ত ধ দ্ধ ক্ক খ্খ গ্গ ঘ্ঘ ঙ্ঙ). It is therefore by no means an easy undertaking to qualify a class of children in reading and writing. Most teachers try to hide to themselves the immense difficulty of their task ; the next best of these ill-arranged, unmethodical and bewildering Bornomallas, get through the disagreeable drudgery of spelling as quickly as possible, put their children to reading books and boast how soon they have learnt to read books. But it is all sham. The children can read *in* a book, they cannot read *a* book. The spelling-book has been laid aside, true enough, but spell-ing is going on as before. Easy words the children can read well enough, but in every line they meet with one or two difficulties and spell them out if easy enough ; but in most cases they cannot get over them without the help of the teacher.

“Clever children (who would almost learn to read and to write without a teacher) overcome these difficulties by practice ; the less gifted remain crippled for life—It is of no use to hide the difficulties to ourselves. They must intelligently be faced and patiently be overcome one by one.

"Ignorant and lazy teachers shun a methodically arranged spelling book ; for if they are tied down to a methodically arranged course, they must work intelligently and take pains. They cannot go through the book in a slovenly way, as each lesson is to be thoroughly mastered and the progress seen at once. •

“Our book contains all the difficult points connected with the copious Bengali alphabet and its intricate compounds, and all is so systematically and methodically arranged that, as surely as the children finish the book, so surely will they be able to read and to write to perfection. We are quite sure that every teacher who gives the book a trial, will adopt it for ever.

“For School-Inspectors the book is very convenient ; the number of lessons at once shows the progress made and makes examining very easy, for if he finds the children well up in the current and preceding lessons ; he may rest satisfied, that all the preceding lessons are understood and known.”

Mr. Bomwetsch is not a mere theorist in education ; he has had practical experience as an educator for years : he is therefore entitled to be heard. We earnestly recommend this little book to all those who are engaged in the noble work of teaching the young ; to the Director of Public Instruction in the Lower Provinces, to Inspectors of Schools, and to all District Committees of Education. We are persuaded that if Mr. Bomwetsch's book is introduced into all the vernacular schools of the country, learning will be made easy, pleasant and agreeable ; and greater progress will be made by boys than under the present system.

## MYTHIC ASTRONOMY.

In this paper we do not purpose to treat of the astronomy of the Hindus as it is handled by Bhaskaracharjya, Brahmagupta and others, and which has been illustrated by the labours of Bentley, of Archdeacon Pratt, and last not least, of Pandit Bapu Deva Sastri; but we intend to speak of that astronomy which is contained in the grand mythological poems called the Puranas; or in other words, our present business is not with the *human* astronomy of the Hindus but with their *divine* astronomy. This distinction is not of our own making; it is a distinction originally made by the great author of the *Surya Siddhanta*, who, perceiving a wide discrepancy between true astronomy of which he had so competent a knowledge, and the so-called astronomy contained in the Puranas which he believed to be divinely inspired books, remarked with infinite simplicity that the astronomy of the *Surya Siddhanta* was scientifically true though theologically false, while the astronomy of the Puranas was theologically true though scientifically false. It is of this theologically true but scientifically false astronomy, or in other words of the mythic astronomy of the Hindus, that we purpose to give in this paper a short view.

The Earth is the supporter of the planetary system and of the stellar universe. It is the starting-point and the goal of universal creation. At the distance of one hundred thousand leagues from the Earth is situated Surya, the Sun, the regent of the skies, the heavenly body which is nearest to us. The Moon is distant from his younger brother, the Sun, by one hundred thousand leagues, while the lunar constellations lie one hundred thousand leagues away from the Moon. The planet Budha (Mercury) shines at the distance of one hundred thousand leagues from the lunar mansions; Sukra (Venus) lies at the same distance from Budha; Angaraka (Mars) at the same distance from Sukra; and Vrihaspati (Jupiter), the high priest of the gods, at the same distance from Angaraka; while

Sani ( Saturn ), the malignant planet, lies at the distance of two hundred and fifty thousand leagues from Vrihaspati the planet of good fortune. Two hundred and fifty thousand leagues from Sani are the Sapta Rishis, or Seven Sages ( Ursa Major ), and at another two hundred and fifty thousand leagues distance shines Dhruva, the pole star, the pivot round which the planetary and sidereal universe perform their gyrations. Such in brief is a view of the universe, in which two magical numbers play an important part,—one hundred thousand, and two hundred and fifty thousand. We now give some details.

1. Surya. The Sun rides in a chariot. Apollo's carriage, rendered so famous by Phaeton's audacity, is a street wheelbarrow compared with the glorious car of Surya. It is 9,000 leagues in length, says the *Vishnu Purana*; the *Vayu* and *Matsya Puranas* make it 80,000 miles long, and as many miles broad and deep; while the *Bhagavata* says that it is 28,800,000 miles and 7,200,000 miles broad. The car is of intricate construction: it is generally compared to a *ghani* or a Bengal oil-mill. There is an immensely long vertical lever fixed we are not told where. This lever is divided into two unequal parts. To the point from which the greater part commences is inserted a horizontal lever fifteen millions and seven hundred thousand leagues long. To the extremity of this horizontal axle is attached a wheel with "three naves, five spokes, and six peripheries." The other axle connected with the vertical lever is forty-nine thousand five hundred leagues long, "is supported by the pole-star, and the end of the longer axle to which the wheel of the car is attached moves on the Manasa mountain." The horses of the car, and there are seven of them, are rather remarkable. The seven horses are the seven poetical metres of the Vedas, viz, Gayatri, Vrihati, Ushnih, Jayati, Trishtubh, Anushtubh and Pankti. This is of course allegorical. Well, let us hear the explanation. "The body of the car is the year; its upper and lower half are the solstices; *dharma* ( religion ) is its flag; *artha* ( riches ) and *kama* ( desire ) are the yoke and axle; might is its fender; *nimeshas* ( measures of time ) form its

floor ; a moment is the axle-tree ; an instant, the pole ; minutes are its attendants ; and hours its harness." Confusion worse confounded. Thus the noble Sun sitting superbly in his golden chariot, drawn by vocal horses, makes the circuit of the heavens, and goes round the seven continents and seven oceans which compose the Earth. "The sage," says the sacred writer, "celebrates his praise, and gandharba sings, and the nymphs dance before him ; the Rakshasas attend upon his steps ; the serpent harnesses his steeds, and Yaksha trims the reins, the numerous pigmy races, the Balakhilyas, ever surround his throne."

The phenomena of day and night are thus accounted for. When the Sun drives his chariot to the north side of Meru—the "four-cornered, four-coloured, golden, lofty Meru"—his dazzling rays strike the celestial city of Brahma located on the hoary top of that mountain. But so brilliant is the resplendence which fills the city of Brahma that solar light is reflected back to the Sun instead of being transmitted to the southern regions ; hence the southern regions are enveloped in darkness. In like manner when the Sun goes to the south of Meru, the northern regions are deprived of solar light which is absorbed into the radiance of the city of Brahma.

Why are the waters of the ocean bright at night and dark in the day ? This question is probably as good as that of Charles II. of England who asked the learned men of the Royal Society, why a pail of water with a fish in it weighed lighter than the pail of water itself without the fish. But it does not matter in the least whether it is a fact or not ; the *Vishnu Purana* accounts for it in the following way :—"When the Sun is present either in the southern or in the northern hemisphere, day or night retires into the waters, according as they are invaded by darkness or by light ; it is from this cause that the waters look dark by day because night is within them ; and they look white by night because of the setting of the Sun the light of day takes refuge in their bosoms."

Every Brahman repeats the *Gayatri* both morning and evening ; and these matins and vespers are both called *sam-*



*dhya*. Probably many Brahmans do not know the *rational* of these prayers. The *Vishnu Purana* gives the following explanation of the circumstance. There is a certain race of Rakshasas called Mandehas who, on account of some great crime, were condemned by Brahma to die every day and revive every night. These demons are of superhuman strength, and their number is thirty millions. As at the rising of the Sun they are doomed to die, their object every day at dawn is to prevent the Sun from rising, and if possible to destroy him. They make a similar attempt the moment they revive in the twilight of the evening. But it appears the struggle is fiercer in the evening than in the morning. Hence it is customary with every pious Hindu to abstain from all work during the evening twilight and to engage in acts of devotion, the object being to help by his prayers the Sun in the subjugation of his mortal enemies. But the Brahmans especially render essential help to the Sun by the repetition of the *gayatri*; for from the *gayatri* emanates a light which consumes the Mandehas. And the water also which the Brahmans pour out, purified as it is by the *gayatri* and consecrated by the mystical *Om* *karā*, burns up the hated demons. "Therefore," says the *Vishnu Purana*, "the performance of the *sandhya* sacrifice must never be delayed, for he who neglects it is guilty of the murder of the Sun." Alas, how many of our English-educated Brahmans are guilty of the awful crime of heliocide !

2. Soma, the moon. The moon, being only water congealed, is said in the Puranas to have had its origin at the churning of the universal ocean. The *Mahabharata* says—"When they heard the words of Narayana, they all returned again to the work, and began to stir about with great force that butter of the ocean; when there presently arose from out the troubled deep first the Moon with a pleasing countenance, shining with ten thousand beams of gentle light." Like his younger brother the moon keeps a gig. It is a car of three wheels drawn by ten milk-white steeds.

The moon is the repository of the food and drink of the goods and of the Pitris. All the *amrita* or water of immortality that was churned out of the universal ocean has been deposited in it. The body of the moon is divided into 15 compartments; fourteen of these compartments contain the sustenance of the gods, and one that of the Pitris. The consumption of the ambrosia and nectar by the gods and Pitris, and the refilling of the compartments from the Sun, make what are called the phases of the moon.

3. Eclipses. Solar and lunar eclipses are caused by the monster Rahu attempting to devour the Sun and moon. The quarrel between Rahu and the two brothers Sun and Moon is thus spoken of in the *Mahabharata* :—"And it so fell out that whilst the Suras were quenching their thirst for immortality, Rahu, an Asura, assumed the form of a Sura, and began to drink also. And the water had reached his throat when the sun and the moon, in friendship to the Suras, discovered the deceit; and instantly Narayana cut off his head, as he was drinking, with his splendid weapon Chakra. And the gigantic head of the Asura, emblem of a mountain's summit being thus separated from his body by the Chakra's edge, bounded into the heavens with a dreadful cry, whilst his ponderous trunk fell cleaving the ground asunder, and shaking the whole earth unto its foundation, with all its islands, rocks and forests. And from that time the head of Rahu resolved an eternal enmity, and continueth even unto this day, at times to seize upon the sun and moon." These times are those of the solar and lunar eclipses, during which pious Hindus engage in acts of piety and charity for procuring the liberation of the sun and moon from Rahu's dreadful mouth. Those who allegorize the Puranas call Rahu and Ketu the ascending and descending nodes.

4. The Planets. The *Vishnu Purana* gives the following graphic description of the planets :—"The chariot of the son of Chandra, Budha (Mercury), is composed of the elementary substances of air and fire, and is drawn by eight bay horses

of the speed of the wind. The vast car of Sukra ( Venus ) is drawn by earth-born horses, is equipped with a protecting fender and a floor, armed with arrows, and decorated by a banner. The splendid car of Bhauma ( Mars ) is gold, of an octagonal shape, drawn by eight horses of a ruby red, sprung from fire. Vrihaspati ( Jupiter ) in a golden car, drawn by eight pale-coloured horses, travels from sign to sign in the period of a year; and the tardy-paced Sani ( Saturn ) moves slowly along in a car drawn by piebald horses. Eight black steeds draw the dusky chariot of Rahu, and once harnessed are attached to it for ever. The eight horses of the chariot of Ketu are of the dusky red colour of lac, or of the smoke of burning straw."

5. The lunar asterisms. The path of the Moon is divided into three departments: the northern is called Airavata; the central, Jaradgava; the southern, Vaiswanara. Each of these divisions has three subdivisions; and each sub-division has three *nakshatras* or stars; so that there are altogether twenty-seven of them. These twenty-seven stars of the lunar mansions were the daughters of Daksha and the wives of the moon. For thus saith the Purana—"The twenty-seven daughters of the patriarch ( Daksha ), who became the virtuous wives of Chandra, were all known as the nymphs of the lunar constellations, which were called by their names, and had children who were brilliant through their great splendour."

6. Dhruva ( the Pole-star. ) The present pole-star of the sidereal universe was originally a human being who raised himself to that giddy height by the force of his devotions. The story is as follows:—Uttanapada, the son of Manu Swayambhu, had two wives, Suruchi and Sumiti, the former of whom was the king's favourite wife. By these two wives he had two sons, Uttama by Suruchi, and Dhruva by Sumiti. Uttama, being the son of the beloved wife, was loved by the father more than Dhruva. One day the king took in his lap Uttama and caressed him; Dhruva, who was present wished also to be taken up and caressed. But his step-mother interfered and said that Dhruva had no right to sit in his father's lap. The poor boy, who was

only five years old, went to his mother and wept bitterly. His mother tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted. He swore that he would move heaven and earth to be more exalted than any mortal. Fortified with this lofty resolve he left his father's roof and betook himself to the forest. In the forest he saw seven Rishis (sages) seated on seven hides of the black antelope. Reverentially bowing to them, he said—“Behold in me, venerable sages, the son of Uttanapada, born of Sumiti. Dissatisfied with the world, I appear before you.” One of those sages replied—“Any thing, child, that the mind covets may be obtained by propitiating Vishnu, even though it be the station that is the most excellent in the three worlds.” The sages then recommended him to abstract himself from all external impressions, to have his mind fixed on Vishnu alone, to meditate on him, and incessantly to repeat the following prayer—“Om ! glory to Vasudeva, whose essence is divine wisdom, whose form is inscrutable, or is manifest as Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.” Dhruva rushed into the thickest of the forest and drowned himself in meditation. So intense were his devotions that Indra got alarmed for the stability of his throne. Many temptations were had recourse to to divert him from his devotions; but in vain. At last Vishnu appeared to Dhruva and took up his abode in his heart; in consequence of which Dhruva became heavier than all the mountains of the earth. “As he stood upon his left foot,” says the sacred writer, “one hemisphere bent beneath; and when he stood upon his right, the other half of the earth sank down.” The upshot was that Dhruva was exalted to the proud position of the pole-star of the universe.

7. We shall conclude this brief view of mythic astronomy with an account of the Celestial Porpoise, taken from the *Sri Bhagavata* :—

“There are some who, for the purpose of meditating intensely on the holy son of Vasudeva, imagine yon celestial sphere to represent the figure of that aquatic animal which we call *sisumara* : its head being turned downwards and its body

bent in a circle, they conceive Dhruva, or the pole-star, to be fixed on the point of its tail; on the middle part of its tail they see four stars, — Prajapati, Agni, Indra, Dharma; and on its base two others, Dhatri and Vidhatri; on its rump are the Saptarshis, or seven stars of the Sakata or Wain; on its back the path of the sun called Ajavitti, or the series of the kids; on its belly the Ganga of the sky; Punarvasu and Pushya gleam respectively on its right and left haunches. \* \* \* In its upper jaw is Agastya, in its lower Jama; in its mouth the planet Mangala; \* \* on its hump Vrihaspati; in its breast the sun; in its heart Narayana; in its front the moon; in its navel Usanas; on its two nipples the two Aswins; in its ascending and descending breaths Budha; on its throat Rahu; in all its limbs Ketu or comets; and in its hairs or bristles the whole multitude of stars."

### NOTICES BOOKS.

*A Scheme for the rendering of European Scientific terms into the Vernaculars of India.* BY Rajendra Lala Mitra, L L. D. Calcutta. Thacker, Spink & Co. 1877.

Like every thing proceeding from the pen of Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra, the pamphlet before us is well-written and well-reasoned. Though the subject is difficult and dry in itself, it has been handled in a popular and interesting manner by the learned Doctor. The author gives the following account of the essay :—

"The Minute contained in the following pages was originally recorded by me for the consideration of a Committee appointed by the Government of Bengal, in 1871, to report on the best mode of providing text-books for the vernacular classes of the Medical College of Calcutta. It was read at a meeting of the Committee held on July 27 of that year, and ordered to be sent to the heads of the different Medical Schools of India, for their opinion. But before

replies to the reference could be obtained the government of Sir George Campbell directed that the Principal of the Campbell Medical School in Calcutta should arrange for the translation of such text-books as he required, leaving it to him to solve the question of terminology in the best way he thought proper, and the Committee was consequently set aside. As nothing has since been done to secure a uniform system of terminology for vernacular text-books and much confusion results from want of fixed rules on so important a subject, the Minute is published with a view to attract to it the attention of the Committee now sitting at Simla for the selection of text-books for schools and for the translation of European scientific and law books in the different vernaculars of India, and in the hope that the question may be satisfactorily settled by authority."

Dr. Mitra writes at great length and with irresistible force against the Anglicists who advocate a wholesale importation of scientific terms into the Indian languages without translating them, and especially against one argument of the Anglicists, namely, "the desirableness of having a common terminology for science the world over." After showing that there is no such thing as a cosmopolitan scientific terminology in Europe, the learned author concludes this part of his argument with the following remarks :—

"Looking to these facts, and to the marked tendency which European languages have towards divergency, and not towards unity, I cannot help denying the position that the languages of Europe use one common system of scientific terminology. The similitude perceivable in the examples above given, and in the thousands of others which could be cited *ad libitum*, is due, not to the terms being the same, but partly to the circumstance of the languages in which they occur being more or less closely related, and partly to the fact of all of them drawing the roots of their scientific vocables from Greek and Latin. The supplies so drawn are, however, as stated above, generally subjected to a process of grammatical naturalization, which so modifies them that they cease to be the same in every language. Even proper names are not exempted from this process, and we accordingly see the Hebrew Jacob\* passing into

*Lakóbos* in Greek ; *Jago* in Spanish ; *Giucomo* in Italian ; *Jacques* in French, and *James* in English. Other names have changed as extensively, and they afford a pretty fair criterion of what the result will be if a forced admixture of Latin in the Indian vernaculars were insisted upon. In fact, this process of naturalization, aided by a spirit of economy, resulting in contractions and simplifications, and controlled at every step by the universal laws of phonetic decay and dialectic regeneration, has been the great temple of Babel which has been, and continues every moment to be, at work to divide and disperse languages ; and to expect that it can be held at bay, and a current universal language, whether scientific or otherwise, can be created and maintained, is to expect an impossibility. A Cæsar might give the right of Roman citizenship to man, but not to words."

All the technical terms which occur in those sciences which are generally taught in medical schools Dr. Mitra resolves into the following six classes :—

" In the *first* of these classes come those ordinary words of a language which are occasionally used as technical terms.

My *second* class of words are crude nouns and generic names of objects, such as *malt*, *yeast*, *rennet*, &c., which though as popular as they well can be, being used principally in art, are of a *quasi*-technical character; and lie on the debatable ground between science and ordinary language.

The *third* class may be designated as scientific crude names, such as quinine, ipecacuanha, tellurium, selenium, bromine, &c. When originally formed, they were, in most cases, intended to connote some quality of the things to which they were applied, but their etymological meanings have, in many instances, long since been lost, and the words have become what in Sanskrit grammar are called "secondary crude," or *yogarudhi*.

The *fourth* class is formed of the scientific double names of plants and animals, which were originally intended to be etymologically significant, but which, owing to various causes, have, in most cases, ceased to be so, and now indicate only genera and species, as in *Jonesia asuka*, *Coius bhekti*, &c., and these, like the preceding, may therefore be accepted as crude names.

The *fifth* class embraces a number of single words, each having a clear distinct etymological meaning, and are useful only as long as they can convey to the hearer or reader that meaning; and yet as they are used almost exclusively in science and art, they must be taken as purely technical.

The *sixth* class is formed of compound terms, at least one and in many cases every, member of which has an etymological meaning, which gives them their vitality, and which, it is absolutely necessary, should be understood in order that the name may convey to the hearer the nature of the object indicated."

Regarding these six classes of scientific terms Dr. Mitra has come to the following conclusions :—

"The most important rule I propose is "that all terms intended to denote attributes should be invariably translated and adapted, but the names of simple substances may be taken from the languages of Europe if their equivalents be not found in those of India;" and to work it out I recommend—

1st. That words of the first class be translated.

2nd. That words of the second class be translated and adapted, or improved when necessary.

3rd. That words of the third class be transliterated under strict rules.

4th. That words of the fourth class be transliterated uniformly under strict rules.

5th. That words of the fifth class be translated and adapted or improved when necessary,

6th. That words of the sixth class be translated and improved when necessary, except those which are proper names of instruments, which should be transliterated.

7th. That a set of simple rules be prepared for the guidance of translators.

8th. That complete glossaries be prepared, giving the vernacular equivalents and transliterations."

*Urdu-Upadesa*, Or an Urdu treatise in the Bengali character, intended to help the Bengali gentlemen in learning Urdu, and for the use of schools. By Kali Prasanna Sen, Calcutta : Girish Vidyaratna Press. 1877.



Baboo Kali Prasanna Sen has taken great pains in the compilation of this book which, as the title shows, is intended to help Bengali gentlemen in learning Urdu, as well as to be a convenient primer by means of which the rising generation may also be initiated into the mysteries of that language. The plan on which the book is written is claimed by the author to be original. What the chief features of that plan are will be best understood by the reader from the following extract from the author's English preface :—

“Urdu is generally written in Persian character. But it takes good deal of time to become thoroughly conversant with the Persian character. Moreover it is not an easy task to learn the Bengali meaning of Urdu words written in Persian character. This treatise having been written with a view to facilitate the study of the Urdu language by the youths of Bengal, I have, in supercession of the Persian alphabet, adopted the Bengali character, and with a view to impart a sound knowledge of the language, I have followed the Bengali Grammar and traced in its course the noun, pronoun, adjective, verb (with its meaning), adverb, gender, number, case, person, moods, tenses and samasas &c., coining very many rules and inserting certain reading lessons at the end. Many questions have been also framed with an object of assisting the examiners. The distinction of gender in Urdu is so very difficult that in conversation it is not often maintained by men even of the N. W. Provinces ; I have spared no pains to collect certain rules for the distinction of the same in Urdu language. In fact this is not an Urdu or Hindi grammar, and the rules here inserted have not been taken or translated from any of the Urdu or Persian grammars. This is a treatise in which the Urdu language has been *Sanskritized*, so to say, in Bengali character, containing the rules of grammar, the requirements of a dictionary, and the methods of imparting education. It is a new thing altogether never attempted before, and I am not confident how the treatise will be received by the public. The public, however, would be good enough to overlook my shortcomings for the originality I have aimed at.”

The plan may be original, but we doubt whether it is as useful as it is original. We are greatly mistaken if any one with the help of this book alone will ever get any acquaintance with the language which it is intended to teach. We have no faith in learning a language except in the character proper to it. But the plan is not new; it is as old as the hills. Some forty or fifty years ago, Bengali boys, and men too, used to learn English by the help of a vocabulary in which English words were written in the Bengali character. We give credit to Baboo Kali Prasanna Sen for the purity of his intentions, and his laudable desire to do good to his countrymen; but we are afraid the performance before us will do no good, either to the old or to the young. If Urdu is to be learnt, it must be learnt in the usual orthodox way.

By the way, the language taught in this book is not Urdu, but Hindi; and yet the Baboo insists on calling it *Urdu Upadesa*.

Why does Baboo Kali Prasanna Sen write an English preface to a Bengali book? He writes Bengali well, but English indifferently, as the extract we have given shows—indeed the very title of the book contains a grammatical mistake. It is enough praise to the Baboo that he writes his mother tongue elegantly, why should he then write in a language which he has not thoroughly mastered, and write in it two when there is no need to write in it? We make this remark here because there is a fearful quantity of bad English written every day in this country; and the sooner this practice is put a stop to, the better for the education of the rising generation.

One more remark and we shall have done with our author. To this book is appended an account in Sanskrit verse of our author's ancestors, an account in which our author himself cuts a conspicuous figure. To the author's family this may be an interesting record; but it is not of the slightest interest to the out-side public. If the book goes through a second edition, we advise the author to leave out the "genealogy."

Though we have said some hard things, we must say that we have great respect for the author's talents; and it is only because we believe him to be capable of better things than the performance before us that we have been somewhat hard upon him, in the hope that he will soon write a book which will extort our unqualified admiration.





THE  
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

ECHOS FROM THE FRENCH POETS.—NO. 3.

*(From the Manuscripts of our late lamented contributor  
Miss Toru Dutt).*

LA CHANTEUSE.

*Eugène Manuel.*

Along the green sward of the Bois, the child  
Begged. She had veritable tears in her eyes.  
Humble her air, a face modest and mild,  
And hands clasped tight, to wake men's sympathies.

A sun-browed brow by dark, dark hair o'erhung  
Tangled and long, feet gray with dust, for dress  
Around her figure an old garment flung,  
That barely served to hide her nakedness.

She followed every traveller to declare  
The same, unvaried, melancholy tale;  
Our consciences would have too much to bear  
Were we to credit all such stories stale.

She begged a farthing and a bit of bread,  
She had, I know not in what wretched street,  
One parent out of work, one sick in bed,  
Brothers in cradles ;—they had nought to eat.

Heard or repelled, she past, where trees embower,  
On moss-spread turf to rest awhile, poor thing !

Played with an insect, stripped of leaves a flower,  
Or broke the new shoots summoned forth by spring.

And sang ! The sun seemed to smile in her song !  
Some scrap it was of popular melody ;  
Thus sings the linnet clear and loud and long  
Until its notes mount straight up to the sky.

O breath of lovely days ! Mysterious strength  
Of sunbeam warm, or blossom newly-blown !  
O joy to hear, to see, to feel at length  
The charm divine by God on all things thrown !

In spring can any child a long time sob ?  
The blade of grass attracts it, or the leaf ;  
The human pulse keeps time to nature's throb ;  
How little need the poor to cheat their grief.

I heard her, and I saw ; no, not one tear !  
As a load-carrier, sometimes flings his load,  
Her heart she lightened when she saw none near,  
And fairy colours on her brown face glowed.

Then wakening up,—as to neglected task,  
To every passer she went begging round,  
Her visage donned its sad and sombre mask,  
And took her voice its low pathetic sound.

But when she came to me and stretched her hand,  
With moistened eye, sad look, and tangled tress,  
“ Be off ! ” I cried, “ thy tricks I understand,  
I followed thee ; thy part needs more address.”

“ Thy parents taught thee, and these tears are lies,  
I heard thee sing, this woe is stratagem ! ”  
The girl said simply, lifting up her eyes,  
“ I sing for myself, my tears are for them.”

## SONNET—A NOBLE EXILE.

*Le comte F. De Gramont.*

Born in the ancient castle, there he grew  
 Where all his sires had ruled lands fair and wide,  
 And she who was his love, his promised bride,  
 Of the same blood, was to her kinsman true.  
 All that men long for, all they ever rue  
 When unattained, was his, no gift denied,  
 And he left all. Fierce rushed the torrent tide  
 And whirled the plant to climes it never knew.  
 Beneath a stranger's roof in foreign lands  
 He died, but never questioned the commands  
 However stern of Honor,—no, nor weighed  
 His fortune with his conscience. Much he lost,  
 But nobly strove to act as Duty bade,  
 And that one happiness was worth the cost.

## THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

*A. De Lamartine.*

Eagles that wheel above our crests  
 Say to the storms that round us blow,  
 They cannot harm our gnarled breasts  
 Firm rooted, as we are, below.  
 Their utmost efforts we defy !  
 They lift the sea-waves to the sky,  
 But when they wrestle with our arms  
 Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,  
 Balanced within its cradle fair  
 The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand  
 Here planted us, God-sown we grew.  
 We're the diadem green and grand  
 On Eden's summit that He threw.



When waters in a deluge rose  
 Our hollow flanks could well enclose  
 Awhile, the whole of Adam's race ;  
 And children of the patriarch  
 Within our forest built the Ark  
 Of covenant, foreshadowing' grace.

We saw the tribes as captives led,  
 We saw them back return anon ;  
 As rafters have our branches dead  
 Covered the porch of Solomon.  
 And later, when the Word made Man  
 Came down in God's salvation-plan  
 To pay for sin the ransom price,  
 The beams that formed the Cross we gave,  
 These, red in blood of power to save,  
 Were altars of the Sacrifice.

In memory of such great ovents,  
 Men come to worship our remains,  
 Kneel down in prayer within our tents,  
 And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains.  
 The saint, the poet, and the sage  
 Hear, and shall hear from age to age  
 Sounds in our foliage like the voice  
 Of many waters. In these shades,  
 Their burning words are forged like blades,  
 While their uplifted souls rejoice.

### LE FOND DE LA MER.

*Joseph Autran.*

In April or October when the weather is fairest,  
 And the colours in heaven and on earth are the rarest,  
 Who has not often spent long hours by the ocean  
 When it lay spread at his feet, without ripple or motion,

Contemplating dreamily, the picture of wonder  
 That smiled in the sunlight the blue mirror under !  
 For me, I know not a sight more entrancing.  
 Down, down in the wave, first of all, are seen glancing  
 Dazzling the eyes with their reflections prismatic  
 Gems, whose rich lustre, would make artists ecstatic,  
 And ravish kings' hearts, and convert with their glory  
 A hundred strange ruins, dark, crumbled and hoary,  
 'To Aladdin's palaces of the famed Arab story. }  
 Then looked at minutely,—each gem in its station,  
 What hues ! Oh what hues ! blue, orange, carnation,  
 Amethyst, onyx, agate, and the ruby that blushes,  
 And pearl and carbuncle that send light out in gushes,  
 All, by the waves patient polished for ages and ages,  
 While carried hither and thither by the wind as it rages.  
 Ah ! What flashes of lightning ! What shades soft and tender !  
 But these jewels that make the eyes wink with their splendour  
 Submerged in the waters with the sun shining brightly,  
 What are they ? On the dry land,—mere pebbles unsightly.

After this long ribbon of the gems of the fairies  
 Extends the fresh verdure of the ever-green prairies,  
 Such as Spring generous with warm breathings never  
 Drew forth on soil fertile. Oh lovely for ever  
 Are the gardens of ocean that no sunbeams can wither.  
 No flower is on earth, but its semblance has hither.  
 Look, look at these orchards where each tree is uprearing  
 In enamel its crest, with the fruit-clusters peering,  
 And its blossoms in shadow, like the Orient's veiled daughters !  
 How beautiful all,—in the soft gauze of the waters !

## HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

*By Una.*

Poetry is the mother of philosophy. Nowhere has this theory been so finely illustrated as in India and in Greece. The Orphic poems, and to some extent the poetry of Homer and Hesiod, paved the way for those philosophical enquiries for which Greece became afterwards so celebrated. In India the meditations of nature, which were poured forth in poetical effusions in the hymns of the Vedas, led to the inquiry into the nature of the soul and of the material world, and of the relation that subsists between them and the Creator. The mind of man can not long remain satisfied with the mere contemplation and recital of the glory, wisdom, and power of God, but must soar up to those abstruse thoughts where a solution of the relation of the Creator and the created can be obtained. Thus the Upanishads came into existence, containing those germs of philosophical enquiries which were afterwards developed by later writers. Though much later in point of time to the Mantras and the Brahmanas, the Upanishads form a part of the Vedas, revealed and unwritten. Max Muller calls this period an epoch of the human mind. Whatever might have been the tendency of individual philosophers, whether their doctrine was atheistical or otherwise, all Hindu philosophy respects the authority of the Vedas, otherwise they would not have been read by any person professing the Hindu religion.

There are six systems of philosophy. It is impossible to ascertain their precise periods or their comparative ages. There can be no doubt, however, that these systems were elaborated after long intervals of each other: philosophers, unlike religious reformers, do not represent the consciousness of the time in which they live, but they soar above popular ideas through the power of independent thought, giving them a new tendency and direction, and thereby shape the course of the national intellect: a

long period must necessarily elapse before the advent of another genius to give a new turn to ideas. But it is certain that all these systems were completed before Buddha began to preach his social and ethical doctrines in the sixth century before the Christian era. The six systems of Hindu philosophy are the Vedanta founded by Vyasa, the Mimansa by Jaimini, the Sankhya by Kapila, the Yoga by Patanjali, the Nyaya by Gotama, and the Vaiseshika by Kanada.

The Hindu philosophical doctrines are perfectly original. If they have been borrowed from any nation, it must have been from the Greeks, for they bear a strong resemblance to those of the Grecian schools: the Vedanta offers many parallels to the idealism of Plato, the Vaiseshika to the Atomistic system, the Sankhya has been compared partly with the metaphysics of Pythagoras, the Yoga partly with that of Zeno, and the Nyaya has many things in common with the practical philosophy of Aristotle. There are some scholars who assert, whether rightly or wrongly, that many of the Greek doctrines have been taken from India, but none avers that India is indebted to Greece for any of her theories. Pythagoras is said to have travelled to India, and derived his doctrine of the metempsychosis from this country; Democritus of Abdera, one of the founders of the Atomistic school, is also said to have travelled to Egypt and India; and Gladisch asserts that the doctrine of the Eleatics is the regeneration of Hindu consciousness.\* The object of all these systems is to teach mankind the way to *Mukti* or deliverance from the ills of life.

The Vedanta *Sutras*, or aphorisms, are ascribed to Vyasa or Badarayan, the compiler of the Vedas; but at this distant period, it is impossible to say whether the identification is correct. Of the six systems, the Vedanta is the most orthodox, being founded upon the Vedas and Upanishads. It propounds the pantheistic doctrines of the latter. Brahma or God is omniscient and omnipotent; He is the cause of the production and existence of the universe. He is the *Paramatman* or universal soul,

---

\* Dr. Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*. Vol. 1.

all individual souls (*Jivatman*) are of his substance. The latter, therefore are immortal. Dissolution is absorption in his substance. He is the pervading spirit, therefore there is no material world as distinct from him. The true knowledge of a substance is to know it in reality; it does not depend on a man's notions. The true knowledge of Brahma therefore is not what we think of him. By this knowledge a man attains the highest object *i. e. parama purushartham* or salvation. Though Brahma is pure and rational, yet the inequalities of the world are accounted for by his dependence on creation, on merit and demerit. The world is considered by the old Vedantists to be without beginning; there were no inequalities at first, but merit and demerit being dependent on actions, such inequalities occurred afterwards. According to the later Vedantists the world is all *Maya* or illusion; and they account for the inequalities of the world by calling into existence *Avidya* or false knowledge as the creator of the external world and of individual souls. By reason of this power the individual soul regards the world, its own body and mind as real; but in truth they are not realities, just as the rope which is mistaken in the dark for a snake is not a real snake. There is nothing which really exists, except Brahma.

The whole object of the Vedanta is the identification of God and the human soul; their relation is that of pure identity; it is ignorance which produces the notion of duality, or which makes us believe in man's separate existence; the end of knowledge therefore is the cessation of this ignorance and a belief in identity.

The Mimamsa-sutras are the work of Jaimini, who is perhaps the same person that is mentioned in the Raghuvansa.† He is said to have been the preceptor of king Putra, the twenty-first descendant of Rama, the celebrated king of Ajodhya. There was another person of that name, who is said to have been the pupil of Vyasa. The Mimamsa is called also the *Purva-mimamsa*

† *Raghuvansa*, canto 18, Sl. 33.

মহীং মহেচ্ছঃ পরিকীৰ্ত্ত্য নুনৌ বনিষিৎ সৈবিনয়েহপিভাৱা।

তন্মাং সৰ্বোপাধিগম্য যোগিন্ অজ্ঞানেনৈকপাত জয়াভীৰুঃ।

or *Karma-mimansa*, as it is concerned with the Mantras and Brahmanas of the Vedas, whereas the Vedanta is called the *Uttara-mimansa*, not because it is later in point of time, but because it is founded on the Upanishads, the later portion of the Vedas. The Mimansa is not strictly a system of philosophy, but of ritualism ; it does not investigate the nature of the soul or of matter, but reconciles the conflicting opinions of the Srutis and Smritis on ritualistic subjects. Its interpretation is given in a logical form : first is stated the *Bishaya* or the proposition which is the subject-matter of discussion, then the *Bisaya* or the doubt about it, the *Purva-paksha* or the *prima facie* wrong view of the proposition, the *Uttara-paksha* or the refutation, then the *Sangati* or reconciliation, that is, the conclusion. It has for its object the establishment of the sole authority of the Vedas. As the object of man is final emancipation from successive births, it can only be obtained by performing the ritual ceremonies proscribed in the Vedas.

The Sankhya system which was founded by Kapila, was evidently set up against the doctrines of the Vedanta. It ignores the existence of God, repudiates the notion that anything impure can come out of pure spirit, and denies the identity of the individual soul with the universal soul. *Prakriti* or Nature is the final cause of creation ; it is made up of three ingredients ; goodness, passion, and darkness, which are the causes of our happiness, misery, and affection respectively. Nature is the creator of intelligence ; from intelligence comes egoism or consciousness. The latter produces the five elementary qualities, the five senses of knowledge, the five senses of action, and mind, the sense of knowledge and action ; from the five elementary qualities spring the five elements ; *Purusha* or soul is the last entity caused by none. Nature and the soul are eternal, and the other entities are non-eternal, being only modifications of nature just as curd and butter are of milk. Creation takes place by the union of nature and soul. The latter is different in different bodies, otherwise the happiness or sorrow of one would have affected all others, it itself does nothing, nor is it susceptible of delight and pain, which belong to the intellect. It is invested with subtle and gross bodies

the latter only being liable to the three sorts of pain incident to life. As liberation is the aim, it may be effected by the annihilation of the third entity, egoism; when the conviction arises that excepting nature and soul, all other entities are nothing—mere illusions, the three sorts of pain cease, and the soul is liberated. The Sankhya system is dualistic in its principle, whereas the Vedantic is non-dualistic.

The Yoga system is a branch of the Sankhya: it hardly deserves the name of philosophy, being in its principle the same as the Sankhya, with this exception that it inculcates belief in a God, and *Yoga* or meditation as the means of obtaining beatitude. Patanjali, the founder of this system, makes up the deficiency of Kapila by proving the existence of God. Everything in this world, he says, has its extremes: the climax of a minute body is an atom, and the acme of the minimum is ether; so the minimum of intelligence is gross ignorance, and its maximum is omniscience, which is never attained by man; therefore the highest intelligence is Iswara or God. The system of Kapila is called the atheistic Sankhya, and that of Patanjali is called the theistic Sankhya. Patanjali admits not only the twenty-five entities of Kapila, but adds one more, *i.e.* God. According to his system liberation is obtained by reliance on God; reliance on God is attained by knowledge, and knowledge comes from *Yoga* or meditation. *Yoga* means union of the mind with God. It has eight limbs or stages: *Yama*, restraint; *Niyama*, religious observance; *Asana*, posture; *Pranayama*, regulation of the breath; *Pratyahara*, restraint of the senses; *Dharana*, steadying of the mind; *Dhyana*, contemplation; *Samadhi*, profound meditation. Miraculous power is obtained by him who succeeds in meditation; he therefore easily gains the knowledge of the past, present, and future.

The system of Nyaya was founded by Gotama, called also Akshapada. It is analytical as the Sankhya is synthetical. There are sixteen categories according to Gotama. Liberation or *mukti* is effected by a knowledge of all these predicaments. The argument is this: when these predicaments are known, the knowledge

of the soul arises, *i.e.* that the soul is different from the body ; consequently the illusive notion of the identification of the soul and body vanishes. When this false notion disappears, anger, envy and other passions, which are caused by this notion, disappear ; the notions of virtue and vice which are the effects of these passions, never arise again. When virtue and vice disappear, which only cause new births by transmigrations of the soul, subsequent births also cease. Bodies are the sanctuaries of happiness and of misery, when therefore there are no longer births, bodies do not exist ; consequently happiness or misery ceases altogether : this cessation of misery is *mukti* or emancipation.

The sixteen categories are : 1. *pramana*, proof ; 2. *prameya*, that which is to be known ; 3. *samsaya*, doubt ; 4. *prayojana*-motive ; 5. *drishtanta*, example ; 6. *siddhanta*, decision ; 7. *Abayaba*, parts of an argument or syllogism ; 8. *tarka*, reasoning ; 9. *nirnyaya*, ascertainment ; 10. *Veda*, argument to find out truth ; 11. *jalpa*, controversy ; 12. *bitanda*, objections ; 13. *hetwabhasa*, fallacious argument ; 14. *chhala*, perversion ; 15. *jale*, incapacity to reply or contradictory reply ; 16. *nigra hasthana*, points of defeat.

Among these *abayaba* is the most important as it contains the Hindu Syllogism. It consists of five parts :

1. *Pratijana*, or proposition to be proved, as the hill is fiery.
2. *Hetu* or reason, for it smokes.
3. *Udaharana* or example, whatever smokes is fiery as a culinary hearth.
4. *Upanaya*, or application of the reason, this hill smokes.
5. *Nigamana*, conclusion : therefore the hill is fiery.

Some of the doctrines of the Nyaya are evidently opposed to the theories of the Mimansa : the Naiyayikas neither attach a permanent particular meaning to any particular sound, nor do they believe in the eternity or self-existence of the Vedas, though they believe in their infallibility.

The Vaiseshika philosophy may be called a supplement to the Nyaya system, as it extends the investigations of the latter to



physics. Kunada, or as he is also called Uluka, was the founder of this system. He distributes his inquiries under six categories to which afterwards a seventh was added. They are : 1. *dravya*, substance ; 2. *guna*, quality ; 3. *karman*, action ; 4. *samanya*, generality or community of properties ; 5. *vishesha*, atomic individuality ; 6. *samaraya*, co-inherence or intimate relation ; 7. *abhava*, non-existence or negation of existence.

The highest good is the result of the knowledge which is obtained by means of these categories. According to this system, the formation of the world is effected by the aggregation of atoms which are eternal ; this aggregation and the consequent disintegration and reintegration take place by the power of *adrishta* or an unseen force. These atoms are invisible, intangible, indivisible and unperceptible to the senses. The soul is also eternal and is different from the body. Deliverance means cessation from sorrow, and is attained by means of true knowledge of the soul.

These are the doctrines of the six schools of philosophy. The works which contain the original aphorisms are certainly not voluminous, but subsequent treatises, commentaries, and commentaries of commentaries, make up a large library.

We shall now notice briefly the doctrines of some of the sects which arose at a subsequent period, whose idea of obtaining deliverance from the sufferings of the world were different from those inculcated in the six systems. These doctrines, some of which are heretical and irregular, are described in the *Sarvadar-sana-sangraha* of Madhavacharya, who flourished in the fourteenth century. He was prime minister of Bukka Rai I, king of Vijayanagara, and brother of Sayana, the celebrated commentator of the Rig-Veda.

Charvaka was the founder of the system of philosophy which is called after his name, the Charvaka-darsana. Like Epicurus, he promulgated the doctrine of "eat, drink and be merry." He was materialistic to the back-bone. According to him there are only four elements : earth, air, water and fire, out of which the body is made. Though these elements are matter, yet intelli-

gence is, the outcome of this combination, as red color arises from the combination of turmeric which is yellow and lime which is white; or as incubrating power arises from the combination of molasses and rice, which severally are not intoxicating. The soul is therefore not different from the body; it is therefore mortal like the body. There is therefore no future life. Enjoyment is the only source of happiness: amusement and pleasure should be sought even by incurring debts. The Vedas, he says, are inconsistent in many of their doctrines, and they are the works of hypocrites and fools, who prescribed unnecessary pains and mortifications to the body. The Charvakis deny any other proof except what is established by the direct testimony of our senses. They are Hindu Comtists.

Buddhism, which is now considered a distinct religion from Hinduism, was originally a reformation of social corruptions, brought about by the restraining influence of the system of caste, the pernicious effects of ceremonial practices, and the pharisaical conduct of a selfish hierarchy. The Buddhist doctrines of deliverance and the means of obtaining it became necessarily different from those previously held. Buddha preached his doctrines in 588 B. C., more than two centuries before the invasion of Alexander, and these were reduced to writing after his death in the first Buddhist council in sets of books called the *Tripitaka*. He proclaimed that there was nothing but sorrow in life, that sorrow was produced by our affections, and that our affections, should be destroyed in order to destroy the root of sorrow\* *Nirvana* or annihilation of the soul is the *summum bonum* of existence. The principles of the social and ethical codes of Buddhism, however, are more lofty and noble than those of its metaphysics. They proclaim the brotherhood of man, and thereby strike at the root of the system of caste. The five great negative commandments were,—not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to get drunk. All sorts of vice also, like hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping,

\* Max Muller's *Chips from a German Workshop* Vol.

cruelty to animals were prohibited.† Thus Buddhism, being in consonance with the dictates of humanity, and liberal in its views and principles, became the prevailing religion of India, and it exercised at one period very great influence over the destiny of the nation. Madhavacharya says that the Buddhists are divided into four classes: the *Mudhyamikas* who held that all our objects of perception are false; the *Yogacharas* who believed that the material world is unreal, the soul being only real; the *Santrantikas* who held that the material world is true, as is proved by inference; and the *Baibhasikas* who held that the direct evidence of our senses proves the existence of the material world. But all these sects held in common that proofs are of two kinds, direct and inferential; that the universe is transient, and that the body, which is composed of the twelve senses, must be tended with care.

Jainism is the only representative of Buddhism now left in India. It is said to have originated in the sixth or seventh century of the Christian era. The Jainas are divided into two sects; the *Digambaras* or those who are naked, and the *Svetambaras* or those who are clothed in white. These two sects, according to Madhavacharya, are included in the general name of Arhatas, which name is, however, principally applied to the former. The Digambara Arhatas hold that separate souls exist in separate bodies, and believe in the immortality of every individual soul, inasmuch as the frequent hankering after enjoyment cannot be reconciled without a belief in the individuality and immortality of the soul. To the Svetambara Arhatas the name of Jainas is frequently applied. They wear white dress, eat what is obtained by begging, clip their hair short, go about with a brush, and drink with their conjoined palms for fear of endangering animal life.

According to both these sects, there are three "gems" which together effect the liberation of the soul; 1. *Samiyag-darsana*, a right view or a particular care to believe in the *tattvas* of Jina; 2. *Samiyag-jnana*, right knowledge or knowledge of the *tattvas* of

---

† Ibid.

Jina; 3. *Samyag-charitra*, right conduct which consists in the observance of the five commandments—not to kill, not to take more than what is given in charity, to speak truth, to have command over the passions, and to subdue all immoderate affections. The *tattvas* are two, five, seven, or nine, according to different sects. But the generality of the Jainas hold that there are two *tattvas*: living souls (*Jiva*) and inanimate objects (*Ajiva*). Living souls again are divided into three classes: perfect soul, as that of *Jiva*, liberated soul, and soul bound by worldly ties and associations.

Like the Buddhists the Jainas believe in several saints, called Jinas or Tirthankaras, who have appeared in this world for the deliverance of mankind. But it is generally believed that except the last two Jinas, Parsvanatha and Mahavira, all the others were no real personages. Parsvanatha is said to have been the founder of the sect, and Mahavira was its active propagator.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE CHIT CHAT CLUB.

### IX. THE PREVENTION OF FAMINES.

#### INTERLOCUTORS.

- Baboo Radha Krishna Banerjea.  
 „ Pyari Chand Basu.  
 „ Jaya Gopal Ghosha.  
 „ Syama Charan Chatterjea.  
 „ Jadu Nath Mitra.  
 „ Prem Chand Datta.  
 Maulavi Imdad Ali.

*Pyari.* The famine seems to be very sore in the Madras Presidency; it is a great deal worse than the Bengal famine the other year. Thousands of people are being starved to death.

*Prem.* Yes, the accounts in the papers are quite awful. And yet the Government is doing all it can to mitigate its horrors.

*Jadu.* I am very glad to see that large sums of money are being raised in England for supplying the starving millions with food.

*Pyari.* All that is very good ; it is no doubt a pleasant thing to see the good people of England coming to the relief of their fellow-subjects in India ; and a pleasant thing too to see a paternal Government doing its utmost to check the progress of famine. But can nothing be done to prevent the recurrence of famine ?

*Syama.* Apparently not. The Government seems to think that the recurrence of famine in India is not to be regarded as exceptional ; but on the contrary it is to be regarded as an event to be regularly expected, for which provision is to be made in the budget.

*Pyari.* What an awful thought ! The famine is to be regarded as one of the institutions of the land ! Surely, famine can be prevented, like any thing else. What is the cause of famine ? Drought, no doubt. Surely drought can be prevented. If the skies give us no rain we can surely dig canals for irrigating our fields. There is hardly any reason to doubt that an extensive and judicious system of canals, of irrigation works, will prevent the recurrence of famine.

*Jaya.* Canals, irrigation works ! Pyari Baboo, you seem to be a disciple of Sir Arthur Cotton of whom it is said that "there are canals in his brain !"

*Pyari.* Ridicule is a very cheap thing. But I think the subject is too serious for ridicule. I do not profess to be a follower of Sir Arthur Cotton, that is to say I do not ride Irrigation Works, like a hobby horse, to death. Sir Arthur may be, like every man of earnest convictions, carrying the matter to excess ; but every reasonable man must admit that there is a great deal of truth in what he says. Surely

it stands to reason that if the heavens are shut up, if there be no rain, canals must be resorted to for purposes of irrigation.

*Jaya.* If canals could always be of use for purposes of irrigation, then they might tend to prevent famine; but I am told that in districts where there are irrigation works, those works are perfectly useless exactly at the time when their services are required. In the district of Midnapore, for example, in the dry season there was no water in the canals; they were therefore of no use as a preventive of famine. Your irrigation works are therefore quite useless. And in the second place,—

*Pyari.* One thing at a time, please. Let us first consider your first argument. Canals dry in the dry season! Those must be curious canals! The engineers that dug them ought to be drowned in those canals. Wonderful engineers truly! You don't mean to say that it is impossible to construct canals which would give perennial supplies of water. This could easily be done by making the canals communicate with the sea or some large river. The Public Works Department is generally called Public Waste Department; but I did not know that inefficiency along with wasteful prodigality characterized the P. W. D. Lord Lytton would do well to send some of these precious engineers to Holland to learn the rudiments of canal making.

*Jaya.* I am sure it must be possible to construct such canals as you describe; but I believe it is a fact that the Midnapore canals were found wanting in the hour of need.

*Pyari.* I have no doubt they were. That only proves the inefficiency of the engineers. Let us now hear your second argument.

*Jaya.* I was going to say when you interrupted me that even if canals contain water they are of no use as the people are not willing to use them. Their forefathers never irrigated their fields from canals, and they will stick to the practice

of their forefathers. I believe the Indian Secretary, the Earl of Salisbury, made use of this argument in a speech he recently delivered.

*Pyari.* And a very cogent argument it is ! So they argued before the introduction of railways in the country that the iron horse would never become popular in India ; *first*, because the ancient Hindus never used railway carriages ; and *secondly*, because the system of caste would interfere with the practice. But now ? Is not the railway one of the most popular institutions in the land ? Are not Indian railways a most successful enterprise ? Read Mr. Dauvers' last Report on Indian railways, and then answer the question. It is nonsense to say that the ryots will not use canal water for irrigating their fields. That they are unwilling to pay is only on account of their poverty, and Indian husbandmen are about the poorest in the world. But Government should, especially at first, fix upon a low water rate ; and if they do so, I am sure the ryots will pay, especially when they see the advantages they derive from canal water.

*Syana.* But it has been said that these canals bring disease and death into those regions through which they are carried ; from a sanitary point of view therefore they are objectionable. It has been alleged that the station of Kurnal was abandoned only for this reason ; and in other parts of the country the canals which had been constructed had again for sanitary reasons to be filled up at a great cost to Government.

*Pyari.* Very likely ; and simply because they carried coals to Newcastle. If canals be dug in a swampy district, no doubt they would make it more unhealthy than before. But surely the opposite would be the effect in a dry and rocky region. Besides, it is absurd to say that canals cannot be prevented from exercising a malarious influence upon regions through which they pass. To say so would be to reflect on the science of hygiene.

*Jaya.* The last argument I shall mention against the plan of irrigation works is that they are fearfully expensive. Where is the money to come from?

*Pyari.* Echo says—Where? Where can it come from except from the iron chests of the Government Treasury? You mean to say that Government will rather see millions of its subjects die every year, or every two years, or every three years, of starvation than spend money in constructing canals throughout the country? To say so would be to libel a paternal Government as that of India. Such a thing may be true of the Government of the Sublime Porte, but I can't believe it of the British Indian Government.

*Imdad.* You seem to enjoy mightily any thrust at Turkey.

*Pyari.* I beg your pardon, Maulavi Sahab. I should not have made tonight the slightest allusion to Turkish affairs, especially after your indignant protest at the last meeting. But what is uppermost in the mind comes out most readily at the mouth. I was only to-day reading the experiences of an English traveller in Armenia who is by no means unfriendly to the Turks, and he says that the road from Trebizond to Erzeroum had not been repaired for I don't know how many years, and that it is not likely to be repaired for the next twenty years if the Turks retain possession of it. I am sure I know nothing of the sanitary state of Turkey, European or Asiatic; but this is what a recent traveller says.

*Imdad.* But what will you say if I specify certain roads in this country, yes in this country of British rule, which have not been repaired for the last twenty years.

*Pyari.* I beg a thousand pardons, my friend. I have no wish to enter into the question of Turkish public works, as I know nothing about them. I call back the illustration I made use of. Well—where was I? I forget the particular point I was dwelling upon.

*Prem.* You were saying that you could not believe that the British Government would rather see millions of its



subjects die of starvation than spend money in constructing canals.

*Pyari.* Exactly so. Many thanks for giving me the lost thread, the missing link. I am quite confident that if Lord Lytton and his Government were convinced of the utility of irrigation works as a preventive of famine, His Excellency would immediately inaugurate a complete system of canals throughout the country.

*Jaya.* But, Pyari Baboo, you don't answer my question—Where is the money to come from? You reply, from the iron chests of the Government Treasury; but those iron chests do not seem to be full. Is there not a deficit? And has not Government been lately borrowing?

*Pyari.* You ask—Where is the money to come from? I answer agreeably to the Bengali proverb—from where kings get their horses and their elephants. Where does Government get money from in any emergency? Is it not from the market? Government should go down to the market and borrow. I will not say with some economists that a large national debt is a great blessing; but I do say that debt incurred for saving perishing millions from starvation would be well bestowed. Yes, it is my firm conviction that a system of canals judiciously planned and carefully executed would go a great way in preventing the recurrence of famines in our country.

*Radha.* I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but I am afraid one would almost be justified in inferring from your long yarn on canals that, like Sir Arthur Cotton, you really had canals in your brain.

*Pyari.* Thanks for your warning. I have now done with canals. You mistake me, however. I am not, like Sir Arthur, a thorough-paced canal-monger. I do not look upon canals as Morrison's Pills or Hollway's Pills, as a panacea for all the ills which ryot-nature is subject to. I believe in other things besides canals. For instance, I am of opinion that a completer and more thorough system of railway

communication than at present obtains in the country will greatly reduce the chances of a famine, at any rate will greatly reduce its horrors. How was it that the horrors of the famine in Behar were mitigated? It was greatly owing no doubt to the splendid system of relief organized by Sir Richard Temple; but Sir Richard would have been powerless if there had been no railway communication with that district. And hence it is that the Madras Government is comparatively powerless to cope with the evil. Had there been a thorough net-work of railways in the Madras Presidency there would not have been such immense loss of human lives, as the railways would have speedily poured in supplies of food from all parts of the country. I am therefore of opinion that for the prevention of famines, or at any rate for the mitigation of their horrors, two things are necessary, namely, the construction of canals and the multiplication of railways.

*Indul.* I must say I quite agree with you. But I have seen a third suggestion made, and that is, that there should be emigration to other countries as India seems to contain more people than it is well able to feed.

*Pyari.* I don't believe that emigration is either practicable or necessary. The Hindus will never leave their mother-country, the land of Bharat, which the Puranas say, is the most highly-favoured country in the world, the abode of saints and gods. They will infinitely prefer death to expatriation. And I don't believe that emigration is necessary. I have no faith in the nonsense of Malthus and his theory of population. Our mother-country is infinitely prolific. She can, if she is properly managed, support ten times the population she is now sustaining.

*Jadu.* But don't you think that trees tend to the formation of clouds and of rain? I think it is a great mistake the Government is making in allowing forests to be cut down for purposes of fuel and of building. Perhaps the denudation of forests in various parts of the country has some-

thing to do with the want of rain. Don't you think that a system of planting trees in different parts of the country if judiciously carried on, might prevent drought and thus prevent famines?

*Pyari.* I dare say, it would in a small way, but that would be merely a homœopathic dose. It would scarcely touch the evil.

*Syama.* My friends, you are all wrong. Before you can properly prescribe for a disease you must find out its cause. You say drought is the cause of famine, and you are right in saying so. But, pray, what is the cause of drought? Want of rain. But what is the cause of the want of rain? Why does not God send rain? I was reading in some Christian newspaper that God withholds rain from the Hindus because they are idolators; *ergo*, the paper concludes, if the Hindus wish to escape from famines they should leave off their idolatry and turn Christians.

*Prem.* I don't think, my friend, you ought to ridicule the religious convictions of people. I may tell you at once that although I am a Christian, and the only Christian in this Club as my friend Maulavi Imdad Ali is the only Muhammadan, I do not agree with the views of the journal you allude to. And yet at the same time I must say that so far from ridiculing the men who hold those views I respect and honor them. It may be deemed no doubt presumptuous to pry into the secret counsels of the Divine Mind, and to say that particular judgments are the effects of particular sins; it is nevertheless true that judgments are sent by God upon nations for their shortcomings and sins. This principle is, I think, maintained by the Hindu, the Muhammadan, and the Christian alike. The pious Hindu thinks that famines, wars, plagues, are the effects of the Kali Yuga, that is to say, of the general depravity of the human race. The Christian and, if I mistake not, the Muhammadan hold similar views.

*Imdad.* Exactly so; we hold the same views.

*Prem.* I think the general principle must be admitted by every

one who admits that there is a God, and that He is the moral Governor of the universe. The mistake of some pious Christians lies in this, that they ascribe particular national judgments to particular national sins. I remember some years ago an eloquent Baptist minister in Calcutta preached a sermon, which he afterwards published, in which he maintained that the famine in Orissa was owing to the Opium trade carried on by the Government with China. I think the good man was guilty of what logicians call *fallacia divisionis*, or the fallacy of division. A thing may be true collectively, but it may be false distributively. The general principle that national judgments are effects of national sins is true, and must be admitted to be true by every one that believes in the divine government of the universe; but the principle is not true when applied to particular cases.

*Ratha.* Allow me, gentlemen, to wind up this evening's discussions with one short remark. The constructing of canals, the multiplying of railways, the planting of trees, and emigration, may be all good, each in its own way; but there can be no effectual, no permanent good unless the condition of the people, and especially of the peasantry, is raised. The people are in a state of abject poverty. The slightest rise in the prices of the necessaries of life inflicts great hardship upon them. That would not be the case if they were well-to-do. The great means therefore for the prevention of famines is the improvement of the condition of the people. And this improvement can be effected chiefly by two causes—the reduction of taxation and the diffusion of education. The late Mr. J. C. Marshman, who knew India better than almost any other human being, gave it as his deliberate opinion that India could be well governed at a cost of thirty crores of Rupees. It is worth while making the experiment. Reduce taxation, diffuse education, and you will render famines all but impossible.

## DR. DUFF ON THE FAMINE.

As there has been some misrepresentation both in India and in England of the remark made by the Rev. Dr. Duff on the donation of Her Majesty the Empress of India to the Indian Famine Fund, we deem it proper to give circulation to that part of the Reverend Doctor's letter which refers to the subject. The misrepresentation originated with that stupid and obscene weekly journal which, with singular propriety, calls itself *Vanity Fair*; and it has been copied in many of the Indian papers. Our readers will find in the letter neither the "disloyalty" nor the "bad taste" with which the writer has been accused. The letter was written from Bad Neunohr in Rhenish Prussia whither the Doctor had gone on medical advice.

"Heretofore, famines as destructive as the present have visited and desolated particular districts or even whole provinces of India. But never before, so far as I know, has India been visited with so widespread a famine as the present. It is now, in varying degrees, all but universal over a vast realm, as large as all Europe, deducting Russia. It is this all but universality which renders the present famine so unique in its scale of magnitude and virulence—so absolutely without a parallel. The grand and piercingly clamant demand now is for sympathy and help—sympathy and help for myriads of the actually perishing by starvation and want—myriads as surely sinking into the jaws of inevitable destruction, as if they were encompassed with the rapidly rising waters of a general deluge, or exposed to be devoured by ten thousand thousand ferocious monsters, hitherto unheard of in story or in song.

"What, then, is to be most effectually done? is the question of questions. The Indian Government has already done nobly, and has nobly resolved to continue to do so—ready to lavish the resources of the Empire on the gigantic task of rescuing as many helpless millions as possible from their threatened frightful doom. But they declare their utter inability, with all the resources of the Empire at their command, commensurately to meet the tremendous emergency of the crisis. Already in spite of the Herculean efforts put forth, half a million—a number exceeding the entire population of Glasgow—has miserably succumbed to a slow, lingering, cruel death by sheer starvation. And the calculation, on clearly ascertained

data, is, that ere the famine at soonest can be expected to terminate, four millions more—a population considerably larger than that of all Scotland—will have succumbed in like manner, to be devoured by ravenous beasts of prey, or by starving fellow-creatures turned into cannibals by the resistless cravings of sinking nature; while millions more still, who may now survive, will be reduced to emaciated skeletons, and be ready to fall a prey to every ordinary disease or temporary epidemic. An appeal, therefore, loud as the voice of many thunders, has reached these British shores for help! help! help!

“To this appeal there has been already a considerable response at the London Mansion-House and elsewhere, but nothing, nothing, nothing like what it ought to be. I must frankly own that I have been sorely disappointed with two things—the comparatively small number of donors in such a city as London, the largest in the world; and second, the comparative smallness of most of the sums contributed in such a city as London, the richest in the world.

“Among the contributors are happily included members of the Royal Family. But with all my unfeigned esteem and reverence, in common with every loyal British subject, for our admirable and gracious model Sovereign, Queen Victoria, I unreservedly but humbly confess to a feeling of disappointment at the relative smallness of her donation. As Empress of India, methinks that her donation ought to have been the largest of individual contributions; and, instead of £500 it ought to have been at least £5000. Then would others at home of colossal incomes be encouraged and constrained to follow proportionally such an example. And sure I am that the people of India, who are lynx-eyed in such matters, would duly appreciate and gratefully remember the largeness and effect of such imperial munificence. But, perhaps, her gracious Majesty may have made her donation in ignorance at the time of the incalculable extent and magnitude of the famine and death-smitten territory. On the part of the Prince of Wales, I cannot but reckon a donation of 500 guineas as very handsome. As regards other donations, the most liberal I have noted is that of Coutts & Co.; but, with their enormous Cræsus-like wealth, they might well have doubled or quadrupled the £1000.

“But of the Blanks, who, so far as I have yet seen, have contributed nothing, the number is simply prodigious and appalling. What for instance, have the Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England done? What are they intending to do? What lively interest have they yet as a body manifested in the torturing sufferings of dying millions? How much have they personally contributed to the Relief Fund in order to stimulate others by their exemplary bounteousness? What have they done, individually and collectively, in the way of issuing a fervent appeal to all their

clergy, earnestly exhorting every one of them to lay the astounding exigency, with emphasis and pathos, before their several congregations, urging every member to contribute according to his or her ability?

"And where, with a few praiseworthy exceptions, are all the peers of the realm—dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, with their huge revenues, palatial edifices, and extensive hereditary domains? Where, with a few exceptions, the wealthy landed gentry, merchant princes, leading manufacturers, and commercial traders of England?—many of whom have amassed enormous fortunes from their varied connections, relationships, and transactions with India.

"As regards Scotland, Glasgow, its commercial capital, its largest and wealthiest city, has *begun* the good work; but, alas, how lamentably far behind for such a city the number and amount of its individual and aggregate contributions! Edinburgh, its civil and political capital, has tardily, and with apparent reluctance, followed suit; but alas, after what a poor, scurvy, and niggardly fashion! All this I write coolly, calmly, dispassionately, in the interests of truth, fidelity, and philanthropy.

"With regard to Churches, in a crisis of such unparalleled extent and severity, irrevocably affecting the vital temporal destiny of millions of fellow-subjects, as well as the credit, character, and it may be, the stability and permanence of the British Empire, what could be more seemly, more congruous, than for the Moderators of the Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches, and the United Presbyterian Synod, to call a special meeting of the Commissioners of Assembly, and of the Synod, solemnly to confess our sins and shortcomings in the past; to invoke the blessing of heaven on the efforts now made, or to be made for the rescue of millions from cruel sufferings and a premature grave; and to pour out the spirit of repentance on the whole Indian population that they might turn from their dumb idols to serve the one living and true God? and then to give the official weight of the authority of the different Churches to an appeal to all ministers speedily to lay the subject intelligibly and impressively before their several congregations; in the assurance that if they did so, there is not a member or adherent or occasional hearer who would not rejoice to respond according to their respective abilities? All of these Churches have missions in India, with the view of giving to the spiritually destitute of the bread of life and the water of life.

"It ought to be distinctly borne in mind that there is a loud and absolute call for *haste*. While people at home are lagging behind, hesitating or sluggishly pondering what to do, scores, hundreds, yea thousands are yonder daily sinking into inanition and death. Never was there a case, in which the proverb was more applicable—"bis dat qui cito dat"—he gives twice, or double, who gives quickly.

"And why might not Lord Carnarvon make an earnest appeal to the British Colonies? From what I actually know of several of these, I venture confidently to say, that, if he did so, there would be a prompt and generous response. And why should not our noble and generous Queen, with the advice of her Ministry and Privy Council, proclaim a day of national fast, humiliation, and supplication, as was appropriately done, if my memory does not fail me, with signal success and excellent effect, in the crisis of the Indian mutiny and rebellion?"

## THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

*By Mother Goose.*

### XI. THE ADVENTURES OF TWO THIEVES AND OF THEIR SONS.

#### PART I.

Once on a time there lived two thieves in a village who earned their livelihood by stealing. As they were well-known thieves, every act of theft in the village was ascribed to them whether they committed it or not; they therefore left the village and, being resolved to support themselves by honest labour, went to a neighbouring town for service. Both of them were engaged by a householder; the one had to tend a cow, and the other to water a *champak* plant. The older thief began watering the plant early in the morning, and as he had been told to go on pouring water till some of it collected itself round the foot of the plant he went on pouring bucketful after bucketful: but to no purpose. No sooner was the water poured on the foot of the plant than it was forthwith sucked up by the thirsty earth; and it was late in the after-noon when the thief tired with drawing water laid himself down on the ground, and fell asleep. The younger thief fared no better. The cow which he had to tend was the most vicious in the whole country. When taken out of the village for pasturage it galloped away to a great distance with its tail erect; it ran from one paddy-field to another, and ate the corn and trod upon it; it entered into sugar-cane plantations and destroyed the sweet cane;—for all which damage and acts of trespass the neat-herd was soundly rated by the owners of the fields. What



with running after the cow from field to field,\*from pool to pool ; what with the abusive language poured not only upon him, but upon his forefathers up to the fourteenth generation, by the owners of the fields the corn of which had been destroyed,—the younger thief had a miserable day of it. After a world of trouble he succeeded about sunset in catching hold of the cow, which he brought back to the house of his master. The older thief had just roused himself from sleep when he saw the younger one bringing in the cow. Then the elder said to the younger—" Brother, why are you so late in coming from the fields ?"

*Younger.* What shall I say, brother ? I took the cow to that part of the meadow where there is a tank, near which there is a large tree. I let the cow loose, and it began to graze about without giving the least trouble. I spread my *gamchha*\* upon the grass under the tree ; and there was such a delicious breeze that I soon fell asleep ; and I did not awake till after sunset ; and when I awoke I saw my good cow grazing contentedly at the distance of a few paces. But how did you fare, brother ?

*Elder.* O as for me, I had a jolly time of it. I had poured only one bucketful of water on the plant, when a large quantity rested round it. So my work was done, and I had the whole day to myself. I laid myself down on the ground ; I meditated on the joys of this new mode of life ; I whistled ; I sung, and at last fell asleep. And I am up only this moment.

When this talk was ended, the older thief believing that what the younger thief had said was true, thought that tending the cow was more comfortable than watering the plant ; and the younger thief, for the same reason, thought that watering the plant was more comfortable than tending the cow : each therefore resolved to exchange his own work for that of the other.

*Elder.* Well, brother, I have a wish to tend the cow. Suppose to-morrow you take my work, and I yours. Have you any objection ?

---

\* A towel used in bathing.

*Younger.* , Not the slightest, brother. I shall be glad to take up your work, and you are quite welcome to take up mine. Only let me give you a bit of advice. I felt it rather uncomfortable to sleep nearly the whole of the day on the bare ground. If you take a *charpoy*† with you, you will have a merry time of it.

Early the following morning the older thief went out with the cow to the fields, not forgetting to take with him a *charpoy* for his ease and comfort; and the younger thief began watering the plant. The latter had thought that one bucketful, or at the outside, two bucketfuls of water would be enough. But what was his surprise when he found that even a hundred bucketfuls were not sufficient to saturate the ground around the roots of the plant. He was dead tired with drawing water. The sun was almost going down, and yet his work was not over. At last he gave it up through sheer weariness.

The older thief in the fields was in no better case. He took the cow beside the tank which the younger thief had spoken of, put his *charpoy* under the large tree hard by, and then let the cow loose. As soon as the cow was let loose it went scampering about in the meadow, jumping over hedges and ditches, running through paddy fields, and injuring sugarcane plantations. The older thief was not a little put about. He had to run about the whole day, and to be insulted by the people whose fields had been trespassed upon. But the worst of it was, that our thief had to run about the meadow with the *charpoy* on his head, for he could not put it anywhere for fear it should be taken away. When the other neat-herds who were in the meadow saw the older thief running about in breathless haste after the cow, with the *charpoy* on his head, they clapped their hands and raised shouts of derision. The poor fellow, hungry and angry, bitterly repented of the exchange he had made. After infinite trouble, and with the help of the other neat-herds, he at last caught hold of the precious cow, and brought it home long after the village lamps had been lit.

---

† A sort of bed made of rope supported by posts of wood.

When the two thieves met in the house of their master, they merely laughed at each other without speaking a word. Their dinner over, they laid themselves to rest when there took place the following conversation :—

*Younger.*—Well, how did you fare, brother?

*Elder.*—Just as you fared, and perhaps 'some degrees better.

*Younger.*—I am of opinion that our former trade of thieving was infinitely preferable to this sort of honest labour as people call it.

*Elder.*—What doubt is there of that? But, by the gods, I have never seen a cow which can be compared to this. It has no second in the world in point of viciousness.

*Younger.*—A vicious cow is not a rare thing. I have seen some cows as vicious. But have you seen a plant like this *champaka* plant which you were told to water. I wonder what becomes of all the water that is poured round about it. Is there a tank below its roots?

*Elder.*—I have a good mind to dig round it and see what is beneath it.

*Younger.*—We better do so this night when the good man of the house and his wife are asleep.

At about midnight the two thieves took spades and shovels and began digging round the plant. After digging a good deal the younger thief lighted upon some hard thing against which the shovel struck. The curiosity of both was excited. The younger thief saw that it was a large jar; he thrust his hand into it and found that it was full of gold mohurs. But he said to the older thief—"O, it is nothing; it is only a large stone." The older thief, however, suspected that it was something else; but he took care not to give vent to his suspicion. Both agreed to give up digging as they had found nothing; and they went to sleep. An hour or two after, when the older thief saw that the younger thief was asleep, he quietly got up and went to the spot which had been digged. He saw the jar filled with gold mohurs. Digging a little near it, he found another jar also filled with gold mohurs. Overjoyed to find the treasure, he resolved to secure it.

He took up both the jars, went to the tank which was near and from which water used to be drawn for the plant, and buried them in the mud of its bank. He then returned to the house, and quietly laid himself down beside the younger thief who was then fast asleep. The younger thief, who had first found the jar of gold mohurs, now woke, and softly stealing out of bed, went to secure the treasure he had seen. On going to the spot he did not see any jar; he therefore naturally thought that his companion the older thief had secreted it somewhere. He went to his sleeping partner, with a view to discover if possible by any marks on his body the place where the treasure had been hidden. He examined the person of his friend with the eye of a detective, and saw mud on his feet and near the ancles. He immediately concluded the treasure must have been concealed somewhere in the tank. But in what part of the tank? On which bank. His ingenuity did not forsake him here. He walked round all the four banks of the tank. When he walked round three sides, the frogs on them jumped into the water; but no frogs jumped from the fourth bank. He therefore concluded that the treasure must have been buried on the fourth bank. In a little he found the two jars filled with gold mohurs; he took them up, and going into the cow-house brought out the vicious cow he had tended, and put the two jars on its back. He left the house and started for his native village.

When the older thief at crow-cawing got up from sleep, he was surprised not to find his companion beside him. He hastened to the tank and found that the jars were not there. He went to the cow-house and did not see the vicious cow. He immediately concluded the younger thief must have run away with the treasure on the back of the cow. And where could he think of going? He must be going to his native village. No sooner did this process of reasoning pass through his mind than he resolved forthwith to set out and overtake the younger thief. As he passed through the town he invested all the money he had in a costly pair of shoes covered with gold lace. He walked very fast, avoiding the public road and making short cuts. He descried

the younger thief trudging on slowly with his cow. He went before him in the highway about a distance of 200 yards, and threw down on the road one shoe. He walked on another 200 yards and threw the other shoe at a place near which was a large tree; amid the thick leaves of that tree he hid himself. The younger thief coming along the public road saw the first shoe and said to himself—"What a beautiful shoe that is! It is of gold lace. It would have suited me in my present circumstances now that I have got rich. But what shall I do with one shoe?" So he passed on. In a short time he came to the place where the other shoe was lying. The younger thief said within himself—"Ah here is the other shoe! What a fool I was, that I did not pick up the one I first saw! However it is not too late. I'll tie the cow to yonder tree and go for the other shoe." He tied the cow to the tree, and taking up the second shoe went for the first lying at a distance of about 200 yards. In the meantime the older thief got down from the tree, loosened the cow, and drove it towards his native village avoiding the king's highway. The younger thief on returning to the tree found that the cow was gone. He of course concluded that it could have been done only by the older thief. He walked as fast as his legs could carry him and reached his native village long before the older thief with the cow. He hid himself near the door of the older thief's house. The moment the older thief arrived with the cow, the younger thief accosted him saying—"So you are come safe, brother. Let us go in and divide the money." To this proposal the older thief readily agreed. In the inner yard of the house the two jars were taken down from the back of the cow; they went to a room, bolted the door, and began dividing. Two mohurs were taken up by the hand, one was put in one place, and the other in another; and they went on doing that till the jars became empty. But last of all one gold mohur remained. The question was—Who was to take it? Both agreed that it should be changed the next morning, and the silver cash equally divided. But with whom was the single mohur to remain? There was not a little wrangling about the matter. After a great deal of yea and nay, it was

settled that it should remain with the older thief, and that next morning it should be changed and equally divided.

At night the older thief said to his wife and the other women of the house—"Look here, ladies, the younger thief will come to-morrow morning to demand the share of the remaining gold mohur; but I don't mean to give it to him. You do one thing to-morrow. Spread a cloth on the ground in the yard. I will lay myself on the cloth pretending to be dead; and to convince people that I am dead, put a *tulasi*\* plant near my head. And when you see the younger thief coming to the door, you set up a loud cry and lamentation. Then he will of course go away, and I shall not have to pay his share of the gold mohur." To this proposal the women readily agreed. Accordingly the next day about noon, the older thief laid himself down in the yard like a corpse with the sacred basil near his head. When the younger thief was seen coming near the house, the women set up a loud cry, and when he came nearer and nearer, wondering what it all meant, they said—"O where did you both go? what did you bring? what did you do to him? look, he is dead." So saying they rent the air with their cries. The younger thief seeing through the whole, said, "Well, I am sorry my friend and brother is gone. I must now attend to his funeral. You all go away from this place, you are but women. I'll see to it that the remains are well burnt." He brought a quantity of straw and twisted it into a rope, which he fastened to the legs of the deceased man, and began tugging him, saying that he was going to take him to the place of burning. While the older thief was being dragged through the streets, his body was getting dreadfully scratched and bruised, but he held his peace, being resolved to act his part out, and thus escape giving the share of the gold mohur. The sun had gone down when the younger thief with the corpse reached the place of burning. But as he was making preparations for a funeral pile he remembered that he had not brought fire with him. If he went for fire leaving the older thief behind, he would undoubtedly run away. What

---

\* The sacred basil.

then was to be done? At last he tied the straw rope to the branch of a tree and kept the pretended corpse hanging in the air, and he himself climbed into the tree and sat on that branch, keeping tight hold of the rope lest it should break, and the old thief run away. While they were in this state, a gang of robbers passed by. On seeing the corpse hanging, the head of the gang said—"This raid of ours has begun very auspiciously. Brahmans and Pandits say that if on starting on a journey one sees a corpse, it is a good omen. Well, we have seen a corpse, it is therefore likely that we shall meet with success this night. If we do, I propose one thing, on our return let us all first burn this dead body and then return home." All the robbers agreed to this proposal. The robbers then entered into the house of a rich man in the village, put its inmates to the sword, robbed it of all its treasures, and withal managed it so cleverly that not a mouse stirred in the village. As they were successful beyond measure, they resolved on their return to burn the dead body they had seen. When they came to the place of burning they found the corpse hanging as before, for the older thief had not yet opened his mouth lest he should be obliged to give half of the gold mohur. The thieves dug a hollow in the ground, brought fuel and laid it upon the hollow. They took down the corpse from the tree, and laid it upon the pile; and as they were going to set it on fire, the corpse gave out an unearthly scream and jumped up. That very moment the younger thief jumped down from the tree with a similar scream. The robbers were frightened beyond measure. They thought that a *Dana* (evil spirit) had possessed the corpse, and that a ghost jumped down from the tree. They ran away in great fear, leaving behind them the money and the jewels which they had obtained by robbery. The two thieves laughed heartily, took up all the riches of the robbers, went home, and lived merrily for a long time.

---

#### PART II.

The older thief and the younger thief had one son each. As they had been so far successful in life by practising the art of

thieving, they resolved to train up their sons to the same profession. There was in the village a Professor of the Science of Roguery who took pupils, and gave them lessons in that difficult science. The two thieves put their sons under this renowned Professor. The son of the older thief distinguished himself very much, and bade fair to surpass his father in the art of stealing. The lad's cleverness was tested in the following manner. Not far from the Professor's house there lived a poor man in a hut, upon the thatch of which climbed a creeper of the gourd kind. In the middle of the thatch, which was also its topmost part, there was a splendid gourd which the man and his wife watched day and night. They certainly slept at night, but then the thatch was so old and ricketty that if even a mouse went up to it bits of straw and particles of earth used to fall inside the hut, and the man and his wife slept right below the spot where the gourd was; so that it was next to impossible to steal the gourd without the knowledge of its owners. The Professor said to his pupils—for he had many—that any one that stole the gourd without being caught would be pronounced the dux of the school. Our older thief's son at once accepted the offer. He said he would steal away the gourd if he were allowed the use of three things, namely, a string, a cat and a knife. The Professor allowed him the use of these three things. Two or three hours after nightfall, the lad furnished with the three things mentioned above sat behind the thatch under the eaves, listening to the conversation carried on by the man and his wife lying in bed inside the hut. In a short time the conversation ceased. The lad then concluded that they both must have fallen asleep. He waited half an hour longer, and hearing no sound inside, gently climbed up on the thatch. Chips of straw and particles of earth fell upon the couple sleeping inside; the woman woke up and rousing her husband said—"Look there, some one is stealing the gourd." That moment the lad squeezed the throat of the cat, and Puss immediately gave out her usual "Mew! mew! mew!" The husband said—"Don't you hear the cat mew? There is no thief; it is only a cat." The lad in the meantime cut the cord



from the plant by his knife, and tied the string which he had with him to its stalk. But how was he to get down without being discovered and caught, especially as the man and the woman were now awake? The woman was not convinced that it was only a cat, the shaking of the thatch, and the constant falling of bits of straw and particles of dust made her think that it was a human being that was upon the thatch. She was telling her husband to go out and see whether a man was not there; but he maintained that it was only a cat. While the man and woman were thus disputing with each other, the lad with great force threw down the cat upon the ground, on which the poor animal purred most vociferously; and the man said aloud to his wife—"There it is, you are now convinced that it was only a cat." In the meantime, during the confusion created by the clamour of the cat and the loud talk of the man, the lad quietly came down from the thatch with the gourd tied to the string. Next morning the lad produced the gourd before his teacher and described to him and to his admiring comrades the manner in which he had committed the theft. The Professor was in extasy, and remarked—"The worthy son of a worthy father." But the older thief, the father of our hopeful genius, was by no means satisfied that his son was as yet fit to enter the world. He wanted to prove him still further. Addressing his son he said—"My son, if you can do what I tell you, I'll think you fit to enter the world. If you can steal the gold chain of the Queen of this country from her neck, and bring it to me, I'll think you fit to enter the world." The gifted son readily agreed to do the daring deed.

The young thief—for so we shall now call the son of the older thief—made a reconnaissance of the palace in which the king and queen lived. He reconnoitered all the four gates, and all the outer and inner walls as far as he could; and gathered incidentally a good deal of information, from people living in the neighbourhood, regarding the habits of the king and queen, in what part of the palace they slept, what guards there were near the bedchamber, and who, if any, slept in the antechamber. Armed with all this knowledge the young thief fixed upon one

dark night for doing the daring deed. He took with him a sword, a hammer and some large nails, and put on very dark clothes. Thus accoutred he went prowling about the Lion gate of the palace. Before the zenana\* could be got at, four doors, including the Lion gate, had to be passed; and each of these doors had a guard of sixteen stalwart men. The same men, however, did not remain all night at their post. As the king had an infinite number of soldiers at his command, the guards at the doors were relieved every hour; so that once every hour at each door there were thirty-two men present, consisting of the relieving party and of the relieved. The young thief chose that particular moment of time for entering each of the four doors. At the time of relief when he saw the Lion gate crowded with thirty-two men, he joined the crowd without being taken notice of; he then spent the hour preceding the next relief in the large open space and garden between two doors; and he could not be taken notice of, as the night as well as his clothes were pitch dark. In a similar manner he passed the second door, the third door, and the fourth door. And now the queen's bodechamber stared him in the face. It was in the third loft; there was a bright light in it; and a low voice was heard as that of a woman saying something in a humdrum manner. The young thief thought that the voice must be the voice of a maidservant reciting a story, as he had learnt was the custom in the palace every night, for composing the king and queen to sleep. But how to get up into the third loft? The inner doors were all closed, besides there were guards everywhere. But the young thief had with him nails and a hammer: why not drive the nails into the wall and climb up by them? True: but the driving of nails into the wall would make a great noise which would rouse the guards, and possibly the king and queen,—at any rate the maid-servant reciting stories would give the alarm. Our erratic genius had considered that matter well before engaging in the work. There is a water-clock

\* Zenana is not the name of a province in India, as the good people of Scotland the other day took it to be, but the innermost department of a Hindu or Muhammadan house which the women occupy.

in the palace which shows the hours ; and at the end of every hour a very large Chinese gong is struck, the sound of which is so loud that it is not only heard all over the palace, but over most part of the city ; and the peculiarity of the gong, as of every Chinese gong, was that nearly one minute must elapse after the first stroke before the second stroke could be made, to allow the gong to give out the whole of its sound. The thief fixed upon the minutes when the gong was struck at the end of every hour for driving nails into the wall. At ten o'clock when the gong was struck ten times, the thief found it easy to drive ten nails into the wall. When the gong stopped, the thief also stopped, and either sat or stood quiet on the ninth nail catching hold of the tenth which was above the other. At eleven o'clock he drove into the wall in a similar manner eleven nails, and got a little higher than the second story ; and by twelve o'clock he was in the loft where the royal bedchamber was. Peeping in he saw a drowsy maid-servant drowsily reciting a story, and the king and queen apparently asleep. He went stealthily behind the story-telling maid-servant and took his seat. The queen was lying down on a richly furnished bedstead of gold beside the king. The massive chain of gold round the neck of the queen was gleaming in candle-light. The thief quietly listened to the story of the drowsy maid-servant. She was becoming more and more sleepy. She stopped for a second, nodded her head, and again resumed the story. It was plain she was under the influence of sleep. In a moment the thief cut off the head of the maid-servant by his sword, and himself went on reciting for some minutes the story which the woman was telling. The king and queen were unconscious of any change as to the person of the story-teller, for they both were in deep sleep. He stripped the murdered woman of her clothes, put them on himself, tied up his own clothes in a bundle, and walking softly, gently took off the chain from the neck of the queen. He then went through the rooms downstairs, ordered the inner guard to open the door as she was obliged to go out of the palace for purposes of necessity. The guards seeing that it was the queen's maid-servant readily allowed

her to go out. In the same manner, and with the same pretext, he got through the other doors, and at last out into the street. That very night, or rather morning, the young thief put into his father's hand the gold chain of the queen. The older thief could scarcely believe his own eyes. It was so like a dream. His joy knew no bounds.\* Addressing his son he said—"Well done, my son; you are not only as clever as your father, but you have beaten me hollow. The gods give you long life, my son."

Next morning when the king and queen got up from bed, they were shocked to see the maid-servant lying in a pool of blood. The queen also found that her gold chain was not round her neck. They could not make out how all this could have taken place. How could any thief manage to elude the vigilance of so many guards? How could he get into the queen's bedchamber? And how could he again escape? The king found from the reports of the guards that a person calling herself the royal maid-servant had gone out of the palace some hours before dawn. All sorts of enquiries were made, but in vain. Proclamation was made in the city; a large reward was offered to any one who would give information tending to the apprehension of the thief and murderer. But no one responded to the call. At last the king ordered a camel to be brought to him. On the back of the animal were placed two large bags filled with gold mohurs. The man taking charge of the bags upon the camel was ordered to go through every part of the city making the following challenge:—"As the thief was daring enough to steal away a gold chain from the neck of the queen, let him further show his daring by stealing the gold mohurs from the back of this camel." Two days and nights the camel paraded through the city, but nothing happened. On the third night as the camel-driver was going his rounds he was accosted by a *sannyasi*,\* who sat on a tiger's skin before a fire and near whom was a monstrous pair of tongs. This *sannyasi* was no other than the young thief in disguise. The *sannyasi* said to the camel-driver—"Brother, why are you going through the city in this manner? Who is there so daring

---

\* A religious mendicant.

as to steal from the back of the king's camel? Come down friend, and smoke with me." The camel-driver alighted, tied the camel to a tree on the spot, and began smoking. The mendicant plied him not only with tobacco, but with *ganja* and other intoxicating drugs, so that in a short time the camel-driver became quite intoxicated and fell asleep. The young thief led away the camel with the treasure on its back in the dead of night through narrow lanes and bye-paths to his own house. That very night the camel was killed, and its carcass buried in deep pits in the earth, and the thing was so managed that no one could discover any trace of it.

The next morning when the king heard that the camel-driver was lying drunk in the street, and that the camel had been made away with together with the treasure, he was almost beside himself with anger. Proclamation was made in the city to the effect that whoever caught the thief would get the reward of a lakh of Rupees. The son of the younger thief—who, by the way, was in the same School of Roguery with the son of the older thief, though he did not distinguish himself so much,—now came to the front and said that he would apprehend the thief. He of course suspected that the son of the older thief must have done it—for who so daring and clever as he? In the evening of the following day, the son of the younger thief disguised himself as a woman, and coming to that part of the town where the young thief lived, began to weep very much, and went from door to door saying—"O Sirs, can any of you give me a bit of camel's flesh, for my son is dying, and the doctors say nothing but eating camel's meat can save his life. O for pity's sake, do give me a bit of camel's flesh." At last he went to the house of the young thief, and begged of the wife—for the young thief himself was out—to tell him where he could get hold of camel's flesh, as his son would assuredly perish if it could not be got. Saying this he rent the air with his cries, and fell down at the feet of the young thief's wife. Woman as she was, though the wife of a thief, she felt pity for the supposed woman, and said,—“Wait, and I will try and get some camel's flesh for your son.” So saying she secretly went

to the spot where the dead camel had been buried, brought a small quantity of flesh, and gave it to the party. The son of the younger thief was now entranced with joy. He went and told the king that he had succeeded in tracing the thief, and would be ready to deliver him up at night if the king would send some constables with him. At night the older thief and his son were captured, the body of the camel dug out, and all the treasures in the house seized. The following morning the king sat in judgment. The son of the older thief confessed that he had stolen the queen's gold chain, had killed the maid-servant, and had taken away the camel; but he added that the person who had detected him, and his father,—the younger thief—were also thieves and murderers, of which fact he gave undoubted proofs. As the king had promised to give a lakh of Rupees to the detective, that sum was placed before the son of the younger thief. But soon after he ordered four pits to be dug in the earth in which were buried alive, with all sorts of thorns and thistles, the older thief and the younger thief and their two sons.

Here my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

## XII. THE GHOST-BRAHMAN.

Once on a time there lived a poor Brahman who not being a Kulin, found it the hardest thing in the world to get married. He went to rich people and begged of them to give him money that he might marry a wife. And a large sum of money was needed, not so much for the expenses of the wedding, as for giving to the parents of the bride. He begged from door to door, flattered many rich folk, and at last succeeded in scraping together the sum needed. The wedding took place in due time; and he brought home his wife to his mother. After a short time he said to his mother—"Mother, I have no means to support you and wife; I must therefore go to distant countries for getting money somehow or other. I may be away for years, for I won't

return till I get a good sum. In the mean time I'll give you what I have; you make the best of it, and take care of my wife." The Brahman receiving his mother's blessing set out on his travels. In the evening of that very day, a ghost assuming the exact appearance of the Brahman came into the house. The newly married woman, thinking that it was her husband, said to him—"How is it that you have returned so soon? You said you might be away for years; why have you changed your mind?" The ghost said—"To-day is not a lucky day, I have therefore returned home; besides I have already got some money." The mother did not doubt but that it was her son. So the ghost lived in the house as if he was its owner, and as if he was the son of the old woman and the husband of the young woman. As the ghost and the Brahman were exactly like each other in every thing, like two peas, the people in the neighbourhood all thought that the ghost was the real Brahman. After some years the Brahman returned from his travels; and what was his surprize when he found another like him in the house. The ghost said to the Brahman—"Who are you? what business have you to come to my house?" "Who am I?" replied the Brahman, "let me ask who you are. This is my house; that is my mother, and this is my wife." The ghost said—"Why herein is a strange thing. Every one knows that this is my house, that is my wife, and yonder is my mother; and I have lived years here. And you pretend this is your house, and that woman is your wife. Your head must have got turned, Brahman." So saying the ghost drove away the Brahman from his house. The Brahman became mute with wonder. He did not know what to do. At last he bethought himself of going to the king and of laying his case before him. The king saw the ghost-Brahman as well as the Brahman, and the one was the picture of the other; so he was in a fix and did not know how to decide the quarrel. Day after day the Brahman went to the king and besought him to give him back his house, his wife and his mother; and the king not knowing what to say every time put him off to the following day. Every day the king tells him to—"come to-morrow;" and

every day the Brahman goes away from the palace weeping and striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and saying—"What a wicked world this is! I am driven from my own house, and another fellow has taken possession of my house and of my wife! And what a king this is! He does not do justice."

Now, it came to pass that as the Brahman went away every day from the court outside the town, he passed a spot at which a great many cow-boys used to play. They let the cows to graze on the meadow, and they themselves met together under a large tree to play. And they played at royalty. One cow-boy was elected king; another, prime minister or vizier; another, *kotwal* or prefect of the police; and others, constables. Every day for several days together they saw the Brahman passing by weeping. One day the cow-boy-king asked his vizier whether he knew why the Brahman wept every day. On the vizier not being able to answer the question, the cow-boy-king ordered one of his constables to bring the Brahman to him. One of them went and said to the Brahman—"The king requires your immediate attendance." The Brahman replied—"What for? I have just come from the king, and he put me off till to-morrow. Why does he want me again?" "It is our king that wants you—our neat-herd king," rejoined the constable. "Who is neat-herd king?" asked the Brahman. "Come and see," was the reply. The neat-herd king then asked the Brahman why he every day went away weeping. The Brahman then told him his sad story. The neat-herd king, after hearing the whole, said, "I understand your case; I will give you again all your rights. Only go to the king and ask his permission for me to decide your case." The Brahman went back to the king of the country, and begged his Majesty to send his case to the neat-herd king who had offered to decide it. The king, whom the case had greatly puzzled, granted the permission sought. The following morning was fixed for the trial. The neat-herd king, who saw through the whole, brought with him next day a phial with a narrow neck. The Brahman and the ghost-Brahman both appeared at the bar. After a great deal of examination of witnesses and of speech-making, the neat-



herd king said—"Well, I have heard enough. I'll decide the case at once. Here is this phial. Whichever of you will enter into it will be declared by the court to be the rightful owner of the house the title of which is in dispute. Now let me see, which of you will enter." The Brahman said—"You are a neat-herd, and your intellect is that of a neat-herd. What man can enter into such a small phial." "If you cannot enter," said the neat-herd king, "then you are not the rightful owner. What do you say, Sir, to this?" turning to the ghost-Brahman and addressing him, "If you can enter into the phial, then the house and the wife and the mother become yours." "Of course, I will enter," said the ghost. And true to his word, to the wonder of all, he made himself into a small creature like an insect, and entered into the phial. The neat-herd king forthwith corked up the phial, and the ghost could not get out. Then addressing the Brahman the neat-herd king said, "Throw this phial into the bottom of the sea, and take possession of your house, wife and mother." The Brahman did so, and lived happily for many years and begat sons and daughters.

Here my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

## THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

### VII. A NEW DISEASE.

I do not know whether the medical faculty has taken a note in their nosology of a new disease which has lately broken out in Bengal. It is chiefly confined to young men, though there have been one or two instances of elderly men having caught the disease. The disease is variously called by various parties; by the learned it is called *cacoethes loquendi*; by the ordinarily educated, lingual diarrhoea; and by the vulgar, spouting.

Though not a professional man, I shall endeavour to describe some of its symptoms, as I have seen its working in some unfortunate young men within the circle of my acquaintance,

who are afflicted with it. The first symptom is, that the patient has an irresistible inclination to stand on his legs in some elevated place. In an assembly of 300 or 400 people or more, while all other people are quietly sitting in their places, the unhappy young man, who is the subject of this new disease, suddenly gets up on his legs, and mounts a bench or a chair or a table or a platform, utterly careless as to the consequences which may follow the upsetting of his understanding, such as, the breaking of his collar-bone or the dislocation of his knee-joints. I must candidly confess that I have not yet met with any case in which the collar-bone has been actually broken or the knee-joints dislocated; but I fear it may take place any day, especially as the young men who are attacked by this disease are generally light-headed. The second symptom is, that the patient while standing in this elevated place gets a violent fit of volubility. His tongue rolls without ceasing. It is in perpetual motion. Nothing can stop it. Whether sense or nonsense, words follow words in endless succession like the waves of the ocean. It is from this symptom that some people call the disease diarrhœa of the tongue or rather of the mouth, and others call it spouting,—likening it to the incessant outpouring of water,—whether muddy or clear it matters not,—from a water-spout. The mouthing of these unhappy young men is such that I have not seen it exceeded or even equalled by any fish-wife in Bengal. The third symptom I shall mention is, the unearthly loudness of the voice of the patient. The loudness is something frightful. It is as if the patient had got the throat-power of a thousand jackals. I once had the misfortune of standing within the range of this howling; and I must confess my weak nerves could not stand it; I had to run away lest my ear-drum should be shattered into pieces. And I have observed that if any body claps his hand at the time or stamps his foot on the floor, the poor patient becomes more and more maddened, more and more loud, more and more hoarse. That this unearthly loudness has made a rupture in the throat or has unstrung the beings, I cannot, in my conscience, take upon myself positively to affirm; but every reasonable man must

admit that there is a tendency to produce those consequences. The fourth and last symptom I have noticed is, convulsive fits. These convulsions show themselves in violent gesticulations, in the clenching of the fist, in the unceasing moving of the hand, in the striking of the table, and in the constant whirling of the head, not unlike those I have witnessed in the inmates of a well-known Asylum in the neighbourhood of this city.

Such being the symptoms of this new disease, it may be asked—Does it end fatally? Well, so far as my experience is concerned—and my experience, it must be remembered, is very limited, for my weak nerves cannot bear either the screeching or the giddling motion of the patients' head—the disease does not end fatally; that is to say the patient does not die. But if it does not end in death, it is followed by some evils. One evil is, that any one who has had an attack of this disease has his mental powers considerably enfeebled. His understanding becomes feeble, his imagination dull, his judgment weak; the only mental power which is not impaired is the memory. A second evil is, that the patient after recovery finds his bump of self-esteem immensely developed. He begins to think he has become somebody. Because some people came during his paroxysm to witness his wild pranks, he thinks he has many admirers. Such is the strange hallucination of his mind that he fancies himself a Cicero or a Demosthenes, or a Chatham or a Burke, just as a mad man fancies himself to be a king or a vizier. There may be other evil consequences, but they have not fallen within the range of my experience.

The question may be asked—What is the cause of this disease? That is a question which can be satisfactorily answered by the Faculty alone. But a layman may suggest the following probable causes:—*First*, lightness in the head, for I have always observed that only light-headed young men are subject to this disease. *Second*, want of ballast in the understanding. Though this is the cause of the other cause, it may be mentioned separately. *Third*, a somewhat excessive development of the bump of self-esteem. I have previously mentioned this as an effect of the disease; but it is

also a cause. It exercises a reflex influence. *Fourth*, a large amount of brass ; for who but a brazen-faced fellow can act like a empty-headed mountebank ?

Now for the remedy. I don't know that the disease is curable ; like cholera and snake-bite, it may, for aught I know, be incurable. But I have found the subjoined specific as a good preventive. It is somewhat presumptuous in me who am not a disciple of Galen to prescribe a remedy for a disease, but experience is the source of all our knowledge. I hope the Faculty will test my receipt. Here it is :—

Three *chhitaks* of Common Sense.

Six *chhitaks* of Knowledge.

Eight *chhitaks* of Modesty.

Two *chhitaks* of Humility.

Mix.

Dose.—One table-spoonful before attending any meeting.

N. B. When taken,  
to be well shaken.

DIOGENES.



# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

•  
OCTOBER, 1877.

## HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

*By Una.*

(Continued from page. 61)

The history of Indian philosophy is involved in obscurity ; but eminent scholars have traced rationalistic speculations to the Mantra period of the Vedas. Such speculations, it seems, became common at the time of Manu. Professor Monier Williams considers that the Kshatriya class were the first to venture upon rationalism, and he quotes certain passages\* from the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, from which it is plain that the Kshatriyas were the first to teach the Brahmanas, metaphysical ideas. Buddha was of this class, being the son of king Suddhodana, king of Kapilavasti ; his early history shows that not only was he admitted into the principal schools of some of the important seats of learning as freely as a Brahmana, but he himself became a great reformer and teacher of the Brahmanas themselves. Had we been acquainted with the biographies of all the philosophers who flourished in ancient India, we should have perhaps found among them some who were not Brahmanas ; but for want of any accounts of these eminent persons, we are compelled to presume that they belonged to the first class. Bharata, who was king of India and who consequently belonged to the Ksha-

---

\* *Indian Wisdom*. p. 51. He quotes the story of Prauahana, king of Panchala and Gautama, *Brahmana*. The king said "since you have sought this information (regarding the nature of the soul and future life) from me, and since this knowledge has never been imparted to any other Brahman before thee, therefore the right of imparting it has remained with the Kshatriyas among all the people of the world."

triya caste, was, as we have seen, the founder of dramatic literature and the inventor of some of the modes of music. Thus we see that at least up to the sixth century before the Christian era, the Brahmanas did not monopolize to themselves all the principal branches of learning, though there was an evident tendency to confine all knowledge to their own body since the community became organized into classes.

The eighth century of the Christian era is an important epoch in the history of the ancient Hindus. It was in this century that the great revivers of Hinduism, especially Sankaracharya, flourished. We have already seen that Buddhism\* by its simple social and ethical codes which could be easily understood, and by appealing to the feelings of the nation who were hampered by the system of caste and shocked by the cruelties prescribed in the ceremonial practices, became the predominant religion of India. It became the state religion at the time of Asoka. Thus countenanced by kings and the mass of the people, it exercised dominant power from the 6th century B. C. to the 8th century A. D., and pushed Hinduism into a corner. It was a reaction—a revolt from Pantheism to Nihilism. The Brahmanical rites were abandoned, and the Brahmanas lost that power which they had exercised for centuries. The prevalence of the Buddhist religion for so long a period may be ascribed to its parochial system; to the monastic institutions, where education was given to the ignorant, relief to the poor, and medicines to the sick; to the itinerant life of its preachers, whose proselyting zeal was equal to any recorded in modern times; to the latitudinarian principles of the system itself; and to its tendency to exalt human nature, ignoring all philosophical distinctions between the human and the divine.

Haridwara, that hallowed spot of time-honored memory, where the sacred Ganges first left the mountains on her way to deliver the sons of Sagara, where Daksha performed his sacrifice, and Sati became a martyr to the love of her husband, where in the eastern hill of Devachal Gautama passed his days in asceticism, mourning over a love shattered by infidelity,—this

Haridwara was the place where the first attempt was made to revive Hinduism. Badrapadji gave the first blow to Buddhism; he was assisted in his teachings by his disciple Nandana Misra, and won over a multitude of converts; indeed, he did much towards the revival of Hindu rites and ceremonies, but the final success was reserved for Sankaracharya.\* The latter preached the *Jnanakanda*, while Padmapada, one of his disciples, preached the *Upasanakanda*. Sankaracharya was a Dravidian: he was the celebrated commentator of some of the Upanishads and the Vedanta. He was the founder of a sect of *Sannyasis* (mendicants) called variously the Sankaracharyas and the Dasanami-dandins. The *Sankaravijaya* does not mention the place of his birth, but he is said to have died at Kanchi. He travelled all over India, and his missionary tour began from Chadambara, making converts to pantheism on his way. The fanatic spirit of the people was roused; they drove away the Buddhists who were obliged to take refuge in the mountains, and in some places they were massacred by the infuriated populace.

Thus the ancient rites and ceremonies were re-introduced: again there was a rebound, and it was from absolute nihilism to a polytheistic creed. The whole of the ancient religion was founded on the several systems of philosophy, which were based on the Vedas. The works that were extant on the ancient Hindu religion could with difficulty be understood even by the learned: the people had forgotten by long disuse the religious customs, and the language of the works themselves had become antiquated during the period of religious anarchy. New books were therefore written for the edification of the people, and were cast on the mould of the ancient works, but owing to the abstruseness of the latter, a new shape was given to them for the easy comprehension of the people. Whatever was metaphorical or figurative before was understood in a literal sense, and advantage was taken of the imperfection of language to convey philosophical ideas by giving them forms which were never contemplated by the original thinkers.

---

\* *Calcutta Review*. CXVI.



Thus a body of literature came into existence known by the name of the Puranas : they were written at different periods varying from the eighth to the sixteenth century of the Christian era. They were called the "fifth Veda," or the Veda of the people, as they profess to contain all rites and ceremonies which the Vedas inculcated, and to settle all disputed questions on matters of religion. These works have been ascribed to Vyasa, the compiler of the Vedas, in order to conceal their modern origin under the honored name of that respected sage, and to give them an authority which they otherwise would not have possessed. It appears from Manu and other writers, who flourished long before the Christian era, that some Puranas were extant before, which are now altogether lost. They were called the *Purana-Sanhitas* or *Mula-Puranas*. It is said that Vyasa had made a *Purana-Sanhita* which he taught his disciple Lomaharshana : the latter had six disciples, three of whom he taught this branch of knowledge, and these three pupils again made three Puranas which were called after their names Savarin-Sanhita, Akritabrani-Sanhita and Sansapayana-Sanhita, founding them on the original work of Vyasa. These were the four old Puranas, and it is said that the modern Puranas were made on the basis of these four ancient Sanhitas.

The criterion of a Purana ought to be its treatment of five different subjects : 1. *sarga*, creation of the universe ; 2. *prati-sarga*, its destruction and recreation ; 3. *vansa*, genealogy of the solar, lunar and other races of kings ; 4. *manvantara*, reigns of Manus ; 5. *vansanucharita*, genealogy of celebrated beings, gods and men.\* By these features the ancient works were characterized, but among the modern Puranas there are only a few which approach the *pancha-lakshana* or the five peculiarities ; and perhaps the *Vishnu-Purana* is the only one which has strictly conformed to this description. All these Puranas expound the Sankhya blended with the Vedanta system of philosophy. Generally speaking, all of them contain accounts of the creation, genealogies

\* সর্গঃ প্রতিসর্গঃ বংশঃ। মন্বন্তরানি চ।

বংশানুচরিতৈব পুরাণং পঞ্চলক্ষণম্ ॥

of kings and sages, legends, history, theogonies, philosophical speculations, rituals and ceremonies; also astronomy, geography, and chronology; and in one or two works, anatomy and medicine. Thus the range of their subjects was perfectly encyclopedic. The difference which exists between them is the lead which each of them gives to some legend or other, and the substitution of one story for another.

It is evident from the Puranas that at the time they were written, the country was distracted with sectarian discord, and it is the object of every Purana to exalt some one or other of the Triad,—Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesvara. It does not, however, ignore the existence of other gods, but pays them less respect than the particular god, who is considered as the Supreme Deity. It is noteworthy that pantheism pervades or rather underlies these polytheistic notions, it being the result of the teachings of the great Sankaracharya.

Of the eighteen Puranas,\* six exalt Brahma, six Vishnu, and six Siva. Some hold that the Brahma-Purana is the earliest of all the Puranas, being written in the eighth century, whereas others give priority to the Markandeya, on account of its unsectarian character.

By the time these Puranas were completed, not only was the routine of the daily life of the people shackled by rules and formulas, but the whole range of their intellect was circumscribed within a certain prescribed limit, to bound over which was sin against god and man. The anxiety which was felt to prevent a relapse to Buddhism or any other nihilistic creed, and to retain that ascendancy which they had regained, made it necessary for the priesthood to put a restraint upon the thoughts and actions of the people. To strengthen their own position, of the weakness of which they were perfectly conscious, they brought to bear upon it all the force of religious sanction; and they adopted this course, knowing full well the vagueness of the ideas of the people

\* The eighteen Puranas are:—the *Brahma*, *Padma*, *Vishnu*, *Siva*, *Bhagavata*, *Naradiya*, *Markandeya*, *Agni*, *Bhavishtya*, *Brahma-vaivartta*, *Linga*, *Varaha*, *Skanda*, *Vamana*, *Kurma*, *Matsya*, *Garuda* and *Brahmanda*.

regarding future life and deliverance. Thus they accomplished their object at the sacrifice of national progress ; for how can progress be achieved unless there be liberty of thought and action ? And what is man without this freedom ? A mere automaton, moving and acting at the will of a set of people who are selfishly inclined upon their own aggrandizement. Downward went the course of degeneracy. The eighteen Upa-Purānas\* were composed after the Puranas were completed, and they all possess the general characteristics of the Puranas which in relation to them are called Maha-Puranas.

The Tantras constitute a department of literature similar in character to the Puranas, but they show a still later phase of Hinduism. They embody in them the lowest forms of corruption and superstition which could only have arisen from the most depraved intellect. There are more than one hundred Tantras, and many of them were written only two hundred years ago. They constitute the fifth Veda of the Tantrikas, as the Puranas of the Pauranikas ; and their authorship is ascribed to Siva, as that of the Puranas to Vyasa. They are generally in the form of dialogues between Siva and Durga, the latter inquiring into the easiest mode of deliverance from the sufferings of successive births for the benefit of the people of the Kali Yuga, and the former instructing her in the various forms of mysticism and secret ceremonies. All the Tantras are based on the Sankhya system of philosophy. The Rig-Veda says, "The Divine Spirit breathed without afflation single, with (Shwadhā) her who is sustained within him ; other than him nothing existed. First Desire was formed in his mind, and that became the original productive seed ;" and the Sama Veda also speaks to the same purpose : "He felt not delight being alone. He wished another, and instantly became such. He caused his ownself to fall in twain, and thus became husband and wife. He approached her, and

---

5 The eighteen\* Upa-Puranas are:—*Sanatkumara, Narasinha, Vayaviya, Sivadharmā, Ascharya, Naradiya, Nandikesara, Ausanasa, Kapila, Varuna, Samba, Kalika, Maheswara, Padma, Datto, Parasara, Maricha* and *Bhaskara*. But different writers give different names of the Upa-Puranas.

thus were human beings produced.”\* These metaphorical expressions were interpreted in a literal sense. The Prakriti of the Sankhya philosophy was identified with Sakti, the female energy of Siva, and thus her form was worshipped as the productive seed of creation.

The original mantra or mystical text, according to the Maha-Nirvana Tantra, is “The Preserver, the Destroyer and the Creator of the universe,—eternal, intelligent, one Brahma;”† this shows that the non-dualistic doctrine of the Vedanta taught by Sankaracharya was not lost in this age of idolatry and superstition. But this mantra must be sanctified by the three original *Vijas* sacred to Durga and the five *tuthras*. The latter are the ceremonies by five objects, whose names have the letter *ma* for their initial, or the “five *makaras*” as they are called.‡ The practice of these ceremonies involves sensualism from which a Tiberius would turn his head with shame! The mystic rites that are performed in the midnight orgies of some of the Sakta sects, like the Vamacharis, cast into shade the worst inventions which the most impure imagination can conceive. And the performance of these rites goes by the name of *devotion*, which must be practised for obtaining beatitude! But beatitude is a thing of after-life; it is therefore conceived that the performance of the rites prescribed in the Tantras gives a man wealth and supernatural power in this world. Among the Tantras which advocate these rites, and give minute details of their performance, the *Syama-Rahasya*, the *Devi-rahasya*, the *Rudra yanala*, the *Kularnaca*, and the *Kamakhyā*, are the most esteemed. The *Kamakhyā* Tantra describes spells for bringing people into subjection, for making them amorous, for making them insane,

o Translated by Wilson in his *Sketch of the Religious sects of the Hindus*.

† ওঁ সাক্ষিদেবকং ব্রহ্ম ।

‡ Maha-nirvana Tantra, Bk. V. Slis. 22, 23.

মদ্যা বাস্যা তথা মংসা যুজ্য যৈথুনমেব চ ।

শক্তিপূজাবিধাব্যে পঞ্চভুষা প্রকীৰ্ত্তিতম্ ॥

পঞ্চভুষা বিনা পূজা অভিচারায় কল্যাণে ।

শিলায়া শস্যবাপে চ বধা নৈবাকুরো ভবেৎ ॥

for making them dumb, deaf &c., for preventing various kinds of evils ; and teaches the language of birds, beasts &c., the worship of the female energy with the adjuncts of wine, flesh-meat, women &c. Some Tantras of the Vamacharis give the ceremonies for the *Sava sadhana*, or revivifying a corpse, for the object of acquiring command over impure spirits. Thus at one period of their history, the Hindus were brought to the vortex of corruption and superstition. But in justice to the Tantras it must be observed that they denounce the rites as reprehensible if they are performed for the sole purpose of sensual gratification : and they even prescribe the quantity of wine which is to be drunk on these occasions.

We have seen that during the Mantra period of the Veda, the elements of nature were adored by the Hindus. From the similarity of the names of some of the natural forces which were worshipped by the ancient Hindus, Parsis, Greeks and Latins, it is evident that the Indo-Aryans did not migrate till nature-worship had been firmly established among the dwellers of ancient Ariana. But in the course of time rationalism began to prevail, and accordingly we find, during the Upanishad period, the Hindus deducing conclusions regarding a great First Cause from the stupendous works of creation. Monotheism became the religion of the land. But, after a long period, the growth of philosophical ideas and inquiries into the nature of God, matter and soul, the religion vacillated between non-dualism, dualism and atheism. Then came the nihilism of the Buddhists : but it is impossible for such a system to retain ascendancy over the popular mind for a long time. The doctrines of the Sankhya philosophy, which greatly influenced the minds of those who had not been converted to Buddhism, were too abstruse to be clearly understood, and accordingly we find in southern India that the Purusha and Prakrita of Kapila were worshipped in the forms of Siva and Durga. Arrian speaks of an image of Durga in Comorin, which he affirms was called after the name of Kumari, one of the epithets of the goddess. Idolatry therefore, if not established earlier, existed in the second century of the Christian era. While Buddhism

was in full force in northern India idolatry was uprearing its head in the extreme south. But between the second and the eighth centuries, many sects arose among the Hindus who retained their ancient faith; and at the time of Sankaracharya we find no less than eighteen sects mentioned in *Sankara-vijaya*. These sects must have greatly contributed to the decline of Buddhism in India.

From the second century to the eleventh century when the Vaishnava reformer, Ramanuja, flourished, Siva and Sakti worship prevailed in the Deccan; and then the generality of the people became converted to the Vaishnava doctrines. Madhva-charjya, called Purna-prajna in the *Sarvadarsana-sangraha*, was the founder of another sect of Vaishnavas, who made many converts to his doctrines in the Deccan; he flourished in the twelfth century; his object was to reconcile the sects of the Saivas and the Vaishnavas.\* The worship of Ramachandra, the hero of the Ramayana, was introduced into the north of India by Ramananda in the fourteenth century, and that of Bala-Krishna by Vallabhacharya in the fifteenth century; the followers of Ramananda are called Ramats, and those of the latter are called Vallabhachariyas or Maharajas. From architectural remains in Orissa, Mr. Fergusson infers that Vaishnavism flourished before Saivism in that province, and that Vaishnava temples existed in the seventh century of the Christian era.

The Puranas and the Upa-Puranas have greatly furthered the views of these sects, especially the worship of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; but the worship of the first has fallen into desuetude, and it is only in Pushkara in Rajputana that its traces continue, where a temple is dedicated to him and Savitri, his female energy. These gods of the Puranas, as we have already seen, are elaborated out of the personified epithets of the Rig Veda by a literal construction. The worship of Sakti was revived during the Tantrika period; for during the greater portion of the Pauranic times, the faith of the people was

---

\* For the doctrines of Ramanuja and Madhavacharya see the *Sarvadarsana Sangraha* of Madhavacharya.

supplanted by Vaishnavism and Saivaism. The principal sects at the time of the Tantra, as at present, were the Saktas, the worshippers of Sakti; the Saivas, the worshippers of Siva; the Vaishnavas, the followers of Vishnu; the Sauras, who adore the sun; and the Ganapatyas, who worship Ganesa, one of the sons of Durga.

## THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

*By Mother Goose.*

### XIII. THE MAN WHO WISHED TO BE PERFECT.

Once on a time a religious mendicant came to a king who had no issue and said to him—"As you are anxious to have a son, I can give to the queen a drug by swallowing which she will give birth to twin sons; but I will give the medicine on this condition that of those twins you will give one to me, and keep the other yourself." The king thought the condition somewhat hard, but as he was anxious to have a son to bear his name and inherit his wealth and kingdom, he at last agreed to the terms. Accordingly the queen swallowed the drug, and in due time gave birth to two sons. The twin brothers became one year old, two years old, three years old, four years old, five years old, and yet the mendicant did not appear to claim his share; the king and queen therefore thought that the mendicant, who was old, was dead, and dismissed all fears from their minds. But the mendicant was not dead but living; he was counting the years carefully. The young princes were put under tutors and made rapid progress in learning as well as in the arts of riding and shooting with the bow; and as they were uncommonly handsome, they were admired by all the people. When the princes were sixteen years old, the mendicant made his appearance at the palace-gate and demanded the fulfilment of the king's promise. The heart of the king and of the queen got dried up within them. They

had thought that the mendicant was no more in the land of the living ; but what was their surprise when they saw him standing at the gate in flesh and blood, and demanding one of the young princes for himself. The king and queen were plunged into a sea of grief. But there was nothing for it but to part with one of the princes ; for the mendicant might by his curse turn into ashes not only both the princes, but also the king, queen, palace and the whole of the kingdom to boot. But which one was to be given away ? The one was as dear as the other. A fearful struggle arose in the heart of the king and queen. As for the young princes, each of them said "I'll go," "I'll go." The younger one said to the elder, "You are older, if only by a few minutes ; you are the pride of my father ; you remain at home, I'll go with the mendicant." The elder said to the younger, "you are younger than I am ; you are the joy of my mother ; you remain at home, I'll go with the mendicant." After a great deal of yea and nay, after a great deal of mourning and lamentation, after the queen had wetted her clothes with her tears, the elder prince was let go with the mendicant. But before the prince left his father's roof he planted with his own hands a tree in the court-yard of the palace and said to his parents and brother—"This tree is my life. When you see the tree green and fresh, then know that it is well with me ; when you see the tree fade in some parts, then know that I am in an ill case ; and when you see the whole tree fade, then know that I am dead and gone." Then kissing and embracing the king and queen and brother, he followed the mendicant.

As the mendicant and the prince were wending their way towards the forest they saw some dog's whelps on the road-side. One of the whelps said to its dam—"Mother, I wish to go with that handsome young man who must be a prince." The dam said—"go ;" and the prince gladly took the puppy as his companion. They had not gone far when upon a tree on the road-side they saw a hawk and its young ones. One of the young ones said to its dam—"Mother, I wish to go with that handsome young man who must be the son of a king." The hawk said—



"go," and the prince gladly took the young hawk as his companion. So the mendicant, the prince with the puppy and the young hawk went on their journey. At last they went into the depth of the forest far away from the houses of men, where they stopped before a hut thatched with leaves. That was the mendicant's cell. The mendicant said to the prince—"You are to live in this hut with me. Your chief work will be to cull flowers from the forest for my devotions. You can go on every side except the north. If you go towards the north evil will betide you. You can eat whatever fruit or root you like; and for your drink, you will get it from the brook." The prince disliked neither the place nor his work. At dawn he used to cull flowers in the forest and give them to the mendicant; after which the mendicant went away somewhere the whole day and did not return till sundown; so the prince had the whole day to himself. He used to walk about in the forest with his two companions—the puppy and the young hawk. He used to shoot arrows at the deer of which there was a great number; and thus made the best of his time. One day as he pierced a stag with an arrow, the wounded stag ran towards the north, and the prince not thinking of the mendicant's hest, followed the stag which entered into a fine-looking house that stood close by. The prince entered, but instead of finding the deer he saw a young woman of matchless beauty sitting near the door with a dice-table set before her. The prince was rooted to the spot while he admired the heaven-born beauty of the lady. "Come in, stranger," said the lady, "chance has brought you here, but don't go away without having with me a game of dice." The prince gladly agreed to the proposal. As it was a game of risk they agreed that if the prince lost the game he should give his young hawk to the lady; and that if the lady lost it, she should give to the prince a young hawk just like that of the prince. The lady won the game; she therefore took the prince's young hawk and kept it in a hole covered with a plank. The prince offered to play a second time, and the lady agreeing to it, they fell to it again, on the condition that if the lady won the game she should take the prince's

puppy, and if she lost it she should give to the prince a puppy just like that of the prince. The lady won again, and stowed away the puppy in another hole with a plank upon it. The prince offered to play a third time, and the wager was that, if the prince lost the game he should give himself up to the lady to be done to by her any thing she pleased; and that if he won, the lady should give him a young man exactly like himself. The lady won the game a third time; she therefore caught hold of the prince and put him in a hold covered over with a plank. Now, the beautiful lady was not a woman at all; she was a Rakhasi who lived upon human flesh, and her mouth watered at the sight of the tender body of the young prince. But as she has had her food that day she reserved the prince for the meal of the following day.

Meantime there was great weeping in the house of the prince's father. His brother used every day to look at the tree planted in the court-yard by his own hand. Hitherto he had found the leaves of a living green colour; but suddenly he found some leaves fading. He gave the alarm to the king and queen and told them how the leaves were fading. They concluded that the life of the elder prince must be in great danger. The younger prince therefore resolved to go to the help of his brother, but before going he planted a tree in the court yard of the palace, similar to the one his brother had planted, and which was to be the index of the manner of his life. He chose the swiftest steed in the king's stables, and galloped towards the forest. In the way he saw a dog with a puppy, and the puppy thinking that the rider was the same that had taken away his fellow-cub,—for the two princes were exactly like each other—said—"As you have taken away my brother take me also with you". The younger prince understanding that his brother had taken away a puppy, he took up that cub as a companion. Further on, a young hawk, which was perched on a tree on the roadside, said to the prince—"you have taken away my brother, take me also, I beseech you;" on which the younger prince readily took it up. With these companions he went into

the heart of the forest where he saw a hut which he supposed to be the mendicant's. But neither the mendicant nor his brother was there. Not knowing what to do or where to go, he dismounted from his horse, allowed it to graze, while he himself sat inside the house. At sunset the mendicant returned to his hut, and seeing the younger prince said—"I am glad to see you, I told your brother never to go towards the north, for evil in that case would betide him; but it seems, disobeying my orders, he has gone to the north and has fallen into the toils of a Rakshasi who lives there. There is no hope of rescuing him; perhaps he has already been devoured." The younger prince forthwith went towards the north where he saw a stag which he pierced with an arrow. The stag ran into a house which stood by, and the younger prince followed it. He was not a little astonished when instead of seeing a stag he saw a woman of exquisite beauty. He immediately concluded from what he had heard from the mendicant that the pretended woman was none other than the Rakshasi in whose power his brother was. The lady asked him to play a game of dice with her. He complied with the request, and on the same conditions on which the elder prince had played. The younger prince won; on which the lady produced the young hawk from the hole and gave it to the prince. The joy of the two hawks on meeting each other was great. The lady and the prince played a second time, and the prince won again. The lady therefore brought to the prince the young puppy lying in the hole. They played a third time and the prince won a third time. The lady demurred producing a young man exactly like the prince, pretending that it was impossible to get one, but on the prince insisting on the fulfilment of the condition his brother was produced. The joy of the two brothers on meeting each other was great. The Rakshasi said to the princes, "Don't kill me, and I will tell you a secret which will save the life of the elder prince." She then told them that the mendicant was a worshipper of the goddess Kali who had a temple not far off; that he belonged to that sect of Hindus who seek perfection from intercourse with the spirits of departed men; that he had already

sacrificed at the altar of Kali six human victims whose skulls could be seen in niches inside her temple; that he would become perfect when the seventh victim would be sacrificed; and that the elder prince was intended for the seventh victim. The Rakshasi then told the prince to go immediately to the temple to find out the truth of what she had said. To the temple they accordingly went. When the elder prince went inside the temple, the skulls in the niches laughed a ghastly laugh. Horror-struck at the sight and sound, he enquired of the cause of the laughter; and the skulls told him that they were glad because they were about to get another added to their number. One of the skulls, as spokesman of the rest, said—"Young prince, in a few days the mendicant's devotions will be completed, and you will be brought into this temple and your head will be cut off, and you will keep company with us. But there is one way by which you can escape that fate and do us good." "O, do tell me," said the prince, "what that way is, and I promise to do you all the good I can." The skull replied—"When the mendicant will bring you into this temple to offer you up as a sacrifice, before cutting off your head he will tell you to prostrate yourself before Mother Kali, and while you prostrate yourself he will cut off your head. But take our advice, when he tells you to bow down before Kali, you tell him that as a prince you never bowed down to any one, that you never knew what bowing down was, and that the mendicant should show it to you by himself doing it in your presence. And when he bows down to show you how it is done, you take up your sword and separate his head from his body. And when you do that, we shall all be restored to life, as the mendicant's vows will be unfulfilled." The elder prince thanked the skulls for their advice, and went into the hut of the mendicant along with his younger brother.

In the course of a few days the mendicant's devotions were completed. On the following day he told the prince to go along with him to the temple of Kali for what reason he did not mention; but the prince knew it was to offer him up as a victim to the goddess. The younger prince also went with them, but he

was not allowed to go inside the temple. The mendicant then stood in the presence of Kali and said to the prince—"Bow down to the goddess." The prince replied, "I have not, as a prince, bowed to any one; I do not know how to perform the act of prostration. Please show me the way first, and I'll gladly do it." The mendicant then prostrated himself before the goddess; and while he was doing so the prince at one stroke of his sword separated his head from his body. Immediately the skulls in the niches of the temple laughed aloud, and the goddess herself became propitious to the prince and gave him that virtue of perfection which the mendicant had sought to obtain. The skulls were again united to their respective bodies and became living men, and the two princes returned to their country.

Here my story endeth,  
The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

#### XIV. A GHASTLY WIFE.

Once on a time there lived a Brahman who had married a wife, and who lived in the same house with his mother. Near his house was a tank, on the embankment of which stood a tree on the boughs of which lived a ghost of the kind called *Sankchinni*.\* One night the Brahman's wife had occasion to go to the tank, and as she went she brushed by a Sankchinni who stood near; on which the she-ghost got very angry with the woman, seized her by the throat, climbed into her tree, and thrust her into a hole in the trunk. There the woman lay almost dead with fear. The ghost put on the clothes of the woman and went into the house of the Brahman. Neither the Brahman nor his mother had any inkling of the change. The Brahman thought his wife returned from the tank; and the mother thought that it was her daughter-in-law. Next morning the mother-in-law discovered

---

\* *Sankchinnis* or *Sankhachurnis* are female ghosts of white complexion. They usually stand at the dead of night at the foot of trees, and look like sheets of white cloth.

some change in her daughter-in-law. Her daughter-in-law, she knew, was constitutionally weak and languid, and took a long time to do the work of the house. But she had apparently become quite a different person. All of a sudden she had become very active. She now did the work of the house in an incredibly short time. Suspecting nothing, the old woman said nothing either to her son or to her daughter-in-law; on the contrary, she truly rejoiced that her daughter-in-law had turned over a new leaf. But her surprise became every day greater and greater. The cooking of the household was done in much less time than before. When the mother-in-law wanted the daughter-in-law to bring any thing from the next room, it was brought in much less time than was required in walking from one room to the other. The ghost instead of going inside the next room would stretch a long arm—for ghosts can lengthen or shorten any limb of their bodies—from the door and get the thing. One day the old woman observed the ghost doing this. She ordered her to bring a vessel from some distance, and the ghost unconsciously stretched her hand to several yards' distance, and brought it in a trice. The old woman was struck with wonder at the sight. She said nothing to her, but spoke to her son. Both mother and son began to watch the ghost more narrowly. One day the old woman knew that there was no fire in the house, and she knew also that her daughter-in-law had not gone out of doors to get it; and yet, strange to say, the hearth in the kitchen-room was quite in a blaze. She went in and, to her infinite surprise, found that her daughter-in-law was not using any fuel for cooking, but had thrust into the oven her foot which was blazing brightly. The old mother told her son what she had seen, and they both concluded that the young woman in the house was not his real wife but a she-ghost. The son witnessed those very acts of the ghost which his mother had seen. An *Ojha*\* was therefore sent for. The exorcist came, and wanted in the first instance to ascertain whether the woman was a real woman or a ghost. For this purpose he lighted a piece of turmeric and set it below the nose of

\* An exorcist, one who drives away ghosts from possessed persons.

the supposed woman. Now this was an infallible test, as no ghost, whether male or female, can put up with the smell of burnt turmeric. The moment the lighted turmeric was taken near her, she screamed aloud and ran away from the room. It was now plain that she was either a ghost or a woman possessed by a ghost. The woman was caught hold of by main force and asked who she was. At first she refused to make any disclosures, on which the *Ojha* took up his slippers and began belabouring her with them. Then the ghost said with a strong nasal accent—for all ghosts speak through the nose—that she was a *Sank-chinni*, that she lived on a tree by the side of the tank, that she had seized the young Brahmani and put her in the hollow of her tree because one night she had touched her, and that if any person went to the hole the woman would be found. The woman was brought from the tree almost dead; the ghost was again shoe-beaten, after which process on her declaring solemnly that she would not again do any harm to the Brahman and his family, she was released from the spell of the *Ojha* and sent away; and the wife of the Brahman recovered slowly. After which the Brahman and his wife lived many years happily together and begat many sons and daughters.

Here my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

MOTHER GOOSE.

## REVIEW OF MR. BOMWETSCH'S BENGALI TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

*By the Editor.*

### MATTHEW. CHAPTER I.

The Rev. C. Bomwetsch of the Church Missionary Society, who has grown grey in the study of the Bible and of biblical literature, and who as a German has mastered the higher criticism of the learned divines of his highly-favoured fatherland, has

lately published a translation into the Bengali language of the Gospel of Matthew from the original Greek. As a translator of the New Testament from the original Greek into Bengali, Mr. Bomwetsch has admirable qualifications. He is, we believe, a sound Greek scholar; he is learned in all the biblical learning of the Germans; and he writes Bengali with an idiomatic simplicity and force quite remarkable in a foreigner. The translation of the New Testament, which is now used in all the Churches of Bengal, is the work of a scholar and missionary of the highest repute, the Rev Dr. Wenger of the Baptist Missionary Society, also a German though a native of Switzerland. Dr. Wenger is, we believe, a first-rate Greek scholar, has sound judgment, and is master not only of Bengali but also of Sanskrit. Dr. Wenger has devoted his whole life to biblical translation, and has translated the whole of the Bible, both the Old Testament and the New, into Bengali as well as Sanskrit. To no man are Bengali Christians more indebted than to the venerable Dr. Wenger, who has given to them the whole of the Word of God in their mother tongue. Though Mr. Bomwetsch has been engaged a good many years of his missionary life in what is called active missionary work, he has been all his life preparing himself as a biblical translator. Some years ago he published a translation of the Epistle to the Romans with a commentary on it, and has now brought out a translation of the Gospel of Matthew to which he has added some notes. As we have now before us two different Bengali versions of the Gospel of Matthew by two eminent scholars, we think it a most interesting study to compare the one with the other, not, indeed, with a view to praise the one and dispraise the other—of such an ignoble motive we are altogether unconscious—but with a view to arrive, if possible, at a correct rendering of the Holy Scriptures. I do not suppose that the present Bengali version of the Scriptures will be the future Bible of the sixty millions of Bengal; that version must be the work of the natives of the country; but in the mean time every Bengali Christian must feel it to be his duty, no less pleasing than it is imperative, to assist in the right rendering into his mother tongue



of the Word of God. It is with this object that I purpose in this and the following papers to compare Mr. Bomwetsch's translation with Dr. Wenger's. I shall also in the course of this review trace the progress we have made in biblical translation, by comparing Dr. Wenger's and Mr. Bomwetsch's translations, with two other versions which have now been superseded,—Dr. Carey's and Dr. Yates'. My copy of Dr. Carey's Bengali Bible is the edition of 1832; and that of Dr. Yates' is the edition of 1845. If I mistake not the latter was brought out by Dr. Wenger after the death of Dr. Yates, but it is substantially the version of Dr. Yates, though Dr. Wenger made some alterations. Dr. Wenger's own last edition, which is called the "Fifth, revised," bears the date of 1874.

The name of the Evangelist. As the name of our Evangelist in the Greek has a *tau* and a *théta*, it is, I think, more correctly represented in Bengali by Mr. Bomwetsch than by previous translators. Dr. Carey, apparently following the English sound, has মাতিউ; Dr. Yates has মথি; Dr. Wenger মথি; and Mr. Bomwetsch মথি.

The Greek word *euaggelion* is translated মঙ্গল সমাচার by Dr. Carey; সুসমাচার by both Drs. Yates and Wenger; and শুভসমাচার by Mr. Bomwetsch. I think Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering is an improvement; for I don't think the word সুসমাচার is ever used either in classical or in colloquial Bengali. But why use সমাচার at all? That word is a purely secular and commercial word; it is never used in connection with religious messages or biographies. But there is a word meaning exactly the same thing, and used very much as the word *evangel* is used, namely, সবাদ. We have in Bengali অকুর সবাদ, or the news of Akur, the uncle of the god Krishna. That phrase is a household phrase amongst the Vaishnavas. শুভ সঙ্গী is perhaps the best rendering of the Greek word.

The Greek preposition *kata* in the title is rendered into রচিত (composed) by Dr. Carey, and into লিখিত (written) by the other translators. I have no particular objection to লিখিত, as we must use a verb; but মথিকৃত sounds very like *kata Matthaion*.

Chap. I. verse 1. The two important words in this verse are *biblos* and *genesis*. *Genesis* means (Liddell and Scott) origin, source; birth, manner of birth; production, generation; race; age; family. That the word here means genealogy is the opinion of a great many commentators; and it is rendered in that sense by Drs. Carey, Yates and Wenger. *Biblos* means paper, scroll, book. The question is, what is the meaning of the words *biblos genesis*? Dr. Carey renders them into the "book of the forefathers" which conveys quite a wrong meaning. Dr. Yates renders them into "list of the former race"; and Dr. Wenger into "list of the forefathers." Dr. Wenger's rendering no doubt gives the sense of the words as they are generally understood by most commentators. But it may be doubted whether a translator should expound. A translator's business is to give the rendering of the words as far as possible, leaving readers to put upon them what interpretation they like best. Mr. Bomwetsch translates the words by উদ্ভবগ্রন্থ, or the "book of origin" or generation, as in the authorized English translation, which is as close and literal a rendering as the genius of the two languages will allow. Mr. Bomwetsch puts this verse quite separately from what follows, from which it is plain, I think, that by *genesis* he does not understand "genealogy." But whatever meaning may be attached to the word, his translation seems to us to be the more accurate of the two.

The বেণু of Mr. Bomwetsch seems to us to be more correct than the ব্রিহু of Dr. Carey, and বীণু of Drs. Yates and Wenger. For the same reason the ধৃষ্টে of Mr. Bomwetsch is more correct than the জীষ্টে of Drs. Carey, Yates and Wenger. Dr. Wenger's অব্রাহাম is certainly better than the ইব্রাহীম of Dr. Yates; but Mr. Bomwetsch's আব্রাহাম is better still. "Son" (in the words "son of Abraham" "son of David") is rendered into পুত্র both by Dr. Yates and by Mr. Bomwetsch. I think Dr. Wenger's rendering into সন্তান is more correct and more agreeable to usage. Both the words mean son; but সন্তান also means descendant. When a Brahman is asked, "Whose সন্তান are you?" in reply he mentions the head of the Brahmanical tribe to which he belongs.

When he is asked, "Whose পুত্র are you?" he answers by mentioning the name of his father. I therefore consider Dr. Wenger's rendering exceedingly happy.

2. In this verse and in the following verses *egennése* is more literally translated by Mr. Bomwetsch into জন্ম দিলেন than by Dr. Wenger who uses a circumlocutory phrase. Mr. Bomwetsch says, following the original, "Abraham begat Isaac;" Dr. Wenger says "Isaac was the son of Abraham." Though both renderings convey the same meaning, I do not see why we should not closely follow the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration when we can do so without going against the idiom of the language into which we translate.

16. Mary, the mother of our Lord, is called মরিয়ম (Mariam) by Dr. Yates and Wenger, following the Muhammadan way of pronouncing that name; whereas Mr. Bomwetsch calls her মারীয়া following the original Greek. Dr. Carey also has মারিয়া. I think in representing Scripture names we should give no heed to their pronunciation by Muhammadans, but we should follow the original Greek or Hebrew. For the same reason we prefer the ইয়োষেফ (*Ióséph*) of Mr. Bomwetsch to the যোষেফ of Dr. Wenger.

"Who is called Christ." This is rendered by Dr. Wenger thus—"যীহাকে খ্রীষ্টে [অভিষিক্ত] বলে;" and by Mr. Bomwetsch thus—"যীহাকে খৃষ্ট বলে." The explanation of the name Christ is quite uncalled for. I see that Dr. Wenger has throughout put in words of explanation within brackets. In this Chapter I notice interpolations within brackets in three places. In the 6th verse the Evangelist says—"David the king begat Solomon of her of Uriah." Dr. Wenger puts in the adjective [dead] before Uriah. This is quite unnecessary. We should have the pure and unadulterated Word or God. Words of explanation might be put either as foot-notes or on the margin.

17. In this verse Dr. Wenger has interpolated the word সর্বশুদ্ধ (altogether)—there are no brackets this time—and makes the sentence thus—"In this way from Abraham to David are altogether fourteen generations," though *altogether* is not in the original. It is a superfluous expletive, and not necessary at all.

The chief word in this verse is *metoikesia*. Dr. Carey renders it into লইয়া যাওন (taking away); Dr. Yates into নীত হওন (being taken away); Dr. Wenger into প্রবাস (sojourn); and Mr. Bomwetsch into বন্দিহ (captivity). One might fancy that as the Greek word is compounded of *meta* and *oikizô*, Dr. Wenger's rendering is the most felicitous. But it will not appear so on closer inspection. The word প্রবাস means *voluntary* change of abode for a season; but the Greek word means change of abode *caused by another*. The primary meaning of *metoikizô* is "to lead settlers to another abode," though in its passive form it means "to go to another country," (see Liddell and Scott). Besides, in the LXX. *metoikesia* is used in the sense of captivity. প্রবাস is the equivalent, not of *metoikesia*, but of *metoikia*. At the same time I think বন্দিহ, the word used by Mr. Bomwetsch, is too strong. It conveys the idea of being shut up in a prison-house, which was not the condition of the Jews in Babylonia. In the authorized English version it is admirably rendered into "carrying away;" and Dr. Carey's and Dr. Yates' renderings are similar to it.

18. The enclitic preposition, or rather *post-position*, *de*, is usually untranslated especially in prose; but sometimes the rendering of it gives a graceful effect to a paragraph. It breaks the fall, as it were, of the reader's mind from one subject to another, and thus takes away the abruptness that may be felt in going from one paragraph to another. In the authorized English version the particle *de* in this verse is rendered, with a very happy effect, into "now." Drs. Carey, Yates and Wenger do not translate it; while Mr. Bomwetsch renders it into এখন, which word conveys, in this its secondary signification, precisely the same idea as the English "now" does.

Mr. Bomwetsch's translation of the remaining part of this verse seems to us to be less literal than Dr. Wenger's. Dr. Wenger in closely imitating the original has kept to the participial form of *mnêsteutheîs*, whereas Mr. Bomwetsch by making that a principal verb interpolates the adverb যখন (when) twice, leaves *prin* (before) untranslated, and is obliged to interpolate the

words এমন সময় (at such a time) to carry the sense. All this might have been avoided by sticking to the participial form as Dr. Wenger has done.

I think Mr. Bomwetsch uses a wrong tense when he says বাগদত্তা হইয়াছেন ; it ought to be হইয়াছিলেন.

The Greek word *sunellthein* is rendered সংসর্গ by Dr. Carey, সঙ্গ হওন by Drs. Yates and Wenger, and সহবাস by Mr. Bomwetsch. In our opinion Mr. Bomwetsch's is the best rendering, the other words are a little too broad.

The word *eurethé* is rendered into জানা গেল by Drs. Carey and Wenger, and by Mr. Bomwetsch into প্রকাশ পাইল ; while Dr. Yates leaves it untranslated, apparently misunderstanding the passage. প্রকাশ পাইল is, in our opinion, too wide for the purpose here, as it would imply that the matter was known to the general public. The rendering of Drs. Carey and Wenger is better, as it conveys a sense less wide than the other.

"She was found with child of the Holy Ghost" is translated by Mr. Bomwetsch "she was found with child by the power of the Holy Ghost." শক্তিতে is quite unnecessary, and is not in the original. Drs. Carey, Yates and Wenger, translate it as in the authorized English version.

Mr. Bomwetsch uses the honorific form of the pronoun তাহার in connection with our Lord, with Joseph and Mary ; but Dr. Wenger restricts it to our Lord only. We do not know whether Dr. Wenger has done this with an eye to the Mariolatry of the Church of Rome ; but whatever his reason may have been, the usage is not in accordance with Bengali manners. We apply the honorific pronoun to every respectable woman ; how much more is it applicable to the mother of our Lord ?

19. The word *dikaïos* evidently means here, observant of religious rules and customs. Dr. Carey renders it into ধার্মিক, Dr. Yates into সজ্জন, Dr. Wenger into ধার্মিক, and Mr. Bomwetsch into বাধাধিক. The last word, though correct, is an unusual word ; but the ধার্মিক of Drs. Carey and Wenger bears the same meaning, as the Hindus apply that epithet to the man who scrupulously conforms to the rules of their sacred books.

*Deigmatizô* means to make a show of, to expose, as the merchants of Athens exposed their goods for sale in the Deigma in the Peirœus. Dr. Carey translates it "to make disreputable;" Dr. Yates "to express reproach;" Dr. Wenger "to make object of calumny;" Mr. Bomwetsch "to make object of shame." It is difficult to get a Bengali equivalent for the Greek word.

20. Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering of *enthumêthentos* into যনে যনে আন্দানন, we regard as particularly happy. The words not only give the exact meaning of the original but almost recal the sound of the Greek word itself.

"Behold" is not translated by Mr. Bomwetsch, and we think properly, for the genius of the Bengali language does not admit of its translation in a passage like the present.

21. Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering of this verse is, in our opinion, far superior to that of Dr. Wenger's. In the first place, Dr. Wenger applies the pronoun তে to Mary. We apply that pronoun to a cooley or a day-labourer, but never to any respectable person; far less can it be applied to the Mother of our blessed Lord, to her whom "generations call blessed." I hope the Native Church in Bengal will not imbibe this spirit of ultra-Protestantism. We Hindus revere our mothers above all other human beings, how much more should we reverence the mother of our Saviour? Mr. Bomwetsch very properly uses the honorific pronoun তিনি. In the second place, the একটি পুত্র প্রসব করিবেন of Mr. Bomwetsch is more correct and more idiomatic than the পুত্র প্রসব করিবে of Dr. Wenger. Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering means simply "she shall bring forth a son"; but Dr. Wenger's rendering means "she shall bring forth a son," not a daughter. Dr. Wenger uses the vulgar form করিবে, and Mr. Bomwetsch the honorific form করিবেন. In the third place, Mr. Bomwetsch's রাখিবে is far better than the রাখিবা of Dr. Wenger. The latter form was used perhaps fifty years ago, but at present it is a provincialism chiefly confined to Eastern Bengal, which in point of pronunciation is the Somersetshire of Bengal. At any rate no genteel writer of the present day uses রাখিবা. In the fourth place, Dr. Wenger interpolates within brackets the word Saviour.

after Jesus, thus —“And thou shalt call his name Jesus [Saviour].” That explanation should have been put on the margin, and not along with the sacred text. In the fifth place, the Greek word *laos* is translated “subjects” by Dr. Wenger. and “people” by Mr. Bomwetsch. The latter seems to us to be the preferable rendering. The word certainly is used in the sense of “subjects” by some Greek writers occasionally, but its primary and general meaning is “people,” (see Liddell and Scott).

22. In this verse the two most important words are *prophétês* (prophet) and *pléroó* (fulfil) ; and in the rendering of them Mr. Bomwetsch has been, in our opinion, more successful than Dr. Wenger. The word prophet has been translated আচার্য্য (teacher) by Dr. Carey ; ভবিষ্যদ্বক্তা (foreteller) by Dr. Yates ; ভাববাদী (declarator of ideas) by Dr. Wenger ; and দৈববক্তা (speaker for God) by Mr. Bomwetsch. The first rendering is far too vague and general, and may therefore be summarily rejected. The second rendering may be allowed in this passage, but a prophet does not always mean a predictor of future events ; there being multitudes of passages in the Bible where the prophet does not foretell any thing. The third rendering is, again, too vague ; it is certainly more in consonance with the primary meaning of the word than the other renderings, but it is not in accordance with the general usage of classical writers. A prophet, properly speaking, means “one who speaks for another; especially one who speaks for a god, and interprets his will to man,” (Liddell and Scott). If such be the meaning of the original word, Mr. Bomwetsch’s rendering is by far the best.

*Pléroó* is translated पूर्ण হয় (is made full) by Dr. Carey ; সিদ্ধ (fulfilled) by Dr. Yates ; সফল (realized or attended with fruit) by Dr. Wenger ; and সিদ্ধ by Mr. Bomwetsch. I believe the word generally used in Sanskrit, meaning the fulfilment of a prophecy, is that used by Dr Yates and Mr. Bomwetsch. I do not understand why Dr. Wenger has changed it for সফল.

24. “Being raised from sleep” is accurately translated by Dr. Wenger ; Mr. Bomwetsch renders it “on the dream breaking.” Here the word is *hopnos* (sleep) and not *onar* (dream).

But Mr. Bomwetsch perhaps thought that though *hopnos* is never used in classical Greek for “dream,” it is in reality the same, as it is in sound, with the Sanskrit *svapnas*, the Sanskrit letter *s* being changed into *h* according to Grimm’s law.

কাছে রাখিলেন (kept near) of Mr. Bomwetsch is, perhaps, a more delicate rendering of *parecube* than গ্রহণ করিল of Dr. Wenger. The latter expression is, in my opinion, too strong for the passage.

25. The Greek word *eginóske* is translated both by Drs. Carey and Yates by a very coarse word; it is well that Dr. Wenger has rejected it. But the words he has substituted for it পরিত্যক্ত নহইল do not express the idea of the passage at all, indeed, do not express any intelligible idea. An ordinary Bengali reader understands Dr. Wenger to mean—Joseph did not ask her who she was. Mr. Bomwetsch accurately renders it—স্বহাস করিলেন না.

## ECHOES OF THE FRENCH POETS.—No. 4.

LA CAVALE.

*Auguste Barbier.*

O lank-haired Corsican how grand was Franco,

In the fair summer month of Messidor !

A wild steed,—with the lightnings in her glance,

Free, free, she owned nor king nor conqueror.

No hand had ever touched her. None could dare

With insult or with outrage wound her pride ;

Upon her flanks, no housings would she bear ;

Untameable,—the nations she defied.

A virgin skin ; thin nostrils ; fetlocks made

For speed and strength ; the mane a flag unfurled,

Upon her haunches rising when she neighed,

A terror ran through Europe and the world.



Thou camest and beheld'st her attitude,  
 Her restless croup and supple empty back ;  
 One spring ! And then away,—O Centaur rude,  
 Thy spur she feels,—choose, choose at will thy track.

Henceforth, as aye she loved the trumpet's sound,  
 The smell of powder, and the flash of gun,  
 For race-course, she had earth without a bound,  
 For pastime, battles which she always won.

No more repose or sleep ! 'Mid sword and brand,  
 To sweep still on,—her work ! Her iron heel  
 Trampled on human bodies as on sand,  
 Till blood rose almost to her curb of steel.

For fifteen years the nations felt her ire,  
 Prostrate they lay beneath her headlong tread ;  
 It was an Apocalyptic vision dire,  
 The steed and rider and the myriads dead.

[With this spirited piece the Echoes of the French Poets come to a close. We have no more translations in manuscript from the pen of the late Miss Toru Dutt. *Ed. B. M.*]

## A TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER I.

There was a Christian Mission Station in a village of some note, in the district of——. It was under the superintendence of a native missionary named Jadu Nath Ganguly. The Revd. Jadunath Ganguly conducted his missionary operations in the following ways. He had several Anglo-vernacular and vernacular schools for the education of both boys and girls, at convenient distances from his head-quarters. Though Christianity was openly

taught in the schools from the commencement, yet the Hindus and Mahomedans for whose benefit they were established, objected not to send their children into them. For imparting religious instruction to the adults he and his assistants used to visit people in their houses, and to preach the Gospel message in places of public resort. There were also some colporteurs who went about selling and distributing religious books and tracts. For doing good to the young men brought up in schools and colleges, where no religious instruction was imparted, he had a weekly meeting at which he used to deliver lectures on religious subjects. He also received visits from enquirers almost every day at certain hours. In all these ways, the Revd. Jadunath had been successful in bringing many into the fold of Christ. He had got up a regular community of Christians at his head-quarters. Some of them worked in the mission field, while others pursued other avocations according to their several tastes and inclinations. When he first entered the field of his labors, he was shunned and despised by the people of the place. But they soon learnt to like and love him for his learning, good sense, and benevolence. They gradually came to seek his counsel and help even in their family feuds and their social disputes. And he had often to mediate between contending parties, and generally succeeded in re-establishing peace and concord amongst them.

Among the numerous visitors of Mr. Ganguly was one young man named Nandalal Ghosh. During his college vacations, when he would come to his native village, which was about a mile from the Mission Station, Nandalal was a frequent visitor at the missionary's residence. He was a sincere enquirer after the truth, and as such Mr. Ganguly took a special interest in him. And Nandalal soon became familiar with the doctrines of Christianity. The knowledge of English, science and literature which he had acquired in the college, had fully undermined his faith in Hinduism. He had long ceased to feel any reverence for the idols which his friends and relatives worshipped. And the superstitious rites and ceremonies which were daily performed around him, and in which sometimes he had to join, appeared to him to be utterly

unreasonable and profitless. The teachings of Christianity had always seemed to him peculiarly suited to the condition and circumstances of mankind. And what he had read of the evidences of Christianity showed him clearly that it was the religion of God. His visits to the missionary extended over three years, and he was fully prepared to forsake the religion of his fathers, and to embrace the Christian faith. He had lost his mother, when very young. And recently he had to mourn the death of a loving father. The latter event led him to think more seriously than ever of the religious concerns of his soul, and so one morning he went to the missionary and declared his intention of publicly professing the faith of Christ. Mr. Ganguly, from what he had known of Nandalal's sentiments, was prepared for this, and he felt no hesitation in admitting him into the visible Church of the Redeemer. Nandalal's friends and relatives, when they became apprised of his views and determination, moved heaven and earth, so to speak, to prevent him from becoming a Christian, but they failed, and he was publicly baptised at the Mission Chapel by the Rev. Mr. Ganguly.

The relatives of Nandalal went away breathing vengeance against Nandalal, and threatening to do to him all the evil that lay in their power. His father-in-law also, who had come from a distant place to dissuade him from becoming a Christian, went away from him in an angry mood, and the next day he took away his daughter, who was Nandalal's wife, a girl of 13 or 14 years of age, to his own house, resolving never to allow the apostate to have her again,—while Nandalal's two uncles (father's brothers) determined to defraud their apostate nephew of his share of their common property.

Nandalal's father had lived with his two brothers in their common ancestral house, and they had all their landed property in undivided possession. The eldest brother was the head of the family and managed all the property. The profits were never divided amongst them, but were applied by the manager to the common expenditure, the three brothers and their families living in commensality. For private expenses each brother used

to receive from the common fund a stated amount. The common property yielded ten or twelve thousand Rupees a year. And Nandalal was entitled to a third of this property, he being the only son and heir of his father. And his uncles took counsel together how they might deprive him of it. But as the law was in the convert's favor, they saw they could not well keep him altogether from having a share, but might manage not to let him have the full share.

A few months passed, when Nandalal thinking that the feelings of his uncles had somewhat softened towards him, went to them, and demanded of them his father's one-third share of the common property. His uncles taunted him saying, "You could easily forsake your father's religion, could you not as easily make up your mind to give up claims to his property." He kept quiet. But Mr. Ganguly, who accompanied Nandalal, replied, that it was useless to taunt Nandalal on his faith, and to ignore his rights to his father's share of the estates in their possession, the value of which was not less than a lac of Rupees. He also added that it would be for the good of all parties concerned if an amicable arrangement were come to. Nandalal's uncles were not however so right-minded as to readily acquiesce in the justice of such remarks. They said that according to their religion an apostate was not entitled to a share of his ancestral property, and they would be acting against the dictates of their Shasters if they gave him any portion of their ancestral property. He might go to law, and they would wait till the law compelled them to give up anything to him. They rightly thought that, it would be no easy matter for him to have legal redress, when he was almost penniless. For he must have at least seven or eight thousand Rupees before he could venture to apply to the Courts to do justice to him. The eldest uncle of Nandalal, named Benimadhab Ghosh, spoke out what he and his younger brother intended to do. He said to Nandalal, "you would perhaps bring a suit against us, but have you the means to do so? Though the British Government deals generally speaking even handed justice, yet the door of justice is closed to the poor. When you would be laying

claim to something like a lac of Rupees, though that would be by far too much as the value of your father's share of the property, you would be ashamed to sue as a pauper. We would see how you would manage to sue us. Your Christian friends would be the last, I fancy, to come to your help with money, as they themselves are poor. You made a grand mistake when you allowed yourself to forsake—at least to run the chance of losing all the solid comforts of life for a mere bubble at the best. You must reap as you have sowed."

Nandalal. "It does not become me to point out the errors which lurk in every one of your remarks. And I would not insult you by supposing that you are unconscious of them. As you are determined not to listen to what would be good for both of us, I would not trouble you any more with solicitations to do me simple justice. I shall seek justice where, I am sure, I shall find it. But let me tell you that it will be to your cost."

Benimadhab. "Very well, do your utmost to put us into trouble. We won't be backward to treat you in the same way. I have no more time to bestow on you."

After the above interview with Nandalal's uncles, Mr. Ganguly unwilling to see matters come to unpleasant issues, made several visits to them to bring about an amicable settlement of the affair. But he failed to persuade them to give up their unnatural and cruel resolution in the matter. He was therefore compelled, for the benefit of his young friend, to get some of his wealthy friends to accommodate Nandalal with the requisite funds to carry on the suit. Nandalal, being a young man, and a new convert to Christianity, would have no doubt found great difficulty in succeeding in such a thing, but Mr. Ganguly's character gave such weight to his request that in a short time Nandalal was enabled to file a suit against his uncles. We need not enter into the details of it. It will suffice to say that it dragged on its slow course for upwards of a year. The formal and technical character of the proceedings of a mofussil court of justice leaves little chance of disposing of a case in a short time. To this must be added the arts which the pleaders practise to increase their fees

by prolonging the adjudication of a case as much as is decently possible. They examine and cross-examine and re-examine witnesses on points which ultimately go very little in their clients' favor, and thus occupy the court's time to the prejudice of the public and also of their own clients. With all such causes of delay, it was not before the 15th month since the institution of the suit, that the court could deliver its judgment in the case. At last Nandalal was happy to obtain a decree for a full third of the property in the possession of his uncles. It was then that his uncles came to their senses. For the decree made them liable not only to give up to Nandalal a third of the entire property, but also to pay his costs, and his share of the profits which they had kept from him since his conversion to Christianity. There were appellate courts to which they might carry the case in appeal, but they saw it would be worse than useless to do so. It would be merely increasing their already heavy liabilities. So now they appeared solicitous to come to terms, though too proud to acknowledge it. They slyly sent their Dewan, as he was called, to Nandalal, for the purpose of sounding his intentions.

This Dewan, named Dwarkanath Mitter, was distantly related to the family of his employers. He had grown grey in their service, and was held in great respect by his employers. All their receipts and disbursements were in his charge, and he had a general supervision of all the property. And seldom anything of importance was done by them without his counsel and concurrence. Nandalal received him with due marks of respect. Though smarting under the unjust and ungenerous treatment of his uncles, he was far from harbouring in his heart revengeful feelings against them. His visitor, naturally ignorant of such an unusual thing, had taken it for granted that Nandalal must be entertaining bitter feelings of hatred not only against his uncles, but also in a great measure against him, as their counsellor and man of business. He was therefore not a little surprised at being received kindly by Nandalal. But he was too much experienced in the ways of the world to exhibit in his outward demeanour any sign of his inward feeling. He congratulated Nandalal on

his having gained the suit. He said "I knew from the commencement that you would gain it. I was against your uncles' refusing you your share of the property. Had they listened to me, all this heart-burning, and unnecessary trouble and expense on both sides would have been avoided. I advised them to let you have some of the villages from which you might have derived almost as much as your share of the profits of the entire property. Had they done so, I do not think you would have felt inclined to enforce every item of your rights. Even now I do not think you would like to be hard on your uncles. I know you from your childhood, and you have always been distinguished for your generous and kindly feelings and actions. Am I wrong in saying this?"

Nandalal. "I do not pretend to possess more generosity and kindness than the generality of men. Am I to understand that my uncles have sent you to me to make up an amicable settlement about my claims, and that they have become sensible of the error of their proceedings towards?"—

Dewan. "Your uncles have not sent me to you. I have come to you of mine own accord. It is my earnest wish to bring about an amicable arrangement, and if you feel inclined for it, I shall undertake to persuade your uncles not to put you into any further trouble by taking the matter to the appellate courts."

Nandalal. "If they wish to continue longer the injustice they have done me, and to put themselves and me to further expense, let them appeal against the decree which only gives to me my just rights. Think not that I am unprepared for this. You and my uncles thought that want of money would prevent me from seeking legal redress for the wrongs you chose to do to me. But I have found that strangers are more kind than one's relatives."

Dewan. "Do not, I pray you, class me with your uncles. I never approved of their treatment of you. And as I have already said I advised them to let you have your just rights. Do not also, I pray you, let angry feelings rankle in your breast. I do not say that you have not had just and sufficient cause to do

so, but simply such feelings are always mischievous. Now, to the point from which we deviated. Are you inclined to give up any portion of your right?"

Nandalal. "Let me know which of my rights you would wish me to forego."

Dewan. "You can for instance claim a third of the family dwelling house with its orchard and tank."

Nandalal. "Well, I say that I will willingly give up my share of those properties if you give some thing to me in the shape of compensation. for I must have a house to live in. I cannot always stop in a friend's house."

Dewan. "Of course we must provide a proper house for you. Then you can claim to collect a third share of the rents payable by all the tenants of the property. Can you make up your mind to receive a portion of the property to yourself leaving the remainder to your uncles? There is just another thing which occurs to me, and it is a matter of importance. Now, it would be useless to deny the real extent and profit of the property, when they have been brought out in the court which adjudged the case. The profits amount to a little more than Rs. 12000 a year. You have been kept from your share of them for nearly three years. Would you insist on having all the money thus due to you? It would be fully one year's income, and you know I think that zemindars seldom have much of ready cash in hand. They incur so much expense one way or other, that they generally prove bad pay-masters, when they have to meet a large claim."

Nandalal. "I shall be content to have a portion of the property if it yield me one-third of the profits of the entire property. As to my waiving my right to the mesne profits decreed to me, I am not prepared to give up any large portion of them, as I have contracted large debts."

Dewan. "Well, Nandalal, I am well satisfied with all that you have said. I had no idea that you had learnt to become such a pucca man of business. There is only one thing more and I have done. Would you insist on having the full costs decreed?"

Nandalal. "I have no choice in this matter. You know



well that I have spent in costs more than double of what is decreed as costs. So I am sorry I cannot afford to abate any part of the costs."

Here the old Dewan took leave of Nandalal, well satisfied with the result of the interview. It was more than he had expected to achieve, though little had been achieved by him. The exuberance of generous feelings, which invariably actuate every ingenuous youth, had led Nandalal to answer his queries just in the way he wished him to do. He therefore went on his way internally chuckling over his tact and management. In a few days, he made up a seemingly fair inventory of the different properties which he wished to make over to Nandalal with a schedule of their rent-roll and profits. He also made arrangements to give to Nandalal two thirds of the mesne profits and the entire costs decreed. A garden house at some distance was also proposed to be made over to Nandalal as compensation for giving up all claims to the family dwelling house. All this of course had been done by him in conformity with the wishes of his employers. But when he next called on Nandalal to show him how he had divided the property, he told him that he had made the division of his own motion, and had not yet communicated to or received the approval of his employers, and that he wished first to get his approval. Nandalal, after examining the papers submitted to him, saw nothing to which he could fairly make any objection. So deeds of compromise were soon prepared and executed, and duly registered, and Nandalal got possession of the properties made over to him. He also went and saw the home given to him, and found it a desirable residence. He thought that he had been at last fairly dealt with. But soon he found his mistake. He found that the properties made over to him had been lately purposely rack-rented, and the tenants were in consequence discontented. He also found that the portions of the properties which bordered on the river Bhagirathi were being gradually washed away. All this showed him what deception had been practised on him. But he determined to make the best of what he had. He disliked the idea of going again to the

courts to seek redress from the fraud practised on him. He had too bitter an experience of law courts, and their licensed harpies, to desire further acquaintance with them. Under the advice of his friend the missionary, he reduced the rents of his tenants, and removed their other sources of discontent; and at last he found that the real profits of the properties made over to him would hardly yield more than Rs. 3000 a year. But he was thankful that the case was not worse.

## THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S SPEECH AT THE SONEPOR DUBBAR.

We publish below *in extenso* the admirable speech which His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal delivered at the Durbar recently held at Sonapore. It is characterized by His Honour's usual frankness and directness. There is no beating about the bush. There is in it throughout a downrightness which has hitherto characterized Englishmen in general, but which in many cases is giving place to that finesse which is to be found in perfection in oriental countries. The Hon'ble Ashley Eden discusses the question of the condition of the Behar peasantry with great ability. We hope and trust that the Zemindars of Behar will follow the advice His Honour gives them.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of meeting so many of the leading landholders of Behar, in the centre of their own province, and I am especially glad that the first occasion of my doing this should be accompanied by the bestowal of *Sunnuds* of titles on gentlemen, who were selected by my predecessor as deserving of special honor, in consequence of their liberal and generous behaviour to their tenantry, on the occasion of that Famine, which a few years ago caused so much anxiety and loss in this fertile province.

"I trust that it will be made apparent, by the grounds on which these selections were made, how deep an importance the Government of India attaches to the kind and humane treatment of their tenantry by the landholding classes.

"It must not be imagined that the gentlemen, who were selected for honor on the occasion of the Delhi Durbar, were the only representatives

of this class, who distinguished themselves for their humanity and generosity on this occasion. The Zemindars of Behar came forward nobly, and cordially assisted Government in preserving the life of the people, and showed a clear and full recognition of the responsibilities of their position. But many of those who most distinguished themselves already possess the highest rank, which the Government can bestow, and where so many deserved recognition, it was impossible to do more than select a very few for special honor.

"Judging from the criticisms which have been made upon the address, which I gave on the occasion of the last Durbar which I held, it seems to be the opinion of some persons that the only tone, which is suitable to occasions such as this, is one of praise and gratulation. I do not accept this view, and I know that there are amongst you, many who will agree with me in thinking, that on the rare occasion of the head of the Government meeting so many of the principal and most intelligent of the large landholders of Behar, something more is expected than mere complimentary words, and I therefore desire to take this opportunity of asking you to consider with me the question, which above all others affects the future interests of Behar, and which seems entirely appropriate to this occasion, when we have met to recognise publicly acts of benevolence done by the rich to the poor.

"Though I have served Government for many years in Bengal, it has never been my good fortune to have been employed in Behar, but I have long had occasion to make myself familiar with its conditions and circumstances, and it has always been a matter of great regret to me, that with all its natural advantages and with all its fertility, the labouring classes of Behar should continue to be so much less prosperous, and so far in every way behind the ryots of other parts of Bengal, which possess fewer natural advantages.

"Since I have assumed charge of the administration of Bengal, I have given deep consideration to the subject, and I have been in constant communication with the officers entrusted with the administration of the Behar districts as to the manner in which a remedy to this state of things can be most effectually applied.

"It seems to me that the time has come when Government must come forward and endeavour to take substantial measures for ameliorating the condition of the Behar peasantry, and I must rely upon the principal Zemindars of Behar to assist and co-operate with Government in these endeavours.

"Enquiry shows that there are three great reasons why Behar has not made the progress that the rest of the country has made. The *first* reason is, that the people have practically no sort of security of tenure, and

consequently no such interest in the development of the wealth of the soil as they have elsewhere. *Secondly*, they have not received such an advanced education, and are consequently more the prey of designing and unscrupulous men, and are less able to assert their own rights than the people of Bengal. *Thirdly*, they have been exposed to many years of bad harvests owing to insufficient rainfall.

“As to the first of these reasons, it is in the power of those whom I now address to apply a prompt and an efficient remedy, and it is in full reliance that they will do so, that I have determined to bring the subject forward to-day. It is not only in the power of the Zemindars to give the cultivator security of tenure, but it is their direct and immediate interest to do so. A rich and contented peasantry having an interest in the soil, and bound to their Zemindars by the loyalty and affection gained by the kind treatment of many years, is obviously a more satisfactory class of tenantry to have, than poor, helpless, discontented men driven about from village to village by the extortion of underlings, or the exactions of irresponsible under-farmers, tenants, who never know whether they will possess next year the land they occupy this, and who therefore have no heart to improve it, and who feel that any attempt to grow more profitable crops, will only end in increased demands from the Ticcadar, and go on leading an objectless, hopeless life, caring little for future, and bound by no ties or obligations to the landlord.

“There is no class of men in the world, which has shown such an appreciation for the permanence of their land-interests, as the Zemindars of Bengal or Behar, or who have attributed to that security so much of their prosperity. I only ask them to believe that what is good for them is equally good for those under them, and believing this, to abolish all petty ticcadars and rack-renting underholders having farms for short terms; to keep the estates in their own personal control; or, if too large for personal management, to farm them to men of position and substance for long periods; to appoint trustworthy and conscientious managers, to recognise fully the rights of occupancy which their ryots possess, and where no such right exists to secure the welfare of the tenants by giving them long leases on rents fixed absolutely for a period; to forbid all interference with the crops the ryots sow, leaving them to determine what crop pays them best, to forbid all illegal collections and all irregularities in the collection of their rents. If the Zemindars do this, they may rest assured that in a few years their position as landholders will be very much better and safer than it is at the present time; while they will have the satisfaction of seeing themselves surrounded by a happy and thriving peasantry.

“In the same way, as to the second reason I have assigned for the backward state of the country, education, it is much more to the interest of

the Zemindar to have ryots, who can read and write and protect themselves against the exactions of fraudulent dealers and money-lenders, than to have men steeped in ignorance, robbed by every one who deals with them, ignorant enough to believe any foolish story, which designing men may tell them, and apt consequently to be led into organized opposition to the Zemindars. I therefore urge upon you to do all in your power to encourage the opening and maintenance of village Vernacular Schools throughout your estates.

"The last cause, which I have assigned for the poverty of the people, is the deficient rainfall in Behar, which has occurred in late years. This is a difficulty with which you cannot cope without the assistance of Government, and all I ask of you is that you will assist Government in the endeavour to protect this part of the country from such calamities.

"During the last five years the Government of India has spent nearly 20 crores of rupees in alleviating famines caused by deficient water-supply. When I say that the Government of India has spent this money, you will understand that this expenditure has fallen not upon the Viceroy, and the Council, but upon the people, and that if the necessity of expending their money had not been forced upon the Government, the taxation of the people would have been diminished to this extent.

"Now the only way of averting famines arising from drought is to make the greatest use, which science and experience can suggest, of the supply of water, which fortunately nature has given us in Behar in the shape of rivers, but which supply we have hitherto allowed to run to waste, while the fields through which these rivers pass, have been parched and waste for want of water. A large and comprehensive system of irrigation is under construction in Behar, the object of which is to utilize the water of the river Soné in parts, especially liable to drought. Other similar schemes are being worked out in Orissa. This of course cannot be done without the expenditure of money, and the question is who, in fairness and justice, should find this money. After very careful consideration I came to the conclusion that as the whole of the province of Bengal suffered when there were such famines as have occurred of late years in Orissa and Behar, it was fair that a large proportion of the cost should be borne by a tax laid upon the public at large. But it also seemed to me fair, and I believe you will agree with me if you will give the subject your unprejudiced consideration, that a share of the cost should fall on the people who directly benefit by the introduction of water to the neighbourhood of their fields, and are thus assured of a good crop at all seasons, instead of being exposed to the risk every few years of absolute failure. When I proposed this, I was told that the people did not want water, that they would sooner be left alone to bear the risk of famine, and I was even told

that the water of the Sone was destructive to fields. Shortly after this discussion took place, the periodical rains were suspended, and then we had practical proof as to whether or not the Sone water was considered injurious or prejudicial. The people clamoured for water, and to meet this demand we were forced to open our unfinished canals, by means of which we have irrigated during the last few months 2,00,000 acres of land, which would otherwise have remained waste for the year, but which are now covered with luxuriant crops. The produce of this land represents produce of the value of 55 lakhs of rupees, and of this crops to the value of 40 lakhs certainly would have been entirely lost if it had not been for the supply of canal water, but it also represents the rent of the land, of which the landholder would have been otherwise deprived, and to this must be added the outlay which would fall on him if he had again to give relief to his tenantry in consequence of famine.

"I have just returned from visiting the part of the country where this system has been introduced. I saw what every one admitted to be the finest crops ever seen in Behar in the irrigated fields, while the unirrigated fields by their side were parched and had hardly a blade of vegetation in them. I drove for 60 miles through the irrigated tracts, and returned by one of the main canals. Nothing but this ocular demonstration could have convinced me of the enormous benefits which have been conferred upon the people by irrigation, and throughout the only complaints which I received from the people, with whom I conversed, were of the non-extension of the water-supply to their villages, though I not unnaturally was told by some of the ryots that they wanted the water without payment.

"I must ask you to believe that in this, as in all other great measures of Government, the Government of this country has at heart only the good of the people. Errors may be committed by this, as by all other Governments in the world, but there is one principle only which guides us, and that is the improvement of the country and the condition of the people.

"I sometimes see it asserted that the English are selfish, that they do not sympathise with the people of India, that they only care for it in so far as it brings wealth to their own country. There is only one answer to this charge of mis-rule, and that is the peace and prosperity of the country which cannot be questioned or denied, and I would ask you if any country could have shown greater or more substantial sympathy for another than has been shown for India by the people of England during the late famine.

"But we may strive to do all we can for the benefit of the people at large without real success, unless we are seconded by the people themselves, and it is with this object that I now ask the land holders and gentlemen of Behar to resolve to assist Government in placing the lower classes of this

province in a better and more substantial position, assuring them, though I feel that this is unnecessary, that in so doing they cannot avoid improving their own position at the same time."

## SONNET.

## SACOONTALA.

To him who plods with weary steps and slow,  
 Through antique tomes how fresh these pages seem !  
 Not fresher in the wilderness the gleam  
 Of the cool fountain round which date palms grow,  
 And purple stonecrops in rich masses glow,  
 To the worn pilgrim, when the noonday beam  
 Smites with relentless rage the jaded team  
 Of camels that he leads, with head bent low.  
 He reads, and conjured by the verse appear,  
 The lowly hermitage, and garden small,  
 Smooth lawns that slope down to the brooklet clear,  
 Bright plots of yellow corn mid forests tall,  
 And peerless maids in robes of bark that bear,  
 The osier basket heaped with fruitage rare.

D.

## MARGARETE.

Du bists ! O sag es noch ein mal !

*Goethe.*

I hold thee,—and the dungeon walls,  
 The pallet bed and chain,  
 Dissolve and fade, as fades the snow,  
 In April's genial rain.

I see instead, the busy street,  
 Before the sacred shrine,  
 Where first one morn (oh happy chance !),  
 My glance encountered thine.

The garden too starts up revealed,  
The rustic seat,—the tree,  
That heard us vow with lifted hands,  
Eternal constancy.

Oh speak ! the magic of thy tone,  
Shall soothe each anxious care,  
And nerve anew my prostrate soul,  
To combat with Despair.

D.

## DIARY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

*2nd November.* We learn from this day's telegrams that the town of Kars in Armenia has refused to capitulate, the Russians are therefore bombarding it. As Kars is well fortified, it will be some time before the Russians take it. A small number of Russians must have been left to besiege it, the bulk of the army must be on the march to meet Ghazi Mukhtar Ahmed Pasha, who seems to have recovered from his defeat and taken up an entrenched position.

The news from Bulgaria is, that the Roumanians have captured a redoubt near Rahawa to the north-west of Plevna. There is every likelihood of Plevna being taken soon, as the Russians have surrounded it nearly on all sides and cut off the supplies of Ghazi Osman Pasha. It is also said that Suleiman Pasha has returned to Rasgrad.

*3rd.* To-day's news is, that in Bulgaria the Russian General Zimmerman, the commander of the Russian army in the Dobrudscha, is marching towards Kuzzun in the neighbourhood of Sifistria which town he intends besieging. No news from Plevna, though it is believed the Russians have completely invested it, as we opined yesterday. We were told some days ago that General Gourko had defeated the Turks at Dubnik and Teliche, not far from Plevna, and taken many



prisoners ; we now learn that in those two engagements he took 6,800 Turks prisoners and 200 officers. Chefket Pasha, who was coming to the relief of Osman Pasha in Plevna, is being pursued by the Russian cavalry. Within a few days we shall, no doubt, hear of the surrender of Osman Pasha. In Armenia the Russians seem to carry every thing before them. While the Turks were evacuating Hassankhali and retreating towards Erzeroum, their rearguard was attacked under cover of darkness by the Russians, who took two battalions prisoners. The Russians have since marched on to and occupied K  prikoi on the road to Erzeroum ; but before taking that city they will have to defeat Ahmed Mukhtar, who is occupying an entrenched position at a place called Devebayun to the east of Erzeroum. We expect a battle there in a day or two. It is said that the Sultan has ordered a mobilization of 165,000 Turkish reserves, and 62,000 conscripts.

6th. It is said that the greater part of the Russian army on the Jantra has been sent to join the besieging army at Plevna. This is not probable, as it would expose the remaining part of the army to the attack of Suleiman ; very likely some detachments have been sent. The Russians are occupying places round about Plevna ; as Tetewen near Orhanie where they took possession of thirty-seven entrenched positions, big and small, and obtained much booty ; they have also occupied Lukowitza to the south-west of Plevna. Chefket Pasha is retreating towards Orhanie. It is evident that the fate of Osman Pasha is sealed. In Armenia, the Russians are within twelve miles of Erzeroum, the capital, but they will have to give battle to Mukhtar Ahmed at Devebayun where he has entrenched himself. I fancy he is dreaming of setting up a Plevna in Asia ; but the Russians will not give him the opportunity. They must storm it and march on to Erzeroum.

8th. A telegram to the *Daily Telegraph* (a violent Turkophil journal) states that, on the 5th instant, the Russians attacked

the entrenched position of Ahmed Mukhtar at Devebayun near Erzeroum, that the Turkish centre was broken and compelled to retreat, and that Ahmed Mukhtar was slightly wounded. It will not now be long before the Russians march upon Erzeroum. In the meantime the siege of Kars has been commenced. In the Dobrudscha the operations of General Zimmerman's army have been suspended for a time owing to stormy weather, otherwise by this time he would have been at Silistria. No news yet of the capture of Plevna. It is said that the Turks have sent strong reinforcements to Orhanie.

9th. The *Morning Post* gives currency to the rumour that the Russians have already captured Erzeroum, and that the Turks are retreating towards Trebizondo.

10th. The capture of Erzeroum has not been confirmed, but we have details of the battle of Devebayun. A Russian official despatch states that at Devebayun Tergukasoff defeated the combined armies of Ahmed Mukhtar and Ismail Pasha after nine hours' fighting, and that the Turks retreated in disorder. Ahmed Mukhtar acknowledges his defeat but ascribes it to the superior numbers of the Russians, they being according to his account 80,000, whereas the Turks had only half that number! So much the greater fool he, that he hazarded a battle with such odds. It is said that Kars has been re-victualled. In Bulgaria, it is said, Zimmerman has gone to winter quarters at Kustendji in the Dobrudscha,—a statement, in our opinion, not worthy of credit. At Wratza near Orhanie the Russians captured one hundred waggons and a large number of cattle. General Skobelev says that he cannonaded Plevna from the south. It is said that there is great scarcity and distress among the Turkish garrison at Plevna.

12th. Ahmed Mukhtar telegraphs to the effect that on the 9th instant the Russians attacked his entrenched positions at Azizic near Erzeroum, and that they were repulsed with heavy loss. He pursued the Russians as far as Devebayun.

It is said he is now fortifying positions around Erzeroum. From all this it appears that the telegram received the other day regarding the capture of Erzeroum was premature.

- 13th. The Russians seem to be getting on vigorously in Armenia. Batoum on the Black Sea is being bombarded. The Russians summoned the garrison of Kars to surrender within twenty-four hours, but the Turkish commander refused to obey the summons, and said that he would fight till the last. In Bulgaria, the Russian's troops, that is, Zimmermann's troops, are advancing to Silistria. It was said that Zimmermann had gone to winter quarters. I don't believe that any body will go to winter quarters. The Russians are determined to finish the war this year.
- 14th. The Russians have captured Wratza to the north of Orchanie with a large quantity of stores:—so says the telegram. It is also said that they have now completely invested Plevna—I thought they did this long ago—but the London *Daily News* says that the Turkish garrison at Plevna have provision for five weeks. This Plevna business has been a long affair, and it may go on according to our London contemporary till the third week of December. The Russians seem to make muddle of every thing. A Turkish official despatch says that the Russians are entrenching themselves at Devebayun in Armonia. This entrenching business seems to be the regular thing, and it is a business which delays matters.
- 15th. Chefket Pasha, who has been prevented from relieving Plevna, has now gone to the Shipka Pass, whilst Mahomed Pasha and Chakir Pasha have been appointed joint commanders of the Turkish forces at Orchanie.
- 16th. In Russian head-quarters it is believed that Osman Pasha is preparing to break through the Russians troops who are investing Plevna; it will be a great shame to the Russians if he succeeds. In the meantime General Skobeleff has captured the Greenhills redoubt.
- 17th. It is said that rupture between Turkey and Servia is im-

minent. It is also said that Russian troops are crossing the Balkhans through the Etropol Pass. I hope this will give better results than the last passage did. Suleiman Pasha is now Commander-in-chief in Roumelia, and Azli Pasha at Rasgrad.

19th. On the night of the 15th instant the Turks attacked three times the positions held by General Skobelev to the east of Plevna, and each time they were repulsed. How long is this to last, I wonder. It is said that rainy weather in Bulgaria prevents the carrying on of military operations; but rain or no rain it is all the same, the Russians do not seem to be making head. It is said that the Turks are marshalling troops at Sophia and Orhanio. I suppose they intend cutting through the Russians and relieving Osman Pasha. The Russians must be great fools if they allow that; and yet one would think that they were laying themselves open to that, if it be true that they had sent troops to Roumelia through the Etropol Pass and thus weakened the army at Plevna. There has been severe fighting in Armenia especially near Kars where Mukhtar Pasha has received reinforcements. The Russians once captured Azizio but were afterwards driven away from it by the Turks. In the meantime the Russians have commenced the siege of Erzeroum.

20th. Good news to-day. In the morning of the 18th instant the Russians carried Kars in Armenia by assault. The fighting began at eight o'clock in the evening of the 17th and ended at eight o'clock in the morning of the 18th exactly twelve hours. The capture of this town must be regarded as considerable success to the Russian arms. In this war the Russians have taken it more easily than in the Crimean war, but at that time the garrison were assisted by an English officer, General Williams. Kars is a considerable town, has a population of more than 12,000 souls composed chiefly of Turks, nomadic Turkomans and Armenians. It is situated among black basaltic hills, and is about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is about 90 miles to the north-east

of Erzeroum. Silkworms are reared in this town. In a day or two we may expect to hear of the fall of Erzeroum.

Suleiman Pasha who, after all is in Bulgaria and whose head-quarters are now at Rasgrad whither he retreated some time since for strategical purposes, has recommenced his captivity. Some skirmishes have taken place at Berkootcha and Solonik with the advanced posts of the Russians. General Gourko who, I suppose, is towards the side of Orchanie and Sofia, has been slightly wounded; I hope only *slightly*, for he is a general whom the Russians can ill spare. He seems to have a wonderful degree of dash and cool courage.

21st. Some details of the capture of Kars have reached us to-day. The Russians captured 7,000 Turks and 300 guns. The *Daily News* states that the total loss of the Turks in killed, wounded, and prisoners, is 15,000. General Melikoff entered Kars in the morning of the 19th. In Bulgaria, it is said that the Russians attacked on the 16th the Turkish positions at Orchanie, but were defeated with very heavy loss. This requires confirmation emanating as it evidently does from Turkish sources.

26th. For the last few days hardly any news has come from the seat of War. General Melikoff has left a division to garrison Kars and is marching on to Erzeroum. In Bulgaria the Turks attacked the Russian batteries on Fort Nicholas in the Schipka Pass, and were beaten back. No news from Plevna.

28th. It was said some time ago that the Turks were in great force at Orchanie with a view to relieve Plevna; from to-day's telegram we learn that they have been obliged to leave Orchanie, owing to the Russians having captured the impregnable position of Provitz near Orchanie. This they did by marching through "an inaccessible region" in forty-eight hours. I suppose the Turks thought that it would be impossible for any army to march through that region. But the indomitable energy of the Russians overcame all obstacles, and they took possession of Provitz with very

trifling loss. It was said by a correspondent of one of the London papers, who travelled in those parts, that there were about 100,000 Turks between Plevna and Sofia, and that the greatest portion of them had intrenched themselves at Orchanie. Those 100,000 Turks seem now to have vanished into thin air. As the iron cord is drawing nearer and nearer, we expect Plevna to act the rôle of Metz. There is every probability of Osman Pasha surrendering like Marshal Bazaine.

30<sup>th</sup>. Suleiman Pasha after sustaining a defeat at Metichka has fallen back. But he cannot fall back to any great distance as General Zimmerman will be ready to give him a warm welcome. Muhammed Ali was a far more prudent general than the foolhardy Suleiman. Muhammed Ali said of the army of the Czarewitch that he would not dash his head against a stone wall, which Suleiman has done and will do again till his skull is broken. The report of the evacuation of Orchanie by the Turks is confirmed. And it is also said that the Russians intend soon re-crossing the Balkhans.

A SON OF MARS.



# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

## REVIEW OF MR. BOMWETSCH'S BENGALI TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

*By the Editor.*

### MATTIL. CHAPTER II.

1st. verse. I doubt whether *idou* (*behold*), which corresponds to the Hebrew *hinneh*, can well be translated into Bengali. Drs. Carey and Wenger translate it into ঢ়া ; Dr. Yates and Mr. Bomwetsch leave it untranslated. To translate it here makes the sentence unBengali.

The chief word in this verse is *magoi* (Magi). Now, who and what were the *magoi*? We learn from Herodotus (I. 101) that the Magi were a tribe of the Modes. His words are these—"The following are the tribes of the Medes, the Busæ, Paratæni, Struchates, Arizanti, Budii, and the Magi," (Cary's Translation). And in some of the following sections the Father of History informs us that the Magi were interpreters of dreams (I. 120), that at sacrifices they chanted odes concerning the origin of the gods, and that the presence of one of the Magi was essentially necessary to the validity of a sacrifice, (I. 132). From all this it is evident that the Magi were altogether a priestly class, occupying in Media the same position which Brahmans do in India. Some etymologists derive the word *magos* from the Greek *megas* (*great*), akin to the Sanskrit *mahat*; and others derive it from the Sanskrit *maya* (*illusion*). But all this seems to us extremely fanciful. It is more probable that *magos* is the Greek transliteration of the Pehlvi *mogh*, meaning priest, (Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* in loc.) Now, how is this word translated in the Bengali Testament?



Drs. Yates and Wenger render it into জ্যোতির্বেত্তা, and Mr. Bomwetsch into জ্যোতির্বিদ, both meaning astrologer. But surely, *magos* and astrologer are not convertible terms. Doubtless, the Magi were astrologers, but they were also chaunters of hymns, interpreters of dreams, sacrificers, in one word, priests. Why name them from a part,—and it seems an inconsiderable part—of their functions? In the authorized English version it is rendered “wise men,” which is certainly better than “astrologers.” Dr. Carey, apparently following the English version, translates it into পণ্ডিত (Pandit). The Bengali word বাজক (priest) would be a better translation than “astrologer.” But on the whole I should be inclined not to translate the word but to transliterate it in Bengali, and call it মোব from the Pehlvi *mogh*, explaining the word on the margin.

The phrase *apo anatolón* (eastern regions) is translated by Dr. Carey পূর্বদেশ (eastern country), correctly enough. Dr. Yates spoils it by rendering it into পূর্বদিক্ (east side) which may mean, for any thing one knows to the contrary, the eastern part of Judea. Dr. Wenger adopts Dr. Carey's “eastern country;” and Mr. Bomwetsch translates it into পূর্বাঞ্চল (eastern regions). This last seems to me to be the best rendering as it has the vagueness of the original. “Eastern country” may mean the country immediately to the east of Judea; whereas “eastern regions” may mean any country to the east, Arabia, or Persia, or Parthia or Chaldea, or India.

Dr. Wenger has unnecessarily put the word [নগরে], (city), after Bethlehem.

2. The question put by the Magi was, “Where is he that is born king of the Jews?” Mr. Bomwetsch puts the question thus—“Where is the *newly* born king of the Jews?” The idea of *newness* is not expressed in the original, though no doubt it is implied. But it is always best to stick to the original. Dr. Wenger translates the passage correctly and literally.

From a hermeneutical point of view the most important word in this verse is *proskunésai* which is translated in the authorized English version “to worship.” *Kunéo* means to *kiss*.

In fact, the English word "*kiss*," though it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *coss*, a *kiss*, is akin to *kuneó*, future *kusó* or *kussó*, and to the Sanskrit *kus*. When the preposition *pros* is prefixed to the verb, the word means "*to kiss the hand to another as a mark of obeisance or homage, properly, to make obeisance to the gods, fall down and worship, to worship, adore;*" and secondarily, when applied to men, the word means "*the oriental fashion of making the salam or prostrating oneself before kings and superiors,*" (Liddell and Scott.) Now, the question is, what did the Magi mean when they said that they had come to *proskunein* the new-born king of the Jews? It is not necessary to suppose that they believed Jesus to be God. They speak of Him throughout as a king, and nothing more; though, no doubt, they believed that He was somehow a most extraordinary king as His advent was heralded by an unusual conjunction of the heavenly bodies. How then were they to salute Him as king? Prostration was the usual mode of salutation rendered to kings in the East. Of this we have one striking instance in the History of Herodotus, where he uses the very word the meaning of which are in search of, and where he explains that word by another word which means prostration. The passage we refer to is in Chapter 136 of the VIIth Book. When Sperthies and Bulis, Spartan heralds to Xerxes, king of Persia, "went up to Susa, and were come into the king's presence, in the first place, when the guards commanded and endeavoured to compel them *to prostrate themselves and worship the king*, they said, they would by no means do so, although they were thrust by them on their heads." (Cary's Translation). The words in italics are in the original—*proskuneein basilea prospiptontas*, that is, *to worship the king by falling down on the ground*: *proskuneó* is thus explained by *prospiptó*, *piptó* being akin to the Sanskrit *pat* reduplicated. But why need we go to Herodotus for the meaning of the word? Our Evangelist is his own best interpreter. In the 11th verse of this very Chapter we are told that the Magi "*pesontes prosekunésan autó*," showing that *proskunésis* is performed by *ptósis* or *falling down*. We may therefore safely understand the Greek word in question to mean *making*

*obeisance by prostration.* Let us now see how it is rendered in the Bengali Testament. Dr. Carey renders it পূজা (*to worship as a god,*) which conveys the idea of adoration accompanied with external rites and ceremonies of a religious character. Dr. Yates' rendering প্রণাম (*saluting by bending the head*) is certainly better though the word does not, at present, convey the idea of prostration. Dr. Wenger has changed the প্রণাম of Dr. Yates into ভজন (*prayer*). This change is decidedly for the worse; for *pranama* is salutation or adoration performed by the joining of the hands and the bending of the head; whereas *bhajana* is a purely religious act, the chief elements of which are meditation and prayer. Mr. Bomwetsch renders it into দণ্ডবৎ (*to salute by prostration*) which, in our opinion, is exceedingly felicitous. The word *dandbat* means literally *like a stick* cast on the ground; hence it means to salute or make obeisance like a stick lying on the ground. There is no other word in the Bengali language to express the same idea.

The অসিরাহি (the rendering of the Greek *élthonen*) of Dr. Carey and Mr. Bomwetsch is preferable to the আইলাম of Drs. Yates and Wenger.

3. The word *etarachthé* is translated চমকিয়া উঠিল (*startled*) by Mr. Bomwetsch. This rendering is not so happy as that of Drs. Carey, Yates and Wenger, who all make it উদ্ভিন্ন হইল, *were troubled in mind.* The Greek word here used is a passive form of the verb *tarassó*, the meaning of which is to *stir up* sand or mud or earth; hence to *stir up* trouble, to *vex*, to *frighten*. But is not the Greek *tarassó* the same as the Sanskrit ভ্রাস (*tras* to *tremble, to frighten.*) Objects of fear being common in the infancy of nations as in the infancy of individuals, might not *tarassó* or *tras*, have been used as a household word in the primeval Aryan home in Central Asia? And we have substantially the same word in the Latin *terreo*, the Swedish *dara*, and the Bengali *dar*. It is singular that in colloquial Bengali the Sanskrit *tras* is, by almost every uneducated Bengali, mispronounced ভরাস (*tarás*) which is exactly the Greek word without the final vowel. That the primary meaning of the Greek word is to *stir up* and only its second-

ary meaning is to *frighten*, is no objection to the view we are advocating, since it has often happened in the history of words that the primary meaning of a word in the original Aryan home has become the secondary meaning of the same word in the new home of a tribe after its detachment from the parent stock.

If there be any force in these remarks, may we not appropriately render the passive form of *tarassó* used by the Evangelist into the Bengali ত্রাসিত, *trassita*, that is, *terrified*? In such renderings we have a happy re-union, so to speak, of words which had been estranged from each other by a separation of about three thousand years.\*

4. The word *grammateis* (scribes) is the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew *sopherim*, the root of which latter word is *sáphar*, which variously means to write, to arrange, to count. The *sopherim* were persons who wrote out the law, and who were also the "custodians and interpreters of the writings upon which the polity of the Hebrew nation rested." The word *grammateis* is an excellent Greek equivalent for *sopherim*, so is the English word *scribes* in the authorized English version. What is its Bengali equivalent? Dr. Carey has অধ্যাপক (*adhyapaka*), which means professor, or teacher; Dr. Yates has also the same word. But this word has too wide a signification; it may mean teacher of grammar, logic, rhetoric, or of any thing else; it is not therefore the proper equivalent of the Hebrew or Greek word. Dr. Wenger has শাস্ত্রাধ্যাপক (teacher of the Scriptures.) This is certainly better than the other; but then it is to be remembered that all the scribes were not teachers. The most eminent of them no doubt taught; but there were some who merely copied the holy writings. I think, therefore, that Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering into শাস্ত্রী (*sastri*) is the best; since a *sastri* is simply one versed in the Scriptures, who may be a teacher, but not necessarily one.

This verse stands thus in the authorized English version—"And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together &c." Mr. Bomwetsch translates it thus—

---

\* After I had written the above, I found that Benfey in his *Sanskrit-English Dictionary* gives the Greek word *tarassó* as cognate with the Sanskrit *tras*.

"And when he had gathered together the people's chief priests and scribes, &c." The question is, are the words *tou laou* (of the people) to be construed with both "chief priests" and "scribes," or only with "scribes?" I think every reader of the Greek Testament must feel from the very construction of the sentence that *tou laou* is to be construed only with "scribes." But we are not left merely to conjecture. It so happens that the phrase "scribes of the people" is not to be found anywhere else in the New Testament, it being what is called by critics *hapax legomenon*, that is, a phrase or word only once used in the New Testament. But we have the same phrase in an apocryphal book—1st Maccabees Chap. V. 42, which runs thus, "Now when Judas came near the torrent of water, he set the *scribes of the people* by the torrent." This, I think, settles the point that *tou laou* is to be construed only with the word "scribes," especially since the phrase "chief priests of the people" is not to be found in the Scriptures.

5, 6. In the 5th verse Dr. Wenger has interpolated নগরে (in the city of) after "Bethlehem," and in the 6th verse has interpolated লোকদিগকে (the people) after "Israel," translating *laos* into প্রজা (subjects). The words *tou laou mou ton Israël* (my people Israel, A. V.\*) are rendered by Mr. Bomwetsch into—"my people Israel," and by Dr. Wenger into—"my subjects the people of Israel."

7. On the words, *ton chronon tou phainomenou asteros*, Dean Alford remarks—"Literally, 'the time of the star which was appearing :' *phainomenou* being the participial present, referred back to the time when they saw the star. The position of *phainomenou* between the article and its substantive forbids such renderings as 'the time when the star appeared.' " Agreeably to this criticism Dr. Wenger gives the correct translation thus—"how long the star has been appearing." Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering is the same as that of the A. V.

8. The adverb *akribós* (rendered 'diligently' in the A. V.) means *strictly, exactly, to a nicety*. Drs. Carey and Yates both

---

\* The Authorized English version of the Bible we shall always call in these notes, A. V.

render the word into যত্নপূর্বক (*with diligence*) ; Dr. Wenger into সবিশেষে (*particularly*) ; and Mr. Bomwetsch into তন্নং করিয়া, (*part by part.*) In my humble opinion, the rendering of Mr. Bomwetsch is the least happy. The word তন্ন is composed of the Sanskrit *tad*+*na*, literally ‘*that not*,’ or rather ‘*not that*’: not that, but this. তন্নং করিয়া is, properly speaking, the investigation of a thing which consists of many parts, and as each part is unfolded to you, and you do not find what you require, you say—‘not that,’ ‘not that ;’ till at last when the thing you are in search of is laid open before you, you exclaim—‘yes, that is it.’ Now, as I do not suppose that Herod meant the Magi either to enter into every house in Bethlehem and examine every child in it, or to collect together in one place all the children in Bethlehem and examine them one by one, limb by limb, in order to find out by some outward marks the newly born king of the Jews,—as I do not suppose Herod meant this, I do not think that Mr. Bomwetsch’s rendering is correct. চিক্ করিয়া, *to a nicety*, would, perhaps, be a better rendering than the renderings given above.

9. The words *kai idou* are literally translated by Dr. Wenger into আর দেখ; but Mr. Bomwetsch, taking the sense of the words, renders them into কি আশ্চর্য ! *what a wonder* ! I think the freedom which Mr. Bomwetsch has here taken with the text is allowable, as it clearly and forcibly expresses the meaning of the original.

I think Dr. Wenger uses a wrong tense here. Instead of saying the star stood over where the child *was*, he says it stood over where the child *is*. আছেন should be ছিলেন, as in Mr. Bomwetsch’s version.

10. The Evangelist, in order to express the Magi’s exuberance of joy on seeing the star again, heaps words upon words. Dr. Wenger’s rendering of those words—‘*they rejoiced with a great joy*’—though literal, is hardly good Bengali. Mr. Bomwetsch renders them thus—“no bounds remained to their joy,” which rendering, though not literal, has the double advantage of giving the exact sense, and also of being good and idiomatic Bengali.

11. The Evangelist says the Magi found the child *meta Marias (with Mary)*; Mr. Bomwetsch translates the words 'in the lap of Mary.' I hardly think such freedom is justifiable. Dr. Wenger translates the words literally.

The words *pesontes prosekunésan autó* are admirably translated by Mr. Bomwetsch thus—ভূমিষ্ঠ হইয়া দণ্ডবৎ করিলেন, *falling to the ground they made obeisance to him*. The two chief words are well chosen, as they are in daily use amongst us. In Bengali we do not say দণ্ডবৎ হই but দণ্ড করি; Dr. Wenger therefore uses an expression (দণ্ডবৎ হইয়া) which no Bengali ever uses: he evidently means ভূমিষ্ঠ হইয়া, the very word into which Mr. Bomwetsch has rendered the Greek *pesontes*.

Mr. Bomwetsch renders *thésaurous* into 'treasures' as in the A. V., but though the Greek word sometime means treasures, it more properly means receptacles or caskets of treasures, being derived from *tithêmi*, to place or put in. And here I think it means a receptacle, whatever it was; for the Evangelist says, *anoizantes tou thésaurous autón*, opening their *thésaurous*. The verb *anoigó* does not mean to bring out, or produce, but to open, as you open a closed door or a closed box. Dr. Wenger more correctly translates *thésauros* into ধনকোষ or *treasure-chest*. But this conveys a wrong idea, for it makes the reader think that the Magi, in addition to the usual traps of travellers, carried with them also caskets of jewels; which I do not think was the case. All that the Evangelist means, I think, is that the Magi opened their chests, or boxes, or portmanteus, or leather-bags, or bales, or whatever receptacles they had for their luggage. The Greek word sometimes means only stores; the word may therefore be understood here in the sense of the word *luggage*. Dr. Carey used the phrase অর্থের মোট, the *luggage of riches*, which gives an extravagant idea of the wealth of the Magi. I would render the word simply into মোট, *luggage*, or সিন্দূক, chest.

12. Dr. Wenger renders *chrématisthentes mé anakampsai* into 'forbidden to return.' This is not so literal and elegant as the rendering of Mr. Bomwetsch which is 'advised not to return.' The use of the word প্রত্যাদেশ by Mr. Bomwetsch is particularly

happy, as it is used in the sacred writings of the Hindus for a message or order by a god to his devotee.

Dr. Wenger has in this verse interpolated 'by God' within brackets, following the A. V.

13. The word *aggelos* (*angel*) has not the article *ho* prefixed, and yet there is a difference in the renderings of Dr. Wenger and Mr. Bomwetsch. The former has প্রভুর দূত (*the Lord's angel*) and the latter has প্রভুর এক দূত (*an angel of the Lord.*) One might fancy that the words adopted by Dr. Wenger meant a particular angel of the Lord, or that the Lord employs only one angel in His service. But they do not bear that meaning. When we speak of *Raj-duta* (king's messenger) we do not mean a particular messenger of the king or that the king kept only one messenger. The এক, therefore, of Mr. Bomwetsch is quite unnecessary.

I may remark here that one great merit of Mr. Bomwetsch's version is that its Bengali is colloquial for the most part, and therefore intelligible to even the most illiterate, whereas Dr. Wenger's Bengali is somewhat high and Sanskritized. Take for instance the verse we are now looking at, namely, the 13th verse. *First*, for Dr. Wenger's স্বপ্নবোধে, Mr. Bomwetsch has simply স্বপ্নে; *secondly*, for Dr. Wenger's দর্শন দিয়া, Mr. Bomwetsch has দেখা দিয়া; *thirdly*, for Dr. Wenger's Sanskrit particles যাবৎ and তাবৎ (which few raiyats understand) Mr. Bomwetsch has যত দিন, which every peasant understands; *fourthly*, for Dr. Wenger's নষ্ট করণার্থে, Mr. Bomwetsch has নষ্ট করিবার জন্য.

14. The word *anechôrêse* is rendered into প্রহান করিল by Dr. Wenger, and into চলিয়া গেলেন by Mr. Bomwetsch. Though the latter phrase is more colloquial than the former, it is somewhat ambiguous; for it may mean that Joseph and Mary *walked on foot* from Judea to Egypt. Dr. Wenger's rendering is, therefore, in my opinion, better.

15. Why has Mr. Bomwetsch unnecessarily repeated the particles যে পর্যন্ত, সে পর্যন্ত? Dr. Wenger's rendering into যত পর্যন্ত is better and literal. But in this verse Mr. Bomwetsch has hit upon a particularly happy word for the *to rêthen* of the pro-



phet. Dr. Wenger uses the word বাক্য, and Mr. Bomwetsch বাণী. The former word means simply a *word*, whether proceeding from human or divine lips; but the latter word is always used for a divine message, or for a word uttered from the skies.

What is the meaning of the words, "Out of Egypt have I called my son?" Do they not mean this?—that the son was in Egypt and that the speaker called away his son from Egypt to some other country. If this be the meaning, then Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering is more correct than that of Dr. Wenger. Dr. Wenger's rendering is somewhat ambiguous. It may mean that the speaker was in Egypt, and that he from that country called out to his son who was in another country; and it may also mean that the son was in Egypt and the speaker somewhere else, and from that somewhere else he called out to his son in Egypt, but it is not known whether the son heard the speaker or not. Dr. Wenger renders *ekalesa* into ডাকিয়ান which means *call out*, and Mr. Bomwetsch into ডাকিয়া অনিয়ান which means *call away*.

আপন পুত্র, the phrase used by Dr. Wenger, usually means *one's own son*; and আমার পুত্র, the phrase used by Mr. Bomwetsch, means *my son*. The Greek text has simply *my son*.

16. In this verse the Greek word *enpachthe* is rendered into অবহেলিত (*despised*) by Dr. Carey, into বঞ্চিত (*deceived*) by Drs. Yates and Wenger, and into ঠকান (*cheated*) by Mr. Bomwetsch. As the word in question is derived from *paizô* to play upon as a boy, and means *being deceived*, the rendering of Dr. Carey is inadmissible. The other renderings are all correct, only Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering is most intelligible to the mass of the people.

But sometimes, I fear, Mr. Bomwetsch in his praiseworthy attempt to render the Bible intelligible to the mass of the people, falls into the mistake of using a colloquial provincialism. In the A. V., *hupo tois magou* is translated *of the wise men*, where *of* means *by* in modern English. Now, this *hupo* or *by* is rendered into ঠাই by Mr. Bomwetsch. ঠাই as a substantive means *space*, or *place*; as an adverb it means *near*; and as a preposition it means *with*. I venture to think that ঠাই never expresses *causality*,

it being a preposition of *place* and confined to place only. Mr. Bomwetsch may, to defend his use of the term, bring the familiar example আমি তাহার ঠাই পাইলাম, *I got it from him*, where ঠাই is translated *from*. But *from* (as used in the above sentence) does not mean *source* or *agency*, it means only contiguity of place. *I got it from him*, that is to say, *from near him*, or from his person. Besides, I don't think it is necessary to use such vulgar terms as ঠাই in the Bengali Bible. The কৰ্ত্ত্বক of Drs. Carey and Wenger is certainly Sanskritised; but the হইতে of Dr. Yates is as intolligible as the ঠাই of Mr. Bomwetsch, and vastly more genteel. Although we should endeavour to make the Scriptures intelligible to the million, and therefore use common words, yet there is a limit to this vulgarization. There is an inherent dignity, an inborn grace, an innate majesty, in the word of God, which we must take care not to diminish or degrade by extreme vulgarization.

The adverb *lian* (very greatly) simply means অত্যন্ত, that is, *overmuch*; but Mr. Bomwetsch unnecessarily renders it into যার পর নাই, *beyond which none is*. He also departs from the letter of the text when he renders *which he had diligently enquired of the wise men into which he had been made acquainted with from the mouth of the wise men*. I think, however, Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering of *pais* into পুত্র সন্তান (*male child*) is better than the *young boys* of Dr. Carey, the *infants* (which term includes girls as well as boys) of Dr. Yates, or the *infant-boys* (a self-inconsistent term) of Dr. Wenger.

17. The word *epléróthé* is well translated সিদ্ধ হইল by Mr. Bomwetsch. Dr. Wenger's সফল করা গেল is not Bengali.

18. The quotation from the prophet Jeremiah is very spiritedly rendered by Mr. Bomwetsch. Dr. Wenger's অধুনা হাহাকার (a sufficient quantity of screeching), is not Bengali.

23. অক্ষয় is a better and closer rendering by Mr. Bomwetsch of *meros* than the প্রদেব of Dr. Wenger. Mr. Bomwetsch has also with much felicity rendered *elthón* into গিরি, which appears untranslated in Dr. Wenger's version. *He shall be called a Nazarene* is translated by Dr. Wenger, *he will be celebrated as*

*being Nazarene.* Mr. Bomwetsch's rendering, though the person of the verb is changed, into *they will call him Nazarene*, is truer and more faithful.

## GRAND FATHER CHHAKESSAR

OR

### THE SENTIMENTS OF A KOOLIN BRAHMIN OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

[*Grand Father Chhakessar* was under a cloud for a while, the why and wherefore deponent sayeth not.]

PARAM! Thou art the veriest *quod erat demonstrandum* of the knotty domestic theorem so practically enunciated by the well known jester in the court of Nadia. *Hoon!* milk! *Hoon!* sugar! *Hoon!* milk and sugar in the same cup! *Hoon!* milk and sugar in the same cup separate! Woe unto Paterfamilias. The aggregate of all the Egyptian plagues is ten thousand times more welcome than the plague of infantine *Hoons*. Frogs and locusts are but holiday companions compared with that nasal twang which blisters without blasts, and prostrates without pustules. Well, supposing to humour the imp, you could, by some sort of hocuspocus, succeed in divorcing the soluble and the solvent at such tantalizing proximity. What then? Who knows that another infinite series of *Hoons* will not crop out demanding a feat still more unphilosophical? Lo! the Hooghli is on fire already. BHANU has screwed up her handsome face into a hideous photo to topsy turvy the whole establishment, and to drive the dry nurse into hysteric fits. The urchin will have a monopoly of full-moon rays always to illuminate her toy gallery, where waxen heroes and waxen heroines would live and move, would eat and drink, would marry and give in marriage, with the full complement of quadrille, and polka, of waltz and cotillon, sweeping the Copernican crescents and quadratures, oppositions and conjunctions, clear off the calendar! coaxing, instead of mending matters, serves but to expedite the explosion. The

barely audible *Hoon* culminates to a frightful yell. Better dwell in the midst of alarms, better fly to the summit of the Cotopaxi at once, than live in the vicinity of this thoracic crater, whose horrid eruptions would disturb the rest of the slumberers in the Stygian pool. As for chastisement, why it is simply out of the question. With dishevelled hair, and ill-adjusted garments MADAM flies to the rescue, and, after pouring out the prescribed dose of vituperation, expressed or understood, liesurely composes herself into a huff on the other side of the fiddlestick. You may sneeze yourself to the death, there is no "God bless you my child" in reserve for you for a full fortnight to come! The servants, as a matter of course, take up the cue, and migrate bodily to the next door neighbour's, proclaiming holidays neither asked nor granted, with the explicit understanding amongst themselves, to perform the minimum quantity of work with the maximum quantity of growl, when summoned from the congenial retreat for anatomical dissections of the character of their employer he or she, as the case may be. Crack, crack goes the crockery, cats and rats take over charge of the pantry, and the laundry, ever rickety under a notorious hussy, colapses in toto. Regularity, punctuality, and all cognate *ities* are forthwith expunged from the household vocabulary. Breakfast is served up in the time of lunch, lunch is announced in the time of dinner, and, as for dinner, it is neither here, nor there, nor at the bottom of the Yangtsekiang!

Does the gas light offend thee? Yes; it may. Like the most garrulous of all garrulous gossips, it bruits abroad thy precious secret "that thou art fallen." A single false step, and straight art thou towed to the stretcher an advertized "Incapable"! Verily, verily, this charge of incapability is the most frivolous of advertized charges in vogue about runaway wives and mendacious husbands. Incapable indeed! Behold at the top of the lane the Bahadoor pantomimes, lectures on Galiloe's laws of Isochronism with greater efficiency than do the dunder pates of the Presidency College, and yet all the while urges his boon companion for "one drop more," which being interpreted in the language of fashionable "weights and measures," is exactly

one-fourth of a gallon! Is he incapable? No. To parody a stanza of *Valmiki* :—

If holy Hooghly were a pewter bowl,  
 Its lurid brim could charm the human soul,  
 Like treacled nectar which fools grog do call,  
 In single draft the Saint could drain it all.

Shame, crying shame, to the heartless gang of detectives professional and non-professional, who dog the heels of a joyous youth engaged in games of "Fall and Rise," as harmless as those of "Hide and Seek," barring a few paltry bruises, which, so far from damaging the reputation of the hero, serve, like scars in battle-fields, but to strengthen his claims to distinction. Who transgresses more against the canons of decency? The unsuspecting young damsel who cools her limbs in the sequestered brook, unincumbered by any cotton, silken or woollen stuff, or the impudent eves-dropper behind the bush, chuckling with delight over the contour of the beauty most adorned when unadorned the most? Was Noah responsible for the Shindy kicked up by the babbling "servant of servants"? The disgrace, says the adage, rests not with the beheld, but with the beholder—not with the jested, but with the jester. Such beatification must be approached like Shem and Japheth with "faces backward," or else the spell is broken, the sanctity is profaned. Cursed be the impious intruder who sees and tells his "brethren without," and cursed be those who aid and abet the intrusion by a blasphemous mutilation of scripture texts. The night they abrogate by a mischievous prostitution of science, and inaugurate an intolerable day all the year round! The long days of Lapland are compensated by duly proportioned nights, but here not a bit of night is to be had for love or money behind hedge or thicket to relieve the fair face of nature. "Eternal sunshine" is a bold hyperbole the realization of which can tend little to promote the ease and comfort of human beings. Our nerves cannot stand the strain for twice twentyfour hours. It is not only the physical frame of man that suffers from absence of night but his mental frame as well. The mind requires relaxation as well as the body. One

can no more always recollect than he can always walk. We must occasionally take leave of the stern realities of life, and, like the sage in the play, sink the cobbler into the nobleman. "Do I dream or did I dream till now?"

Night is the time for dreams,  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is and truth that seems  
Blend in fantastic strife.

Yes, the "Is" and the "Seems" must blend in fantastic strife to lend consolation to existence in this vale of tears. The geologist and the sportsman may bother their heads about land or no land, game or no game, but the general run of mankind must often dive in *ooloo* fields and bag imaginary moles. It is a matter of sheer necessity, and *necessitas non habet legem*. PARAM, thou hast graver reasons to dislike the present administration. Not content with depriving thee of darkness on which depends the due fulfilment of the various requirements of the sojourn, not content with letting loose a pack of hell hounds to harass thee and mar thy nocturnal recreations, they must needs forcibly dispossess thee of thy hermitage, leaving thee at the mercy of the inclement weathers and of men still more inclement than they. From Dan to Beersheeba there is nothing like an inch of Suez Canal in the route—not a pigeon hole of a gutter. It is overland all. All surface both sides of the street. A mathematical plain superficies from beginning to end! But the funniest part of the fun is, that for all these one thousand and one discomforts thou art charged galling percentages that pinch thee black and blue, and militate against a Catholic observance of thy Saturnalia. Tax is the rage of these rude islanders. Tax for night-soil, tax for cess-pool, tax for Lord knows what not. What is Hecuba to thee or thou to Hecuba? Art thou not sufficiently protected from cholera poison by the panacea in thy tumbler? As for the rest of the world thou mayest, like Mr. Burchell, cry, "Fudge," and sing to the tune of the old woman's address to her spinning jenny:—

The bottle is my wife and son,  
The bottle is my heir,

To bottle owe I all this fun,  
 At which the fools do stare.  
 Sing Toll de roll. &c.

Seriously speaking, what ails thee child ? Thou hast by hook or by crook managed to smuggle thyself into high offices, and to desecrate the shrines dedicated to BARLOWS, to BARWELLS, to PRINSEPS, to TORRENCES. I use the word desecrate advisedly. What a vile contrast between SIR HENRY COLEBROOK C. S. and BABOO BUKKESSUR BHUDDUR C. S. ! A Hyperion to a Satyr ! Will BABOO BUKKESSUR bandy Hindoo Lala with SIR HENRY ? Will he try a passage-at-arms in forensics with twenty tongued SIR WILLIAM JONES ? When the love sick youth asked PUNCH whether he should marry or not, the ready advice was "Don't". To Messrs Bukkessur & Co. who aspire to the bar my advice is precisely the same. The temperature of the High Court, even in the Darjeeling of the Library, is too hot for sapling growth. Much more so is the *Ezlash* itself with Cedars of Lebanon before, Cedars of Lebanon behind, Cedars of Lebanon all around, draining the soil of moisture with giant strength that leaves not a globule for indigenous tendrils. If the High Court is too dry, the other court is too humid. The Lincoln's Inn in the compound, where the limbs of law in august conclave meet to discuss the *pro* and *con* sides of the Malee's hubble-bubble, is not proof against the heavy showers eternally poured down by the thick clouds of kites and crows drenching the shawl Turbans, the solo exponents of their legal proficiency. Well, but BABOO BUKKESUR may shine in some other department—the Medical, for instance. Yes, he may, but for the same fatal equality-mania. From the moment he sports the M. D. his only endeavour is to juxtapose himself with the very pink of the English Universities. Dr. So and So charges rupees sixteen for a visit. He charges rupees sixteen also. This obliterates all distinctions. He is a SAHEB, every inch of him, save and except a slight weakness of mistaking the musquito-curtain for an over-all ? Ask the survivors in the Punjab, what a mesh a medico of BUKKESSUR type made of the brief authority. What Christian ruler will not after this hesitate to issue

diplomas to be converted into licences for playing at drakes and ducks with human life, and for trampling over the feelings of ladies and gentlemen on the most trying occasions? Law and medicine thus disposed of, what remains to compete for? I say BUKKESSUR, will you be installed Archbishop of Canterbury? I do not see any reason why you should not. Physically, intellectually, and morally you are quite as fit for the Bench or the Bar as for the Pulpit. Besides, you will have this advantage. Sermons, they say, are marketable commodities. Purchase one next Christmas. Stumble through it with the best grace you can, and retail it on Christmas following, if not for the edification, at least for the amusement of the congregation. Edification and amusement are all the same to you so long as neither interferes with thy pay, that summum bonum of existence.

The text is but the waxen comb

The pay is honey for a'that.

An equal division, and nothing but an equal division, of the high appointments in the realm will satisfy the requirements of the Proclamation! The loaves and fishes may blister and bite, but that is no concern of other people. It is true, it is pity, and pity it is, it is true, that there is but one Governor-Generalship in the country. But the difficulty may be easily bridged over by cooking up a Triumverate consisting of JOSEPH ORTON, SYED ABDULLAH and BABOO BUKKESSUR who will "jointly hold the supreme power," and "appoint to all offices," and, as ANTONY insisted on the proscription of CICERO, a BUKKESSUR will insist on the proscription of all Grand Fathers, poor CHHAKESSUR inclusive. Bah! PARAM, pardon me this levity. I meant to be serious, and seriously speaking, this indecent emphasis on undisguised bugbears can do thee no good. The so called vested rights of the children of the soil vanished when Lusmonia levanted from the land of almanacs. And you know, I know, and so knows every thoughtful man, that thy high education is mere moonshine. This truth, like most other truths, is unpalatable, but it is the whole truth and nothing but the truth notwithstanding. The *blacula* hammered down thy cranium while being goaded through



the University curricula have been completely displaced by thy Yellow Fever thirst. Two emotions of the mind, like two bodies in the material world, cannot exist at the same time at the same place. Desire for knowledge and desire for drink are things naturally incompatible.

BACCHUS and MINERVA have been at daggers drawn from time immemorial. As for future improvement, why it is simply impossible. Thou hast no time to look either to the right or the left. Thou must trudge blindfolded within the groove thou hast chisled out for thyself. The daily programme is in a nut shell. I will put it in a Tabular form with thy permission.

From 1 A. M. To 9 A. M.	From 9 A. M. To 4 P. M.	From 4 P. M. To 1 A. M.
Unconscious- ness.	Somnam- bulism.	Jim Jim Crow.

Who will gainsay the faithfulness of the picture? Now, with a head as empty as a vacuum, with a physique as tumble-down as Rajbullub's palace, and a Madras-famine of leisure hours, is it not high time that BABOO BUKKESUR reverted, Cincinnatus-like, to his pasturage to tend the drove of his ancestors? He has retained office too long. Long enough to teach the natives themselves "that no real justice is to be had in courts presided over by their countrymen." The authority just quoted thus lets the cat out of the bag as regards thy greed of office. "For what purpose does the reader imagine that the post of Municipal Commissioners is sought after in outlying localities where no Britisher except the Magistrate ever sets his foot. To beautify the village or improve its sanitary arrangements? Perish the thought!" It is, the writer plainly insinuates, with a view to secure cheap "attah and sugar that has not been sanded for the particular household that looks to him for bread." He continues:—"charity begins at home, and if a Municipal Commis-

sioner cannot take care of his own, of what earthly use is he?" A little fellow at my elbow whispers that the cap prepared for Municipal Commissioners in "outlying localities" will fit exactly some Commissioners in Presidency Towns. What truth there is in the surmise, PARAM, I leave thee to judge.

A shrewd observer of man and manners has remarked, that it is safe enough for any man to think as he likes, but by no means so safe to give expression to his thoughts. There is a Cyclopædia of wisdom in the saying which will readily commend itself to all understandings not hopelessly infected with the deadly malaria of pooh-poohing wholesome advice. Sir Stafford Northcote says that "the two prominent intellectual evils of the day are the tendency to excitement and growth of vanity." While fully endorsing the truth of the observation about these discordant elements inseparable from modern culture, I must confess that the astute statesman has overlooked another evil which ferments society still more painfully. Excitement, physical or mental, is not altogether without its advantages. What cyclones and tornados are to the atmosphere excitements are to the human constitution. However unwelcome for the time being, they serve in the long run to purge off accumulated sluggishness, and to restore the system to its wonted vigour. The vain man is almost harmless, at least as far as the outside world is concerned. Bloated with conceit the manic struts on the stage, "grace in his steps and heaven in his eyes." The full point of his ambition is to attract notice. The greater the number of gapers, the greater the gusto with which he enjoys his fancied greatness. Beyond this his sins of omission and commission do not extend. Not such the scribblers. Nursed in schools for scandal, our hope-fulls, from the Preparatory class downwards, must have a fling at the exiled Saxon, the head and front of whose offending is that, he means what he says, and he does what he purposes. There is no seeming with him, he knows no seems. He never learnt the art of hesitating dislike. If he dislikes a fellow he does so thoroughly, and gives the offender a taste of his mind then and there, instead of concocting cowardly machinations to

entrap him. Is every Englishman therefore to be held up as a demon resolved that to do aught good shall never be his task, but to do evil his sole delight? Are the founders of Asylums, Hospitals and Dispensaries to be daily branded by infants and adults as a parcel of arrant knaves ready at all times to cut the throat or pick the pocket of the mild Hindoo? The greatest blessing under the sun proves the greatest curse if indiscriminately bestowed or bestowed on undeserving objects. An unconditional liberty to the Native Press, that palladium of scurrility, is the greatest stain in the History of British India. Bedlamites, with whom liberty and impunity are convertible terms, are certainly no more competent to wield editorial thunderbolts than was the monkey in the fable to manage the shovel placed in his hands! Is there really a dearth of interesting subjects for fair discussion? Cannot merits of public men and measures be criticized without billingsgate personalities? Cannot a Magistrate be the guest of a Planter, or salute his sister without giving rise to broad hints about villainous motives? Cannot a coole die in a Factory of enlarged spleen without provoking a howl about rapine and oppression, outrage and violence, misrule and anarchy? Those who live in glass houses should not pelt stones. Men familiar with the annals of Jessore, Rajshaye and other districts need not cross the Atlantic for refined instances of eccentricities in high life. *Verbum sup.* But supposing John Bull is the veritable monster our Fuller-case mongers would represent him to be, what possible advantage can the would-be patriots promise to themselves by eternally buzzing the obnoxious tale into his ears whose spittle they must lick, or forego the pleasures of the demi-diluted luxury for which they can bear to live or dare to die. The battery of bad English is not likely to scare away imperturbable John from the land he holds by the most indisputable right of conquest, from a land in which he has numberless sacred missions yet to fulfill. The upshot of this senseless clamour is sure to be the renewal of the ancient legislation which allowed one man charged with the theft of a cow to go scot-free, and punished another, convicted of the same crime, by pouring molten lead into his ears.

A few grapeshots of red hot lead into the ears of the croakers will extinguish sedition, and the Englishman shall reign omnipotent according to

“ The good old rule—the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can.”

## THE RELIGION OF THE BRAHMO SAMAJ.

*By A Hindustani.*

Such is the title of a wellwritten, able, but decidedly onesided and misleading article, which appeared in the April number of the *Calcutta Review*, and which, but for unavoidable circumstances, we would have taken notice of when our notice would not have appeared stale. The article is a tissue of misrepresentation and exaggeration, and as almost every remark it embodies is eminently calculated to mislead, it ought by no means to be passed over unnoticed. It is in the first place an *anachronism*. It speaks of the Brahmo Samaj as a flourishing institution at a time when it is moribund, about to drop into the grave unwept and unsung. Brahmoism has become a thing of the past in the North West Provinces, and it is fast rushing into the limbo of forgetfulness in Calcutta, and other wellknown centres of its influence. As you, dear reader, pass through one of the few broad streets of Lucknow, you notice an unfinished structure crumbling into ruins, a small-sized hall without a roof, claimed by decay as its own even before it is completed. That building is the Brahmo Temple of Lucknow, and fit symbol of Brahmoism, which is emphatically an unfinished structure crumbling into ruins, a miserable hall giving unmistakable indications of greatness and decay, an empirical system rushing into premature death ere its devotion superstructure is completed. A discourse fitted to rekindle its dying embers of life, or one partaking of the character of a funeral sermon, and so embodying a posthumous review of the good things it has done before death would certainly be appropriate. But an elaborate

article, like the one under review, in which the moribund institution is spoken of as alive and likely to prove a formidable enemy to that "orthodoxy" against which the most determined and implacable hatred is in ten thousand different forms discharged, is certainly an anachronism, and likely to remind one of the ludicrous custom prevalent in some places, very likely fabled, where people weep when children are born and rejoice and laugh when they die. The article, however, may be regarded by those who ardently long to see every species of false religion and false philosophy hastening into destruction, as a good sign. It may be regarded as a token of life given before absolute death; and so it may be compared to the victories recently achieved by the Turks over their enemies on Turkish soil. These victories will only tend to complete the work of destruction Russia is pushing forward, or will do fully what but for them might have been left half done. And so this article,—a sign of life given before death—will in consequence of the law of reaction hasten on the rapid dissolution of a system, which even in its palmy days has existed more in paper than in reality! And if the writer's object, albeit disguised, is to ring its deathbell and read the funeral service over its ashes, he could not have selected a more auspicious time for the publication of his article.

The first portion of the article under review, in which the writer shows how Brahmoism has been evolved, is simply a tissue of unreality, a beautiful figment of the imagination prominently brought forward as a historical fact. The three sources of religious information, which the Brahmos are said to have utilized in rearing the doctrinal superstructure of their system, are the religious instinct irrepressible in man, the religious doctrines and precepts afloat in the world, and the writings of the great religious Teachers or Apostles whom God has from time to time raised up to ~~charm~~ mankind into the paths of piety and godliness. That there is such a thing as religious instinct in man no one in his senses can deny. Call it by whatever name you please, conscience, moral sense, inner consciousness, intuition or the essence of religion, there it is in man, developing itself in creeds

more or less authoritative, in forms of devotion more or less spiritual, in ritual observances more or less grotesque, and in acts of practical benevolence more or less well-conceived and well directed. Examine this instinct, analyze the moral consciousness of humanity, and you will be in a position to grasp certain principles, certain elementary truths of theology, which impart a sort of family likeness to the multitudinous and jarring religions of the world. Now, these essential principles have been elaborated into a creed and sublimated into a pure type of spiritual worship by our Brahmo countrymen with such adventitious help as they could have secured from prevalent systems of faith and current forms of devotions. The moral consciousness of man then is the first of the sources of religious information which have been utilized in what may be called the evolution of the Brahmo creed and the development of the Brahmo ritual. But if the Brahmo had been unwise and proud, he would have depended solely and wholly on this original fountain of religious knowledge, but in his search after truth he has given up pride, and been singularly modest and docile. He has been wise and charitable enough to recognize the fact, that there is some truth mixed up with each and every one of the innumerable and clashing systems of religion which have made the world a scene of disturbance, rather than one of peace and harmony. The religious instinct in man, the fundamental basis of all religion, has developed into the creeds and dogmas, doctrines and precepts which we find prevalent in different parts of the globe; and though these as a rule appear buried under heaps of error, there is not one of them wholly destitute of all tinge of truth. "How are all evil?"—asks the poet; no doctrine is all false—says the inspired Brahmo. He, therefore, sets himself to work, to separate the wheat from chaff in each and every one of the creeds or theological systems and forms of practical religious life passing singly or in troops before his penetrating eye. The truths he gathers in this process of laborious investigation are superadded to the original principles he finds engraved on the tablets of the human heart. But his work is not yet completed. The writings of the great sages

whom God has from time to time sent forth to enlighten the world and regenerate mankind have now to be examined ; and so the plodding Brahmo of universal genius, after having carefully examined current systems of faith and worship, after moreover having taken the trouble of separating the gold from the dross in each and every one of them, retires into the closet to study and master the writings of Buddha, Vyas, Confucius, Socrates, and innumerable other worthies, who have left their "foot prints on the sands" of mundane theology. But here again indiscriminate credulity must be cast aside, and a little sifting work done. The writings of these eminent sages present bright gems of truth buried under heaps of rubbish ; and the inspired Brahmo must separate truth from error. This is no easy task. All the sages of antiquity and modern times have demonstrably fallen into gross mistakes, inspired though they confessedly have been, but the creed of our Brahmo reformer must be free from them, and so he bestows upon the work of sifting the venerable documents before him an amount of critical acumen more than human. And in this way he brings out of the innumerable religious and philosophical books heaped up before him his third collection of truths disentangled from all kinds of error, and builds up what may be called the grand dome of his magnificent temple of doctrine and precept. May he now consider his Herculean labors terminated ? May he now retire into his bed chamber and for a little repose after such exhausting toil ? No. The Brahmo must steer clear of the rocks on which the crazy vessel of "orthodoxy" has been wrecked. The advocates of Christianity have widened the breach between science and religion by persistently and impetuously holding up a scheme of supernaturalism which is wholly unsuited to the genius of the age. This breach has to be healed ; and so our omniscient Brahmo reformer must, after having mastered the literature of the world, try to have its science also at his finger's end. He must ascertain and collect into a heap before him the stupendous results of modern science, and see what precious gems of religious truth can be evolved out of the mass. He must lay under contribution the varied types of materialism which

science is giving prominence to, and reconcile its God-denying and God-defying theories to his spiritual creed by an opportune discovery of common articles of faith. And now, when the colossal literature of the world has been examined and sifted, and its voluminous science has been forced to contribute its quota, his Herculean task is done; and you, gentle reader, see before you an infallible creed, consisting of the principles evolved out of a careful analysis of human consciousness, the truths separated from current systems of faith and worship, and those gleaned from the venerable writings of the illustrious sages whom God has from time to time raised up to enlighten and regenerate fallen man,—a creed in which the jarring interests of various religions are reconciled, and wayward science made to embrace and kiss religion! Need we wonder that our Brahmo reformer, while regarding every species of dogma preached outside the pale of his temple with an implacable antipathy, proclaims his system with an authority scarcely assumed by the Pope when he recently fulminated his minor and major excommunication against the ill-fated monarch of Italy!

We need not formally affirm that this account of the growth of Brahmo doctrine is a beautiful legend, for the elaboration of which we cannot be sufficiently thankful to those self-complacent and self-esteeming champions of free thought, whose opinions, now stale, have been reproduced by the writer of the article under review. All India knows that the Brahmo leaders have not taken even an infinitesimal portion of the trouble involved in the laborious and learned research he has indicated. They certainly have not taken the trouble of looking into and analysing the moral consciousness of man, of examining the multifarious types of doctrine and precept into which the religious instinct of humanity has developed with a view to disentangle the truths mixed up with them, and of ransacking the sacred writings of those illustrious sages whom God has from time to time sent forth to enlighten and regenerate the world with the avowed object of separating what is true from what is false within their precincts. There is not one among them fitted by natural talent or acquired



knowledge for an investigation which, like this, can not be successfully carried on without culture of the broadest type, scholarship of the largest breadth, and discriminating faculties of the highest order. The question may be fairly raised, whether their European and American teachers are competent to evolve a beautiful and symmetrical system of doctrine out of the farrago of human creeds in this manner indicated; but it may be assumed that the Apostles of Theism, from whose writings they have derived all that they parade as characteristic of their religion, have taken the trouble of exercising their brains, to some extent at least, in building up their creed. Our Brahmo friends, however, have pursued a far simpler course. They have simply borrowed a creed already elaborated from the works of their European and American masters. adopted a number of opinions formed possibly after some reading and thought by others, and palmed them off or paraded them as their "intuitions." An account representing them as engaged in laborious and learned investigations for the purpose of evolving a system of doctrine out of the jarring religions of the world may gull the public mind in England; but in India, where our Brahmo friends are known together with the ludicrous thoughtlessness with which they have been and are building up their notoriously fluctuating creed, it is sure to be passed over as a hoax or a disguised satire. Brahmoism is nothing more or less than a glaring plagiarism!

The writer in the *Review* has fallen into the mistake of representing the supposed devotional enthusiasm of the Brahmos as a feature indicative of the exuberant vitality of their creed. If the Brahmos in their devotional meetings did evince the earnestness which is ascribed to them, if these meetings were in reality seasons of intense religious fervour, the fact would by no means be an indubitable proof either of the elasticity or of the truth of their system. The highest degree of devotional fervour or enthusiasm has been realized in the religious meetings of sects at whose theological views, not merely the Brahmos, but sensible men of some education shake their heads or smile. The religious meetings of the *Vaishnavas* of Bengal may, in the varied features of such

enthusiasm, in fervid joy, jubilant song and impassioned oratory, bear comparison with the grandest of the revival meetings occasionally held in Christendom. Nay, the Brahmo devotional fervour is but a feeble imitation of what is often witnessed in the religious meetings of the Vaishnavas. The Brahmos are imitators of the first water. They have borrowed the types of doctrine elaborated by their European masters wholesale, that is phraseology and all; and they have borrowed some forms of devotion from the Vaishnavas wholesale, that is nomenclature and all. Their *Sankirtan* is a feeble imitation of the Vaisnavas *Sankirtan*, and their *mahotsabs* are but miserable apologies for those of their Vaishnava teachers. In devotional enthusiasm the Vaishnavas are decidedly ahead of the Brahmos; and yet their creed is universally looked upon as destitute of such elasticity as may ensure its stability and permanence, Vaishnavism is on the decline, and the religious fervour associated with it is no proof either of its truth or of its vitality. And if Brahmoism had really displayed the glowing spirit of devotion attributed to it, the fact would not, and could not possibly have been construed into an indication of genuine vitality. But the devotional enthusiasm of the Brahmos is a dream! The most noticeable feature of Brahmoism is its lack of real earnestness. It is emphatically a sham, a humbug in the worst sense of the term. It has no existence except in a few smooth professions, fair speeches, fine articles, attractive pamphlets and ostentatious but lifeless forms. It has led to no act of self-denial or self-sacrifice worth recording, has nothing but the miserable spectacle of men full of worldly thoughts and worldly views occasionally meeting to go through the farce of a religious service to present. It is a make-shift to avoid seriousness of thought and solemnity of feeling, a handy invention\* to be readily utilized by persons living without religion when called upon to think of the interests of their everlasting souls. Its vitality may be indicated in one simple sentence—eat, drink and be merry, but when religious people attempt to draw your thoughts towards God, say—we are Brahmos!

Again, the writer in the *Review* has been led by his vein of panegyric to exaggerate the practical philanthropy associated with Brahmoism. The Brahmos, though profoundly versed in the sacred literature of the world,—though seated with the balance of criticism in their hands amid the jarring claims of its multitudinous creeds and dogmas—have not wasted their energy in discussions and controversies. They have on the contrary exhibited their love to God and men in acts of public beneficence, even while they have been unavoidably engaged in theological investigations of the most learned stamp. They have beautifully combined the energy of an active with the quietude of a contemplative life; and the acts of philanthropy by means of which they have been mitigating the sorrows of the world and ameliorating the condition of its races, languages and tongues, can not but extort praise even where their doctrines are held at a discount. India is scarcely in a position to measure the height and depth, the length and breadth of that singular philanthropy of which it has been the favored scene ever since the auspicious day which witnessed the birth of Progressive Brahmoism. She may enumerate the Colleges organized, the schools established, the hospitals reared, the caravanserais erected, and the granaries opened for the poor and starving by Brahmo generosity. But how can she possibly form an adequate idea of the number of homes brightened, the diseased bodies ministered to, the dark minds illuminated, and the sorrowful hearts cheered by that gigantic scheme of philanthropic visitation which Brahmoism has initiated and carried out! People who talk glibly of Brahmo works of charity are either deceivers or dupes. The philanthropy of the Brahmo Samaj is, like its ostentatious devotion, a myth—it exists in paper but has no foundation in truth. If Brahmoism were really enlivened and animated by that spirit of broad philanthropy which the writer ascribes to it, the fact could not possibly be construed into an unmistakable symptom of its truth or vitality. Great as the philanthropy of the Brahmos is represented to be, it is admitted on all hands that it can bear no comparison with that which may justly be ascribed to the Comtists of Europe. But who will look upon

this admitted feature of Comtism as an unmistakable sign of its truth and vitality? But the philanthropy attributed to Brahmoism exists, like the system itself, in a few newspaper articles and platform orations. The little attempted by its champions in the name of philanthropy does not deserve a formal mention, and bears no comparison with the immense deal of tall talk under which it lies regularly buried.

It is desirable to point out one of the many circumstances to which Brahmoism is indebted for the celebrity which it has, in spite of its inherent worthlessness, attained. The Brahmos are adepts in or masters of one science. They know nothing whatever of that science of religion in which they are represented as deeply versed, nothing of that magnificent range of science which they are described as trying to reconcile with the principles of true religion by an opportune discovery of a common ground unknown as well to the blind votaries of orthodoxy as to the rational worshippers of progressive thought. But they have studied and mastered the modern science of puffing; and as braggarts and hawkers they have distanced the most notorious and expert humbugs of the age. They have beaten Professor Holloway hollow. Their reports are marvels of inaccuracy, exaggeration and bombast. If half a dozen young men of little or no education meet in a particular place to go through the nummery of Brahmo-worship, their union is forthwith proclaimed as the organisation of a grand Brahmo Church destined at no distant period to bring an entire province of Her Majesty's Indian Empire under its hallowed sway. If a couple of young men are indoctrinated in the principles or rather no principles of Brahmoism under a dilapidated thatch, the world is immediately informed, through the instrumentality of a blazing newspaper article, that a grand Brahmo College has been organized destined under "inspired" Professors to revolutionize the current systems of education. If by means of good singing the Brahmos succeed in making an imaginative, impressible young man to shed a few drops of tears, a Brahmo revival, grander than any witnessed by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Europe or America, is trumpeted

through the columns of their own organ. If a Brahmo delivers a speech bristling with platitudes and commonplaces on Female Education, or walks a little distance with an upholder of the same, Brahmoism is ostentatiously invested with the glory of having communicated a miraculous impetus to the cause every sensible man has at heart. If a memorial has been presented by them praying for the suppression of a standing pernicious custom, their marvellous work of social reorganization is regularly proclaimed from the house tops. What wonder if people ignorant of their tactics are at times betrayed into a sincere belief in their vaunted philanthropy? It is also to be noted that their puffing is supplemented by that of their European and American masters. These gentlemen are somewhat in the predicament of ship-wrecked mariners looking for planks to save themselves from being drowned. Their credit in their own country is gone, their theological sentiments are held in contempt, and their following is gradually dwindling into insignificance. In the midst of the general contempt poured upon their religious stand-point, it cannot but sooth their wounded vanity to think of the superstitious veneration paid to them in a distant land by persons who have the reputation of being intelligent and educated men. Though neglected and despised at home, they have worshippers abroad; and this flattering belief leads them to add their puffing to that of their votaries. And between the patronizing puffing of foreign theists and the self-preserving puffing of the Brahmos themselves, it is no wonder that they have succeeded in making a great deal of noise. But now the public mind here and elsewhere is being disabused; and cartloads of articles like the one under review cannot prevent sensible men from regarding the system as a gigantic sham.

The writer makes a facetious remark on Mr. Dyson's pamphlets on "*Brahmic Intuitions*." They are in his opinion models of able writing and faultless logic, but the intuitions they so successfully overturn are *not* "*Brahmic Intuitions*." This is about the only correct statement noticeable in an article full to overflowing of misrepresentation and exaggeration. The intuitions criticized

in Mr. Dyson's pamphlets are not *now* what they were when they were written and published. The Brahmic Intuitions are somewhat like the Masonic or Good Templar pass-words which are altered several times in the course of a twelvemonth. A person is very anxious to ascertain what these pass-words are, and he sets a process of investigation agoing ; but when after some time and toil he lays hold, as it were, on them, he is told that they have been cast overboard, and others have been substituted for them. This is precisely the case with Brahmic intuitions. A person is anxious to ascertain what they are, and he sets a laborious process of investigation agoing. We say a *laborious* process of investigation, because Brahmo treatises, if the tiny pamphlets they issue deserve that name, disclose any thing and every thing but the principles of the faith they professedly uphold. The article we are reviewing is an example of the adroitness with which Brahmo pamphleteers and speechifiers avoid the dreaded task of specifying their doctrines. It says all about the Brahmos, dwells complacently on the various sources of religious information utilized by them, speaks in glowing terms of their devotional enthusiasm and "ethnic activity," makes "orthodoxy" the butt of many a sharp criticism ; but does not utter a single word to show what the religion of the Samaj is. And so the enquirer has to wade through cartloads of rhapsodies to ascertain what the boasted intuitions of the Brahmos are ; and when after much unamazing he lays hold on them, he is informed that they have been cast overboard, and others have been substituted for them ! And consequently Mr. Dyson's labor has been in one sense wasted, inasmuch as the intuitions he points out as Brahmic have now been compelled to retire before others, which, as soon as they are exposed, will give place to others, and so on till the death of the subtle, changeable, Proteus-like creed associated with the Samaj. Are there after all *no* sincere Brahmos ? There are a few whose number may be counted on the fingers ; and their spiritual condition no Christian can contemplate without deep sorrow. They are types of restlessness, now betaking themselves to lifeless forms of worship to appease their consciences, then engaging

themselves in works of charity such as may enable them to flee from themselves, and anon seeking rest in the mortifications and penances of a life of ascetic self-denial ! But their efforts are vain. By the deeds of the Law there shall no flesh be justified. Would that we could impress upon their minds the sublime truth embodied in these words of the New Testament—Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us ! The present phase of Brahmoism is not without promise as regards those who are its few sincere votaries. A series of spiritual disappointments has driven them, as it were, to the self-imposed austerities of asceticism ; but those will leave them as restless as they were when they commenced their noble search after that peace and joy without which life is positively unendurable. May we not hope that they may swing from the restlessness of all forms of self-righteousness back to the complete self-abnegation needed to bring the sin-tossed soul into glorious rest in Christ Jesus ?

## A TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Jadunath Ganguly, at the time of which we speak, was about 40 years of age. Becoming a convert, when scarcely 18 years old, he had passed 22 years of consistent Christian life, during which he had undergone many and varied experiences which had increased his wisdom and circumspection to a remarkable extent.

When 22 years before he first took refuge in a European missionary's house for the purpose of openly professing the faith of Christ, his relatives and friends came in troops to persuade him to go back to them. And when they found that he was deaf to their repeated and earnest entreaties, they had recourse to force and stratagems. They tried to poison the missionary's mind against him by communicating to him false and scandalous reports regarding his character. They did not even hesitate to

hire a strumpet and send her to the missionary with a likely statement that she had been seduced and ruined and then deserted by the young candidate for baptism. The missionary, of course, did not believe her statements. But to confound her for her barefaced lies, he got before her some of the young converts along with Ganguly, and asked her to point which of the young men she meant had ruined her. But here she was nonplussed, for she had never seen Ganguly. In her shame and confusion she pointed out a wrong person, and was turned out of the missionary's house with the treatment she deserved. When Ganguly's friends failed in this, they hired an elderly prostitute to play the part of his mother, remaining in a closed *palki* outside the missionary's house, with the purpose of inveigling the young man outside the premises, and then to take him away forcibly. But the missionary had some experience of such tricks in the cases of some of his converts, and so was cautious and not to be easily deceived. The trick was easily found out by sending a convert, who when a Hindu used to visit Jadunath Ganguly at his house, and knew his mother, to see whether or not Ganguly's mother had really come.

Failing in all such attempts, the relatives waylaid him one Sunday, as he was going with the missionary to Church in a carriage, and succeeded in stopping the carriage and taking him away from it. He was then consigned to the company and keeping of a number of dissipated young people, who commenced trying their best to corrupt his morals, by taking him forcibly to places of ill fame, and making him a party, though a most reluctant one, in their sinful revels. But Ganguly's faith in Christianity was too sincere to allow him for a moment to take a willing part in their riotous feasts, or to be allured by the blandishments of shameless young women. So on the first opportunity he could lay hold of, he made his escape from his home which had become perfectly unbearable to him; and presenting himself before the missionary told him all he had to undergo. The missionary was sincerely glad to find that Christian truth had taken such a strong hold on the young man's



heart, as to bring him back safe and unscathed from the fiery ordeals he had undergone. This time Ganguly's friends made no attempts to prevent his becoming a Christian, and he was allowed peaceably to become a disciple of Christ.

When Ganguly became a convert he had two wives, the elder of whom was hardly 12 years old. A few years after, he tried to bring them to live with him, but neither of them could he get even to see. At last his first wife joined him. The second was never heard of more by him. But he was well satisfied to have one of his two wives. He soon taught her to read and write, and made her acquainted with the doctrines of his faith. And fifteen months after she had joined her husband, she received the rite of baptism from the hands of the European missionary. So Ganguly before he became a missionary to the heathen had to be one in his home. When the rural mission which was to be Ganguly's sphere of work was opened, he, being then about 30 years of age, was ordained and sent to take charge of it. And we have already seen how well he managed the affairs of the mission, and what success attended his labors.

The Revd. Mr. Ganguly did not content himself with merely doing what he was called on to do as a Christian missionary. But being a man of an enlightened mind and a benevolent heart, he was foremost to originate and perfect many good and charitable schemes for the welfare of the villages where he worked. He got up a charitable dispensary, and a hospital at his head quarters village, for the benefit of the poor sick people of those parts. He also got up a fund for the helpless blind, lame and otherwise disabled persons, inducing the well-to-do people of the quarter, as well as many of his friends residing elsewhere, to contribute to it by monthly subscriptions or occasional donations. He observed that in seasons of drought, the people of those parts suffered much from want of good drinking water. He therefore brought about the excavation or improvement of three or four good tanks in central spots for the benefit of the villages. And in his frequent visits to all classes of people, he had opportunities of instilling into their minds the principles of ordinary sanitary rules, which

it is desirable should actuate communal life : and he had often the satisfaction of seeing people act in accordance with his salutary counsels in such matters.

In his management of his own house and family, Mr. Ganguly was indeed an example to all around. He had been blessed with two boys and one girl. His was a happy, contented, and pious family. His wife and his children reflected his virtues with a steady lustre. Though necessarily straitened in pecuniary matters, he had the tact to make his limited means go a long way. And people with more abundant means could hardly vie with him in the number and amount of his charities and benefactions.

One evening while he was in his family circle with his friend Nandalal, who was still staying at his house, it struck him that as Nandalal would be soon going to live in his own house, which had been nicely put in order and comfortably furnished, he should try more actively to recover for him his wife. After the all-engrossing matter of Nandalal's property-suit had ended, Mr. Ganguly had advised him to write to his father-in-law to let him have his wife. And Nandalal had written several letters, but had not been favored with a line in reply to any of them. So in the evening in question Mr. Ganguly took the matter up again, and proposed that Nandalal and he should proceed to Nandalal's father-in-law's house, which was about 50 miles away. And no railway or even a good road was available. As it was the middle of winter, and the mission schools had just been closed for the long vacation, Mr. Ganguly proposed to walk the distance by short marches, which would afford them the means of visiting and stopping at many places and of preaching the word of God to the people there. Soon all the necessary arrangements for the journey were made. Mr. Ganguly had a small tent and it was put in order. And two day's after the proposal the journey commenced. While proceeding on their journey they found many opportunities of preaching the word in many a village. On the 10th day they reached the village which was their destination and encamped outside it. In the afternoon of the same day they went to Nandalal's father-in-law Rameshwar Mitter's house.

Rameshwar Mitter was a middle-aged man, and was looked up to by the villagers as the leading man of the place. This was chiefly owing to his being the Zemindar or rather the putnidar of the village. He was by no means ordinarily an ill-natured man, but he was a rigid and bigotted Hindu, and disliked the Christians, the more because his son-in-law had become a Christian. When Mr. Ganguly and Nandalal presented themselves before him, he had determined to treat them unkindly. He did not even offer them any seats. He knew very well why they had taken the trouble of coming so far, but without hearing them say anything he commenced blaming and upbraiding Nandalal for becoming an alien to all his relatives, and an outcast from Hindu society. Mr. Ganguly interposed and said that it was useless and unreasonable to express anger and displeasure against Nandalal, as every man was answerable to God and not to man for his faith. At this Rameshwar turned round on the missionary and said, "you were the root of all this mischief. If it were not for you, the foolish lad would never have thought of forsaking our religion, and of becoming an outcast from the Hindu community. Why have you come here? You cannot possibly expect that we Hindus can hold intercourse with you. It is sin in us even to see you. You better be off from my house, and from my village."

"You are at liberty," Ganguly replied, "to insult us and to be unkind to us, although we have not done anything to deserve such treatment from you. Nandalal has come to beg of you his wife. You give her up, and we won't trouble you with our presence."

"It is strange," Rameshwar said, "that you should come to me for Nandalal's wife when we are in mourning for her. Ten days ago she died of cholera. So there is no reason why you should loiter here."

This was a sudden and terrible blow to Nandalal, for he really loved his wife. With tears filling his eyes he asked the missionary to come away. But Mr. Ganguly was almost sure that Rameshwar Mitter's statement regarding the death of Nandalal's wife was false. For he knew several instances in which such

statements had been falsely made, and had it been true he would no doubt have heard something about it from the villagers who had assembled to see the tent pitched outside the village, and also to see what sort of beings Christians were. And so he said "I do not believe that Nandalal's wife is dead. I can mention several instances in which similar statements were made, and they afterwards proved to be false."

"You are," Rameshwar Mitter said, "a very strange person. Do you mean to say that I have invented the story of my child's death to deceive you? And why should I do so? Could I not have as well told you that it was my desire that Nandalal should have his wife? You can ask whether my statement regarding my daughter is true or not of the men and women who are here, I fancy, to see whether or not Christians are quadrumana."

After this appeal to the crowd of villagers who had assembled to see the fun, though what fun there was it was difficult to say, Mr. Ganguly thought it would be useless to get any correct information from any of the villagers, as the appeal was clearly intended to convey to the villagers the wish of their landlord that they should all support his statement. So he returned to his tent with Nandalal and tried to console him as well as he could under the circumstances. The next day he visited some of the neighbouring villages for the purpose of preaching the gospel, as well as to make secret enquiries regarding Nandalal's wife. But both his purposes were frustrated. None would hear the Gospel message. Old and young were ready to insult and abuse the Christians who failed to get a kind word from any one, although they meekly bore all taunts and insults even from the dregs of the people.

So Mr. Ganguly was obliged to depart from the place, but it was to go and present a petition to the district Magistrate to compel Rameshwar Mitter to produce Nandalal's wife in court. Going to the Magistrate's court they got several Moktars, though Hindus, to back them, of course for liberal fees paid to them, and a petition was drawn up and presented to the Magistrate. The Magistrate was; though it seldom happens, a Christian man, and

took some interest in the matter. So he summoned Rameshwar Mitter to appear on a day fixed with his daughter Nrityakali Dasi, the wife of Nandalal Ghosh. On the day fixed Rameshwar Mitter appeared in court, and said that his daughter Nrityakali was dead, and he got some witnesses, his own servants and dependants, to swear to it. After this the Magistrate could do little, as Mr. Ganguly could not assure him that the young woman was living in Rameshwar Mitter's house or anywhere else. After this issue of their endeavours Ganguly and Nandalal returned to the missionary's house greatly disappointed.

A few days after this, Nandalal went to live in his own house. His house was on the outskirts of a small town on the left bank of the Bhagirathi, a few miles from the house of his missionary friend. Blest with a competence, he was not under the necessity of laboring for his daily bread. And being of studious habits, and having a nice collection of choice works, his time did not hang heavy on him. On the contrary, he was quite comfortable in his lonely secluded life. He would frequently go to see the state and condition of his tenants, and suggest to them any improvements that might occur to him. He had also frequently to receive and examine the accounts of collections and other matters connected with his estates, from his servants. And on Saturday evenings he invariably rode over to Mr. Ganguly's house, and spending the Sunday there, he would be at his own house on Monday morning.

Nandalal was now a young man of 22 or 23 years of age. Mr. Ganguly used to be now and then anxious for him, lest being his own master and having money at command he should become the dupe of some intriguing man, and contract any of the vices peculiar to his time of life. But at the end of every week when he would see his healthful, beaming, frank face, he would blame himself for harbouring in his mind such anxieties on his account. Still as he had a bitter, though correct, experience of the world, he could not wholly divest his mind of such thoughts. He thought that an intelligent, congenial and pious wife would be the best safeguard for Nandalal. He had therefore written to several

of his Native Christian brethren in Calcutta to look for a respectable young lady who should be a fit wife to Nandalal. Unlike the present days, in those days, though only about fifteen years ago, it was difficult for a respectable Native convert to get a suitable wife. There was at the time in Calcutta an orphanage, where mostly foundling girls with some real orphan girls, and the daughters of some poor laboring class parents, were brought up to learn a little reading and writing. This orphanage, in those days of scarcity of wives for native Christians, had supplied many a convert with his partner for life. Some of those wives, no doubt, proved to be very good partners to their husbands. The European missionaries, with admirable foresight, had instituted the orphanage, intending it to be, as it really became for a few years, the nursery of wives for Native Christians.

But notwithstanding the high character of the orphanage, Mr. Ganguly could not, considering the position and circumstances of Nandalal, propose to him to take a wife from that institution, though he had no reason to doubt that an orphanage girl would prove a very good wife to Nandalal. Neither could he ask him to seek for a consort amongst the so-called Native Christians of the Krishnaghur district, as the Native Christians of that district were chiefly Mahomedans of the cultivator class, and a high caste rich Hindu like Nandalal Ghosh would rather lead a life of celibacy than take a wife from amongst them. If his daughter had been of a marriageable age, Ganguly would have been most happy to make Nandalal his son-in-law. But his daughter was only ten years old, being the youngest of his children. He was therefore at a loss to determine what he should do for his young friend. Mrs. Ganguly, influenced by her husband, also wrote to some of her female friends to the effect that it would not be undesirable even for a middle class East Indian or European young lady to marry a young man in the circumstances of Baboo Nandalal Ghosh, who was well educated and possessed a tolerably good competence, while in personal appearance he was not behindhand of the best looking European, though certainly much darker in color. While these secret arrangements for Nandalal's marriage

were going on in Mr. Ganguly's house, there were others concocting something towards the same object in a different way, and with a different purpose. This we shall detail in due time.

## DIARY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

*Decr. 3rd.* There is no news of any consequence to-day, excepting that the British Mediterranean Squadron has received orders to winter in Besika Bay, in order, I suppose, to protect "British interests" in the East! "British interests" at Constantinople! You may as well talk of British interests at the South Pole. If the Eastern Question is not settled this time it will be only owing to England, which is bent on propping up an old and rotten empire which does not deserve to exist. Some of the Turkish papers in London are saying that the Turks are brave, they therefore deserve dominion. But are not Bengal tigers brave? Why are they then hunted down? The Ottoman power must be put down in the interests of civilization, and I have no doubt that Germany, and with her Austria, will assist Russia in the good work.

*4th.* No news from Bulgaria to-day. In Asia Minor the Russians took possession on the 28th ult. of Chazubani near Batoum on the Black Sea. For some reason or other the Turks abandoned that place, on which the Russians captured their camp. Erzeroum does not seem yet to be surrounded by the Russians. They are wintering on the plains of Passim, and their advanced guard is at Deveboyen, which is a few miles from Erzeroum. It is said that there is free communication between Erzeroum and Trebizonde. The severity of the weather has no doubt suspended for a time the operations of the Russians.

*5th.* In Bulgaria towards the south of Plevna, the Turks, after losing Provitz and Etropol, have retreated to the Balkans. It seems that on the 29th ult. the Russians unsuccessfully

attacked the Turks being commanded by the German renegade Mahomed Ali, who has now been appointed commander-in-chief in south-western Bulgaria. The latest news is that the Turkish troops at Orhanie are falling back on Sofia.

6th. Mahomed Pasha says in a despatch that the Russians on the 3rd instant attacked the Turkish left wing at Kamarli, south of Statiza, and were not only repulsed with heavy loss, but were compelled to fall back. No news from Armenia.

7th. The Russians appear to have sustained a reverse at Elena or Helena to the north-east of Gabrova and south-east of Tirnova, which, that is, Elena, the Turks have captured. This is not to be wondered at as the Russian troops are scattered in thin companies over a circumference of many miles. Still the Russians cannot be excused for their carelessness in not noticing the concentration of Turkish troops towards Elena.

8th. After taking Elena the Turks have captured two other places, Popkoi and Rasrova, and are said to be marching towards Tirnova. Russian reinforcements are in the mean time marching to the relief of the troops who were at Elena. I don't believe that any serious consequences will follow this reverse of the Russians, as the Russians are strong in numbers, and will soon oblige Suleiman to take to his heels.

10th Turkish unofficial accounts state that Plevna has plenty of provisions. This can hardly be believed, for the Russians have cut off all means of supplies, and there must be at Plevna at least 75,000 troops. Food for so many mouths every day is no joke. The Russians were unsuccessfully attacked by the Turks at Etropol; and it is also said that the Russians are threatening to cut off the retreat of the Turks by the Sofia Road. Turkish affairs are appearing rather gloomy.

11th. Fuad Pasha is commanding at Elena which has lately been captured from the Russians, and is putting forth every



exertion to prevent its recapture. Bad weather has suspended operations in the directions of Tirnova and Kamarli. Suleiman Pasha has established his head quarters at Ahmedlie. In Armenia too operations are at a stand owing to the severity of the weather, but it is said that Russian reinforcements are arriving at Erzeroum from Kars. There seems to be fighting near Batoum, a considerable Turkish port on the Black Sea, the possession of which is much coveted by the Russians.

12th. Glorious news to-day—PLEVNA HAS FALLEN. No particulars have as yet been received, but simply the announcement of the fall. The telegram adds that the garrison, after severe fighting on the 9th instant, surrendered unconditionally. Osman Pasha was wounded. There can be but one opinion of the Turkish general Osman Pasha whom his government justly dignified with the title *Gazi*, or the Victorious. He deserves the title infinitely better than Ahmed Mukhtar in Armenia of whom I never had a good opinion. His face, as photographed in a number of the *Illustrated London News*, is that of a bloated, dissipated man. Osman Pasha, on the other hand, seems to be a man of ascetic habits, of severe hardihood, of cool courage, though of a most inhuman disposition. With about 50,000 or 60,000 troops he kept at bay for many months the immense Russian host numbering more than double his force. It ought also to be remembered that Plevna was no fortress. It was improvised into a fortress, and that fact speaks volumes of Osman Pasha's engineering skill. For taking this improvised fortress the Russians had recourse to the genius of Todleben, who is, perhaps, the greatest military engineer in the world. The Turkish generals Suleiman, Mahomed Ali and Reouf Pasha, will now all be in Roumelia for the defence of Adrianople and the capital, leaving Schumla, Rustchuk and Varna. I don't think the Russians will in the mean time attempt to capture those fortresses. They will mask those fortresses by the troops of General Zimmerman, and the bulk of the

Russian army which must be about 175,000 strong will cross the Balkans, and at no distant time plant the Russian eagle on the dome of St. Sophia.

13th. Some particulars of the fall of Plevna have reached us to-day. It seems that the troops of Osman at Plevna were suffering miserably for want of provisions and of winter clothing, about 20,000 of them being sick. Under the circumstance Osman Pasha attempted on the 9th to cut his way through the Russian and Roumanian troops northwards in the direction of Widdin. The attempt was made, but it was unsuccessful. He was attacked both in front and in the rear, and after a heroic struggle had to succumb. It is said that the slaughter was very great. The number made prisoners by the Russians is altogether 60,000 including the 20,000 sick. The Czar and Prince Gortschakoff will return to St. Petersburg next week.

14th. The Turkish Supreme Council have resolved to carry on the war to the bitter end. There has been no talk of mediation. I don't think the Russians will at all make peace now that their arms have been crowned with success. The Eastern Question should now be settled once for all.

15th. It will be remembered that Mahomed Ali, who may be justly called the tennis ball of misfortune, was superseded in his command at Orhanio by Chakir Pasha; it is now said that Chakir Pasha has resigned, because, I suppose, he sees that the cause of his country is a hopeless one. The Russians lost 1,444 men at the storming of Plevna; amongst the 60,000 Turkish prisoners are 10 pashas and 2,128 officers. The siege artillery of the Russians is very near Erzeroum.

17th. The mail yesterday brought some details of the capture of Kars. We glean the following particulars from some of the London papers. "The fortifications round Kars may be divided into three distinct sets of defences. The first on the plain to the south include the Hafiz Pasha, the Khanli and the Suwarri Tabia, with the connecting link of intrenchments, and the camp in their rear. The second, to the west

of the river Kars Tchai, are on steep heights: the principal forts being the Tahmasp, the Tekmash, and the Mukhlis Tabia. The third system comprises the works on the Karadagh Hill. Between the eastern and the western forts runs the Kars Tchai, with steep, precipitous banks, from 403 ft. to 700 ft. in height." For the defence of these lines of fortifications at least 40,000 men were necessary, but the garrison of Kars contained only 20,000 men, of whom about 5,000, it is said, were in hospital. But though Kars was not sufficiently manned, its capture is to be attributed to the skill and daring of the Russians who were only 18,000 in number. The attack was begun on the southern side. "The Russian column of the right flank was formed by the Fortieth Division, and was directed, under the command of General Lazareff, against the Hafiz Pasha Tabia, which forms the most eastern angle of the southern line of defence. Count Grabbe, with a regiment of the grenadiers of Moscow and a regiment of the Thirty-ninth Division, assailed the towers between the Hafiz Pasha Tabia and the Khanli Tabia as well as the latter fort itself. He stretched a hand towards a column under General Roop and General Komaroff, which attacked the Suwarri Tabia and the lines between it and the river, and was to push forward along the Erzeroum road against the citadel itself. Soon after nightfall, the columns of attack were formed up in deep silence. A little after eight the attack began in the centre. About eleven, although their leader was slain in heading the assault, the soldiers of Count Grabbe poured into the Khanli Tabia, and about the same time the fort of Suwarri was gained. The citadel was carried almost directly afterwards and then the whole town and the main positions of the Ottoman positions lay at the mercy of the fire of the assailants. But some of the forts lying between the citadel and the outer line held out till eight o'clock in the morning. The Turkish soldiery that remained unwounded or had not been taken prisoners attempted to break out and retire towards Erzeroum and Olti; but

the Russian cavalry was drawn up to bar egress in these directions, and the retreating masses appear to have been hurled back, and forced to lay down their arms. The whole of the works, and the town itself, with many standards and 7,000 prisoners, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and General Melikoff entered the palace in triumph on the forenoon of Sunday. It is remarked that the capture of a fortress of the strength of Kars by a night escalade is an instance almost unparalleled in modern warfare."

We learn from to-day's telegrams that Servia has declared war against Turkey, and that Turkey has asked England and other powers to mediate. But I don't think that the Czar will make peace till he has captured Constantinople.

19th. To-day's telegram says—"The German government, in answer to the Porte's circular despatch, has refused the proposal for mediation." Exactly; I always thought so. It is absurd to talk of mediation when we have come merely to the beginning of the end. "Is it peace, Jehu?" "There is no peace." There will be no peace till the Russians have captured Constantinople. There will be no peace till the Eastern Question is finally settled; there will be no peace till the odious tyranny of the Ottoman Porte is put an end to; there will be no peace till all the Christians of Bulgaria, Roumelia, of Asiatic Turkey, of the Archipelago, are freed from Turkish oppression; there will be no peace till the Sultan is despoiled of all his dominions and placed on the Pension list of the Russian Government.

A SON OF MARS.

---

## THE FOLK TALES OF BENGAL.

[Heard from Manik Chandra Das, a barber of Sonepore in the district of Burdwan, on the 21st of December, 1877.]

### XV. THE STORY OF A BRAHMADAITYA.\*

Once on a time there lived a poor Brahman who had a wife. As he had no means of livelihood he used every day to beg from door to door, and thus got some rice which they boiled and ate, together with some greens which they gleaned from the fields. After some time it chanced that the village changed its owner, and the Brahman bethought himself of asking some boon of the new laird. So one morning the Brahman went to the laird's house to pay him court. It so happened that at that time the laird was making enquiries of his servants about the village and its various parts. The laird was told that a certain banyan tree in the outskirts of the village was haunted by a number of ghosts; and that no man had ever the boldness to go to that tree at night. In bygone days some rash fellows went to the tree at night, but the necks of them all were wrung, and they all died. Since that time no man had ventured to go to the tree at night, though in the day some neat-herds take their cows to the spot. The new laird on hearing this said, that if any one could go at night to the tree, cut one of its branches and bring it to him, he would make him a present of a hundred *bighas*† of rent-free land. None of the servants of the laird accepted the challenge, as they were sure they would be throttled by the ghosts. The Brahman, who was sitting there, thought within himself thus—“I am almost starved to death now, as I never get my bellyful. If I go to the tree at night and succeed in cutting off one of its branches I shall get one hundred *bighas* of rent-free land, and become independent for life. If the ghosts kill me, my case will not be worse, for to die of hunger is no better than to be killed by

---

\* The ghost of a Brahman who dies unmarried.

† A *bigha* is about the third part of an acre.

ghosts." He then offered to go to the tree and cut off a branch that night. The laird renewed his promise, and said to the Brahman that if he succeeded in bringing one of the branches of that haunted tree at night he would certainly give him one hundred *bighas* of rent-free land.

In the course of the day when the people of the village heard of the laird's promise and of the Brahman's offer, they all pitied the poor man. They blamed him for his foolhardiness, as they were sure the ghosts would kill him, as they had killed so many before. His wife tried to dissuade him from the rash undertaking; but in vain. He said, he would die in any case; but there was some chance of his escaping, and of thus becoming independent for life. Accordingly, one hour after sundown the Brahman set out. He went to the outskirts of the village without the slightest fear as far as a certain *vakula* tree (*Mimusops Elengi*), from which the haunted tree was about one rope distant. But under the *vakula* tree the Brahman's heart misgave him. He began to quake with fear, and the heaving of his heart was like the upward and downward motion of the paddy-husking pedal. The *vakula* tree was the haunt of a *Brahmadaitya* who, seeing the Brahman stop under the tree, spoke to him and said, "Are you afraid, Brahman? Tell me what you wish to do, and I'll help you. I am a *Brahmadaitya*." The Brahman replied, "O blessed spirit, I wish to go to yonder banyan tree, and cut off one of its branches for the zemindar, who has promised to give me one hundred *bighas* of rent-free land for it. But my courage is failing me. I shall thank you very much for helping me." The *Brahmadaitya* answered, "Certainly, I'll help you, Brahman. Go on towards the tree, and I'll come with you." The Brahman, relying on the supernatural strength of his invisible patron, who is the object of the fear and reverence of common ghosts, fearlessly walked towards the haunted tree, on reaching which he began to cut a branch with the bill which was in his hand. But the moment the first stroke was given, a great many ghosts rushed towards the Brahman who would have been torn to pieces but for the interference of the *Brahmadaitya*. The *Brahmadaitya*

said in a commanding tone, "Ghosts, listen. This is a poor Brahman. He wishes to get a branch of this tree which will be of great use to him. It is my will that you let him cut a branch." The ghosts, hearing the voice of the Brahmadaitya, replied, "Be it according to thy will, lord. At thy bidding we are ready to do any thing. Let not the Brahman take the trouble of cutting; we ourselves will cut a branch for him." So saying, in the twinkling of an eye, the ghosts put into the hands of the Brahman a branch of the tree, with which he went as fast as his legs could carry him to the house of the zemindar. The zemindar and his people were not a little surprised to see the branch; but he said, "Well, I must see to-morrow whether this branch is a branch of the haunted tree or not; if it be, you will get the promised reward."

Next morning the zemindar himself went along with his servants to the haunted tree, and found to their infinite surprise that the branch in their hands was really a branch of that tree, as they saw the part from which it had been cut off. Being thus satisfied, the zemindar ordered a deed to be drawn up by which he gave to the Brahman for ever one hundred *bighas* of rent-free land. Thus in one night the Brahman became a rich man.

It so happened that the fields, of which the Brahman became the owner, were covered with ripe paddy, ready for the sickle. But the Brahman had not the means to reap the golden harvest. He had not a pice in his pocket for paying the wages of the reapers. What was the Brahman to do? He went to his spirit-friend the Brahmadaitya, and said—"O Brahmadaitya, I am in great distress. Through your kindness I got the rent-free land all covered with ripe paddy. But I have not the means of cutting the paddy as I am a poor man. What shall I do?" The kind Brahmadaitya answered, "O Brahman, don't be troubled in your mind about the matter. I'll see to it that the paddy is not only cut, but that the corn is threshed and stored up in granaries, and the straw piled up in ricks. Only you do one thing. Borrow from men in the village one hundred sickles, and put them all at

the foot of this tree at night. Prepare also the exact spot on which the grain and the straw are to be stored up."

The joy of the Brahman knew no bounds. He easily got a hundred sickles, as the husbandmen of the village knowing that he had become rich readily lent him what he wanted. At sunset he took the hundred sickles and put them beneath the *vakula* tree. He also selected a spot of ground near his hut for his magazine of paddy and for his ricks of straw; and washed the spot with a solution of cow-dung and water. After making these preparations he went to sleep.

In the meantime soon after nightfall when the villagers had all retired to their houses, the Brahmadaitya called to him the ghosts of the haunted tree, who were one hundred in number, said to them, "you must to-night do some work for the poor Brahman whom I am befriending. The hundred *bighas* of land which he has got from the zemindar are all covered with standing ripe corn. He has not the means to reap it. 'Tis night you all must do the work for him. Here are, you see, a hundred sickles, let each of you take a sickle in hand and come to the field I shall show him. There are a hundred of you. Let each ghost cut the paddy of one *bigha*, bring the sheaves on his back to the Brahman's house, thresh the corn, put the corn in one large granary, and pile up the straw in separate ricks. Now, don't lose time. You must do it all this very night." The hundred ghosts at once said to the Brahmadaitya, "We are ready to do whatever your lordship commands us." The Brahmadaitya showed the ghosts the Brahman's house and the spot prepared for receiving the grain and the straw, and then took them to the Brahman's fields, all waving with the golden harvest. The ghosts at once fell to it. A ghost harvest-reaper is different from a human harvest-reaper. What a man cuts in a whole day, a ghost cuts in a minute. *Mash, mash, mash*, the sickles went round, and the long stalks of paddy fell to the ground. The reaping over, the ghosts took up the sheaves on their huge backs and carried them all to the Brahman's house. The ghosts then separated the grain from the straw, stored up the grain in one huge store-house, and piled up



the straw in many a fantastic rick. It was full two hours before sun-rise when the ghosts finished their work and retired to rest on their tree. No words can tell either the joy of the Brahman and his wife when early next morning they opened the door of their hut, or the surprise of the villagers, when they saw the huge granary and the fantastic ricks of straw. The villagers did not understand it. They at once ascribed it to the gods.

A few days after this the Brahman went to the *vakula* tree and said to the Brahmadaitya—"I have one more favour to ask of you, Brahmadaitya. As the gods have been very gracious to me, I wish to feed one thousand Brahmans; and I shall thank you for providing me with the materials of the feast." "With the greatest pleasure," said the polite Brahmadaitya, "I'll supply you with the requirements of a feast for a thousand Brahmans; only show me the cellars in which the provisions are to be stowed away". The Brahman improvised a store-room. The day before the feast the store-room was overflowing with provisions. There were one hundred jars of *ghi* (clarified butter), one hill of flour, one hundred jars of sugar, one hundred jars of milk, curds, and inspissated milk, and the other thousand and one things required in a great Brahmanical feast. The next morning one hundred Brahman pastry-cooks were employed; the thousand Brahmans ate their fill; but the host, the Brahman of the story, did not eat. He thought he would eat with the Brahmadaitya. But the Brahmadaitya, who was present there though unseen, told him that he could not gratify him on that point, as by befriending the Brahman the Brahmadaitya's allotted period had come to an end,\* and the *pushpaka*\* chariot had been sent to him from heaven. The Brahmadaitya being released from his ghostly life, was taken up into heaven; and the Brahman lived happily for many years begetting sons and grandsons.

Here my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

---

\* The chariot of Kuvera, the Hindu god of riches.

# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1877.

## REVIEW OF MR. BOMWETSCH'S BENGALI TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

*By the Editor.*

### MATTH. CHAPTER III.

1st. verse. Mr. Bomwetsch renders the words *in those days* into এই সময়ে (*at this time*); and Drs. Yates and Wenger into সেই সময়ে (*at that time*). Of these two renderings I think the second is to be preferred, because the former phrase suggests the idea that what is going to be related happened immediately after the events described in the last chapter, whereas the latter phrase is somewhat more vague. Besides, the Greek word *ekeinós* generally refers, not to the near, but to the distant object, and ought therefore to be rendered into সেই, *that*, and not into এই, *this*.

The word *kérussó* (to preach,) is rendered into ঘোষণা by Drs. Carey and Wenger, into প্রচার by Dr. Yates and Mr. Bomwetsch. There is hardly any difference between the two Bengali words; but with the former, the idea of a proclamation by a herald, which is the idea of the Greek word, is, perhaps, oftener associated than with the latter: but the latter has this advantage, that it is more common than the former.

The word *erémós* (*wilderness*) is rendered into অরণ্য by Dr. Carey and Mr. Bomwetsch, and into প্রান্তর by Drs. Yates and Wenger. By the wilderness of Judea the Evangelist means that tract of the country which lies to the west of the Dead Sea. It was not a burning sandy desert, indeed there was hardly any sand in it (see Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*); neither was it, at least in those days, altogether without inhabitants. The rendering into প্রান্তর, by Drs. Yates and Wenger, is altogether

inadmissible; for that word means a treeless, waterless desert. The word অরণ্য, which is adopted by Dr. Carey and Mr. Bomwetsch, is a forest, or rather forest-lands, and therefore represents the Greek word in the text more correctly than the other word. We have descriptions of many *aranyas* both in the *Ramayana* and in the *Mahabharata*; and we find that they were not altogether uninhabited.

2. The participle *legón* (saying) is, I think, very elegantly rendered by Mr. Bomwetsch into simply বলিলেন without repeating the nominative. Dr. Wenger translates it—সে কহিল, *he said*. And here I must again protest against Dr. Wenger's omission to use honorific pronouns and verbs in connection with illustrious Scripture characters. We have here John the Baptist, perhaps the most highly honoured of all the saints whose lives are recorded either in the Old Testament or in the New, and of him Dr. Wenger speaks in the words সে কহিল, which words, being interpreted in the conventional language of the day, mean—that fellow said.

The Greek word *metanoó* means to change one's mind. It was rendered into পরামনন by Dr. Carey. This is not a bad rendering, only that the Bengali word is not common. Drs. Yates and Wenger render it into মন ফিরান which means, not so much to change one's mind as to wheel one's mind round; for ফিরান means a turning or wheeling round. Mr. Bomwetsch's মনঃপরিবর্তন (change of mind) is by far the best rendering.

Dr. Wenger renders *éggike* into সন্নিহিত which is less intelligible to uneducated persons than the কাছে আসিয়াছে of Mr. Bomwetsch.

3. *This is he* is admirably rendered by Mr. Bomwetsch into ইনিই সেই তিনি, *this is that he*. Mr. Bomwetsch unnecessarily uses the colloquial word সব meaning *all*. The word is Urdu, and should therefore have no place in the Bengali Bible. Besides, সকল (all) is intelligible to the most illiterate peasant. I don't see in the original any word corresponding to *all*.

4. *Raiment* is rendered by Mr. Bomwetsch into পোশাক, another Urdu word. বস্ত্র, though Sanskrit, is intelligible to all.

5. বাইতে লাগিল, used by Mr. Bomwetsch, means *began to go*; গেল is better.

7. *But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism &c.* The words *epi to baptisma autou* have been properly rendered in the authorized English version into *to his baptism*. Dr. Carey, apparently following the A. V., translates it তাহার ডুবতে (*to his immersion*); but this hardly conveys any meaning in Bengali. Mr. Bomwetsch renders it into বাপ্তিস্মের দিকে, *in the direction of baptism*. This is more unintelligible than Dr. Carey's translation. The Pharisees and Sadducees went *to the side* or *in the direction of baptism*. If this has any meaning, it means that those sectaries went in the direction of that *place* where John was baptizing. But this the Evangelist does not say. Besides, if they were only advancing in the direction of the place of baptism, how could the Baptist see them and speak to them? It is true that the Greek preposition *epi* with the accusative sometimes means the *quarter* or *direction towards* or *in which* a thing takes place; but *epi to baptisma* cannot mean that. This phrase is similar to *epi thêran* (*for hunting*, that is, for the purpose of hunting) in Xenophon, or *epi boum itô* (*let him go for an ox*) in Homer, (see Liddell and Scott.) *Epi* evidently means here the *purpose for which one goes*, or as Dean Alford finely remarks, "*epi denotes the moral direction of their purpose not merely motion towards.*" Dr. Wenger's rendering, therefore, বাপ্তাইজিত হওনার্থে (*for the purpose of being baptized*) is more correct than that of Mr. Bomwetsch. I should say the best rendering of the words is বাপ্তিস্মের জন্যে (*for baptism*).

*Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?* Dr. Wenger gives the following translation:—আগামি কোপ হইতে পলায়ন করিতে তোমাদিগকে কে চেষ্টনা দিল? *who gave you warning to flee from the coming wrath?* Mr. Bomwetsch's translation is as follows:—তোমরা যে সমুখ ক্রোধ এড়াইবে, কে তোমাদিগকে শিখাইয়াছে? *that you will escape the wrath in front, who hath taught you?* This translation is neither so literal nor so good as that of Drs. Yates and Wenger.

8. The word *karpos* in this verse means *actions* and not *fruit*.

Mr. Bomwetsch, therefore, I think, is right in rendering it into কার্য and not ফল, into which latter Dr. Wenger renders it.

9-12. In these verses Mr. Bomwetsch, with a view to make his version intelligible to the uneducated common people, has in my humble opinion, fallen into the mistake of making it vulgar. The words এটা (this), থেকে (from, out of) সব (all), চেয়ে (than), কুড়ুলটা (axe), are too colloquial and vulgar to be used in a translation of Holy Writ. Again, Mr. Bomwetsch spells some words, not as they are written, but as they are vulgarly and incorrectly pronounced. The ordinary Bengali word for a shoe is জুতা, but Mr. Bomwetsch spells it জুত which is its vulgar pronunciation,—no, not that either, for its vulgar pronunciation is জুতো. So, the common Bengali word for a winnowing fan is কুলা, but Mr. Bomwetsch spells it কুলো which is the vulgar pronunciation of that word. The word for fire is অগ্নি, but Mr. Bomwetsch writes that word আগুন which is only a mispronunciation of the word. And the worst of it is, that these vulgar words appear in juxtaposition with highly Sanskritized words like the following,—মনঃপরিবর্তন, উদ্দেশে, নিঃশেষে, অনিবার্য.

15. *Then he suffered him* is translated by Mr. Bomwetsch thus—তখন তিনি তাঁহাকে হইতে দিলেন, which hardly conveys any meaning. Dr. Wenger's rendering into তাহাতে দে সম্মত হইল is certainly better.

16. I think Mr. Bomwetsch is right in rendering *heavens* in this verse into *heaven-door*. Bengali idiom requires it.

It is evident from the corresponding passage in Luke III. 22, that the Holy Spirit descended in the *bodily shape* of a dove. Mr. Bomwetsch therefore is correct in using the words *in the shape of a dove*. Dr. Wenger's rendering conveys the idea that the *manner of descent* was like that of a dove.

স্বর্গ হইতে এক রব আসিল of Mr. Bomwetsch for *a voice from heaven*, is hardly good Bengali. Dr. Wenger's স্বর্গ হইতে এক বাণী হইল is better.

---

## SONNET.

### THE WILKIE GALLERY.

Sublime at need, minute as were of yore,  
The Flemish Masters, Wilkie stands apart,  
Among our artists for consummate art.  
'Tis his with matchless grace to ope the door  
Of household sympathies ; he dares explore  
Passion's extremest moods, and keenly dart,  
Through the dim chambers of a careworn heart,  
Light on what nestles at its inmost core :  
Witness the "Breakfast" with its gleaming tray,  
Its cheerful parlour, and its table spread  
With homespun damask, white as mountain snow ;  
And witness too the monk's despairing woe,  
In the "Confession," as convulsed with dread,  
He grasps his elder's hand to kneel and pray.

D.

---

## SHADOWS.

I love the uncouth shadows,  
The figures quaint that run,  
By bush and hedge when cattle  
Pass homewards in the sun.  
The shadows cast at sunrise.  
By slanting rock and tree,  
On lucid pools that tremble,  
My heart leaps up to see.  
But most I prize the shadows,  
Which Emma's fingers slight,  
For laughing children fashion  
With subtle skill at night,

When bright the candle shimmers,  
 And treble voices call,  
 For gargoyles on the cornice,  
 And rabbits on the wall.

\*D.

### SPIRITUALISM.

[We publish below a letter which Judge Edmonds wrote some years ago to our friend Baboo Peary Chand Mittra on the subject of Spiritualism. Though received many years ago it is now published for the first time. *Ed. B. M.*]

CHEONDEROGA

ON LAKE GEORGE,

July 29th, 1861.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of the 8th of May reached me only lately, partly because of my having retired early in the summer to my cottage among the mountains, where away from the bustle of city life for awhile, I can have time to ponder a moment on the sublime truths now being revealed to us.

The interest of those truths is increasing daily, yet like all God's teachings they come to us in the most simple form and so moulded as to be within the reach of even the commonest minds.

The most simple form that we have experienced in this country—the A. B. C. as it were of our NEW SCHOOL, is by the rapping and table tipping. Yet in this form comes the remarkable phenomenon of "*inanimate matter, moving without mortal contact and displaying intelligence*,"—a marvel, it appears to me, as great as any recorded in the annals of mankind.

This must of course be done by some power outside of ourselves and yet we have much to do with it—at least to the extent of putting ourselves in a condition to receive it and aiding it to come to us. If we want to converse in English or French, we must be where English or French are spoken, and so if we wish

to have the manifestation of spirit communion we must place ourselves in a situation to have it come.

It is not to be in a crowd, amid the turmoil of human passions, but quietly and retired—"the world shut out." Not in a sneering or cavilling temper, but calmly and honestly seeking truth and nothing else. Not for mere selfish gratification of idle whim or curiosity, but earnestly realizing that we are communing with the dead.

With such feelings, let from 3 to 6 or 7 persons get together at twilight hour, when the turmoil of the day is over, and sitting together in a circle, with hands joined all round and in silence.

In these few words is contained the whole direction of the mode in which the communion is brought about.

But even this is not always sure of success, nor will the manifestation always come at once. Sometimes there is an entire failure and sometimes we have to wait quite a while, but most generally it will come first or last.

When it comes in this form, your communion will be by spelling out words from the alphabet. For instance, when you observe the table to move, express a wish that it may move 3 times for Yes and once for No. Or if you hear the raps, have the wish uttered that 3 raps may be Yes and one No; and then call the alphabet, letter by letter, until the signal for Yes is given at the sound of a particular letter, when you write that down and begin the alphabet again and go thro' again until the next letter is indicated, and so on until you get words and sentences.

It was in this manner the communion was begun with us, and you will be surprised as we were at the ease with which you will concert a set of signals with the intelligence that will be dealing with you and which will meet you more than half way. Almost every circle has its own *modus operandi*. In Spain I was told of a novel mode. The alphabet was reduced to 24 letters, and each letter was numbered, and the legs of a table were numbered 1. 2. 3. 4.—If leg No. 1 moved, it was A. If leg No. 4 moved it was D. If legs 4 and 3 moved it was G, and so on.

The particular form of the communion is not however of so



much moment. The important thing is to procure a manifestation of the presence of the power, for as soon as you get that, you will find no difficulty in devising a mode of going farther and making it available. And in regard to bringing the power around you, every thing depends on the disposition and mood of mind of the circle.

Some get frightened, some are afraid of being laughed at—some, unimpressed with the solemnity of the occasion, indulge in frivolity—some get excited with the bare possibility of its being a verity, and some will be selfish enough to destroy all harmony in the circle, and all these are unfavorable conditions, and often retard and not unfrequently prevent any manifestation. The most proper state of mind is one of harmony and devotion, and singing and prayer are always found to be conducive to that.

Oh! how glad our departed friends are to avail themselves of this, to them, new mode of once again visiting the dear ones left behind, and how pained they often are at the trifling and irreverent manner in which their advent to us is welcomed! and how often do they turn sadly away at the impatience that will not wait until the conditions can be prepared!

Ignorant ourselves of what those conditions are, we are often unconscious of the impediments we ourselves put in their way; and for this, persistent patience is the great remedy.

It will be quite out of my power to give you "directions as to the selection of the media." Were I with you, I could perhaps say of the persons present who could most likely be a medium, but not otherwise.

You will have to try your circles until you find one, and when you do find one, he or she may be developed in a form quite unlike anything I have alluded to.

But here again I repeat the remark, that as soon as you observe the presence of the power, whatever its form, you will have no difficulty in opening communion with it.

When I return to town, I will try to send you some publication that may aid you, for we have many a one now in our libraries.

Wishing you every success in your pursuit of this true knowledge, which so purifies and ennobles the soul, I subscribe myself

Very truly Yours  
Sd. J. W. EDMONDS.

To P. C. MITTRA Esq.

## THE VICEROY ON EDUCATION.

We make no apology in publishing below the excellent speech delivered by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India at the late Distribution of Prizes among the pupils of the La Martiniere, Calcutta. It contains many remarks of great importance and of permanent value.

"It has given me sincere pleasure to be able to meet you here to-day ; and I gladly avail myself of the present opportunity to assure you personally of my sympathy in the objects of this excellent institution, and my cordial appreciation of the good sense and sound principles whereby its present teachers are guided in their efforts to carry out those objects. I find however, that I have really little or nothing to add in the way of criticism or advice to what has already been spoken within these walls on previous occasions.

"Standing, as I do, under the roof of a building dedicated by private benevolence, and devoted by public gratitude, to the practical instruction of boys and girls belonging to the middle class of the Christian population of Calcutta, I need not here, and, now descant upon the obvious advantages which such instruction offers to every class of every community. Perhaps, therefore, I may be pardoned if I prefer to take the occasion thus afforded me to warn the pupils of this college against the danger of over-estimating those advantages, and indulging in too sanguine anticipations as to the practical value in after life of the merely mental attainments or personal accomplishments acquired at school. School is life's drilling ground, where even effort is pastime : but the world is its battle ground. It is not till you have left school that life's real trials will begin ; and in vain will you have been to school, if you leave it incredulous of those trials, or unprepared to face them. I cannot honestly hold out to the young men and women I now see around me any promise, that the education they have received in this college will, of itself, enable them, when they leave it, to indulge the tastes, or

satisfy the aspirations, which all mental culture tends to generate and develop. There can be no real happiness or dignity in life without self-respect. But the first practical condition of self-respect is pecuniary independence. For money is character. To secure pecuniary independence, however, you must rely exclusively upon your own exertion, others cannot help you to this ; and least of all can the State do so. Rarely can pecuniary independence be secured without toil and privation, or without resolute resistance of all temptation to sacrifice that moral freedom, which is the natural birth-right of every noble character, to the pleasant indulgence of acquired tastes, or the soft satisfaction of artificial wants. We are living in an age when the activity of education is quite unprecedented ; and every age is apt to overrate the ethical value of the form peculiar to its own social activities. I greatly fear, however, that the universal diffusion of popular instruction, so prized by this age, has hitherto stimulated rather than corrected, those social tendencies which fill the world around us with mistaken aspirations, artificial wants, and false pretences ; by encouraging boys and girls, men and women, to believe that the right object of life, and consequently the sole purpose of education, is not the improvement of their *characters*, but the improvement of their *position* ; not so much to make the most and best of what they are, and were born to be, as to be constantly trying to appear to be something else. To you therefore, young pupils of the Martiniere College, I would say—"Never be ashamed of that condition in life to which it has pleased God to call you." Believe me, it is not social position, but personal character, that makes a gentleman or a gentlewoman. For my part, I respect the peasant or the artisan who, owing nothing to any man but a manly deference, maintains himself and family, in the sweat of his brow, by the toil of his honest hand ; and him I call a gentleman. I respect the cheerful, brisk, and thrifty housewife, whose bright soul beautifies the humblest home ; and her I call a gentlewoman. I do not respect the pushing, vulgar, would-be fine lady, who prides herself on the dresses she cannot afford, and the acquaintances who despise her. I do not respect the needy, venomous, purchaseable scribbler, whose envious pen can only propagate folly and slander, though it may have been trained to prate of philosophy and virtues. These persons, who foolishly aspire to be something more than gentlemen or gentlewomen, are not even honest men and women. They are an encumbrance to themselves, and a nuisance to everybody else.

"Human life has been often compared by poets and moralists to a journey or a voyage. The genius of a modern poet has given to this hacknied comparison a novelty of form which appears to me so appropriate to the case of those I am now addressing, that I shall venture to borrow it for the illustration of my meaning.

"Suppose, then, that some pupil of this college, boy or girl, were about

to embark on a long sea voyage. How would you prepare for it? How provide for your own comfort, compatibly with that of your fellow-passengers, during the voyage? You are a young woman, and you are fond of music. I dare say you would like to take on board with you a piano, a harp and a music stool. Or you are fond of painting, and to satisfy this taste, and practise this accomplishment, you require an easel, a paint box, and several squares of canvas—with, perhaps, a lay figure or two. Do you prefer fancy needlework? Then you will want a tambour frame. Have you a taste for pretty furniture? In that case it would be very nice to take on board Persian carpets, French sofas, and Venetian mirrors.

"But, what, if you find, when you get on board, that all these luxuries are quite incompatible with the conditions of the voyage and the dimensions of the ship? The cabin allotted to you is only a few feet square, and will not hold them. Your fellow-passengers refuse to be incommoded by them; and the captain sternly insists on their being left behind, or pitched overboard. Would you not, in that case, have fared better all through the voyage, would you not have been happier and more comfortable, had you been content to bring with you no possessions more pretentious than a cheerful temper, neat and cleanly habits, a love of order, patience to endure occasional privation, and the general disposition to make the best of things as you find them?

"I have put this question to the young ladies; but it is equally applicable to the young gentlemen. I can imagine some clever, cultivated youth who is fond of literature and science, and who would like to take on board, if he could, a library, a set of mathematical instruments, and a couple of globes. But if your cabin will not hold your library, your instruments, and your globes; if the Captain of the ship, rejecting them all, leaves you, unequipped and unprepared, to make the best you can of some bare berth,—will you not have cause, before your voyage is done, to envy the lot of your more unambitious neighbour, who with tastes less refined and acquisitions less costly than your own, has learnt, perhaps before he came aboard, to stitch a sail, or splice a rope, or ship a spar, and can turn a ready and a willing hand to whatever rough, but useful, work is offered him to do?

"Now, this college may be justly proud of the success and eminence attained in after-life by some of its former pupils. But its pupils must not suppose that to have carried away the prizes which are open to them here, gives them any personal claim in after-life to prizes not commonly open to the class they belong to, whatever that class may be. I should be sorry if any of you, young gentlemen, were encouraged to believe that a University degree, however meritoriously it may be won, is a sure passport to wealth and influence, or even to independence. You cannot all be Government servants or eminent lawyers; and the probability is that the great majority

of you will have to seek, and earn, your livelihood in the prosecution of lowlier, but by no means less worthy, or less useful, vocations.

"It is for this reason that I entertain considerable doubt whether the affiliation of the Martiniero College with the Calcutta University is an altogether unmixed advantage.

"I am rather afraid that in this country, and more especially in this Presidency, there is a growing tendency to over-education ; or, at least, to that kind of education which concentrates the efforts and hopes of young men and women upon the prospect of a University degree, or an eligible marriage without sufficiently ensuring to them the means of making the attainment of such objects really beneficial to themselves and their fellow creatures. I have lately read some excellent observations by Professor Monier Williams on the subject of education in India. They so forcibly confirm, and so felicitously define, my own impressions, that I will, with your permission, quote them:—

"*"In India," he says, "we want more real education, we want more suitable education, and we want more primary education."*

"On the first of these three points he observes that *"our Indian educators do not sufficiently bear in mind that the most valuable knowledge is that which is self-acquired when the faculties are matured and the teachers are doing their business most effectively when they are teaching the pupils to be their own future self-teachers. I am afraid," he adds, "that our Indian Colleges and Schools are turning out more well-informed than well-formed men, more free thinkers than wise thinkers, more silly sceptics than honest inquirers, more glib talkers than accurate writers, more political agitators than useful citizens. The next point," he continues, "is that we want more suitable education: The sons of persons of low social status ought not to be allowed, unless they show evident signs of unusual ability, to receive an education above the rank of their fathers. Let their training be the best its kind, but let it be suited to their position and prospects. Furthermore, greater efforts should be made to co-ordinate the education of daughters with that of sons. In brief, we ought to aim at educating children in their stations, rather than above their stations, and making the son of a potter a better potter, and the son of a carpenter a better carpenter Not," he adds, "that I would place obstacles in the way of the lower castes, or classes, elevating themselves ; but I would at once correct the mistake of putting too low a price on the highest form of education. No parent of inferior rank will then be ambitious of a university degree for his son, unless he is likely to repay with interest the outlay necessary to secure it."*

"Now, by you, the teachers of this college, these recommendations are wholly unneeded. They have been anticipated by your own judgment, and are corroborated by your own experience. Nothing, in my humble opinion,

could be sounder, more sagacious, more judicious, or more practical, than the views expressed, and the principles laid down, in the admirable reports of Miss Adams and Mr. Biden. Most cordially, and entirely do I sympathise in your desire to impart to the instruction provided by this Institution a simpler and more practical character. I do not forget the difficulties you have experienced, nor underrate those which you are likely to experience, in carrying out this excellent object. The parents of your pupils may be less wise and far-seeing than you are yourselves and, if so, they will, perhaps, prefer for their daughters the abuse of a piano to the use of a saucepan, and encourage their sons to employ no manual instrument more fatiguing or less fashionable than a goose-quill. But, for all that, the fact remains, that education in India must aim lower, if it is to reach further.

"I regret to find, from the reports of the college, that the efforts you have made, in accordance with the advice of my predecessor, Lord Northbrook, to secure suitable employment for its foundationary pupils in mercantile, and industrial establishments, have, up to the present moment, been so unsuccessful. It will afford me sincere satisfaction if I can, at any time or in any way, promote the attainment of this, and the other objects, to which allusion is made in your reports.

"On behalf of the boy-students of this college, may I, in passing, suggest for the consideration of the governors, the benefit they might probably derive in after life from the inclusion of shorthand, and if possible, practical engineering, amongst the subjects of instruction given them here?

"It happens to me, as I suppose it happens to most men in official life, to be in receipt of frequent and urgent applications for pecuniary assistance from persons who have received, what is called 'a liberal education,' but who have not succeeded in putting it to any practical use. When I ask these distressed gentlemen and gentlewomen, what they could do to earn their livelihood if the occasion were offered them, the almost invariable reply is that, although they have been taught everything in general, they have no special aptitude for anything in particular. I need not say that, in these circumstances, it becomes very difficult to help them.

"Now, I fear that what I have said thus far may have seemed, perhaps, somewhat unsympathetic and disheartening to my younger hearers. But I beg them not to misunderstand me. The desire to excel is the mainspring of all excellence. Youth without enthusiasm would be poor indeed; and emulation is so precious and potent a motive to noble exertion, that I should be unspeakably grieved if any word of mine were calculated to chill and discourage its generous impulse in these young minds and hearts.

"First, then, let me explain that, in most sincere conviction, whatever be the object of attainment legitimately set before you by the circum-

tances in which Providence has placed you, you cannot too seriously, or too strenuously, strive to attain it. The harder you strive now for the prizes of school, the more successfully you are likely to strive hereafter for the prizes of life. And, in each case, you will find the chief value of the prize in the results of the effort it has cost you to win it. Even if you miss the prize itself, be assured, you will not miss the benefit of having striven for it. The athlete, trained and nurtured for the Olympic games, may have failed to win the Olympic palm; but, depend upon it, he did not fail to acquire strength and skill, courage, and patience, from his efforts to attain it. I do not wish to chill the hopes, or check the ardours, of your youth. I merely urge you to concentrate these precious forces upon practical objects, and not to dissipate them prematurely in vain longings and futile ambitions.

"In the next place, let me remind you that, whatever be your position, or your prospects, here already at school, and afterwards throughout your whole life long, one boundless field of legitimate exertion will always be open to you, one lofty object of profitable attainment always above, and before you; and that is, the constant elevation of your own characters. Doubtless, it is an excellent thing to be a good pianist: but trust me it is a far more excellent thing to be a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother. Not every young woman can become a good pianist, but all young women can be, if they please, good daughters; and all good daughters may hope to become good wives and mothers. So, also, it is worth while to become a Bachelor or a Master of Arts, if you have the opportunity of competing for a university degree, but it is infinitely better worth while to become a brave and honest man. It is not every lad that has the opportunity of competing for a university degree; but all lads can, if they choose, become brave and honest men.

"Now, let me tell you a story.—Centuries before either you or I were born there lived in ancient Rome a wise and famous schoolmaster. Unlike many of our modern schoolmasters, he did not profess to teach every thing. Indeed, there was only one thing which he deemed worth teaching or learning; only one thing which he believed to be profitable throughout life to men and women. Do you wonder what was this supreme accomplishment? Well, I will tell you. It was neither history, nor geography, nor languages, nor mathematics, nor music. It was simply the formation of noble character. Now, at that time the Roman people wore long white garments, not very dissimilar to those worn by many of our native fellow-subjects here in Calcutta. But the garments of the noblest and wealthiest Romans were distinguished by a purple hem. So this school-master said to his pupils—"Low and vulgar minds are like the common white threads in the garments which every-body wears; because they aspire only to resemble those around them; but

noble character is like the purple thread which, place it where you will, maintains its independence."

"Then he exhorted his pupils, each of them, to strive for the distinction of becoming, as it were, a purple thread in the great garment of life, and to be content with nothing less. You see, then, that this great teacher of character, so far from discouraging emulation, laid special stress upon the salutary influence of that powerful moral force. You may think, perhaps, that he did so because he himself had attained, by education, to some high social rank, or official station, entitling its occupant to put a purple hem upon his vesture. Nothing of the kind. The teacher was a slave. His name was Epictetus: and all that education had effected for Epictetus, all that Epictetus aspired to effect for others, was the moral emancipation of human character from social servitude to mean objects of desire, artificial wants, and false pretences. The persons who depend for happiness on fortune or official favour, the persons who think they must have this because others have it, or must do that because others do it, those were the persons, and not the low-born, not the labouring, not the poor, whom Epictetus, conscious of his own moral freedom, contemptuously described as the common threads in life's most colourless garment.

"But it is in the power of every boy and girl, whom I am now addressing, whatever be their future social position, to attain, at least, to that noble distinction of character which Epictetus likened to the purple thread. This is a never-impossible, an always profitable, object of attainment. Endeavour above all things else to attain it: and if your endeavours be sincere and sustained, then I should be ashamed to offer you my mere good wishes for your happiness in life, since I can confidently predict that, in that case, you will not fail to secure the only happiness which man or woman can command by their own exertions; that happiness which depends—not upon circumstance, but upon character. (Applause)."

## DIARY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

*20th Dec.* It is stated that the British Parliament will meet on the 17th of January next owing to the critical condition of affairs in the East. Why critical now and not before? Affairs were not in a critical state when the Turks were getting victories, and when the Russians were so situated



that a single signal defeat might have sent them across the Danube. But affairs are critical now when the tide has turned. It is further said that this critical state is owing not so much to the victories of the Russians as to the attitude of Germany which has refused to mediate. Every body knew from the beginning, except the British cabinet, that Russia, Germany and Austria had combined together to put an end to the Eastern question. We are therefore not in the slightest degree surprised at the attitude of Germany and Austria. It is difficult to the account for the blindness of the British cabinet. The Servians have captured Mramor. The Turks have evacuated Berkovatz, and are retreating on Sofia. General Todleben, the greatest military engineer in the world, is now operating against Rustchuk on the Danube. The telegram also says that the whole of the English press, with the sole exception of the *Times*—it is a mighty exception though—recommends the ministry to demand the vote of a sum of money for military preparations in view of the critical situation. The *Times* seems to me to be the most sensible of the whole lot if it has not recommended the ministers to pursue the course just indicated. For what is the use of making military preparations, if England does not mean really to fight? One thing is evident, that if the ministry declare war against Russia in favour of Turkey, the war will be not at all popular in Britain. Few Englishmen will give their money or draw their sword for propping up a rotten, decrepid, barbarous and inhuman power like the Ottoman Porte. Most Englishmen think that in the interests of civilization and of humanity that power ought to be put down. And in the next place, what can England do single-handed against so powerful a combination as that of Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy? As for France, I don't think she will at all move in the matter. The *Times* is therefore quite right in not recommending military preparations.

21st. They say that Suleiman Pasha is going to Adrianople to

take the command of the Turkish forces in Roumelia. Suleiman seems to be more trusted by the court of Constantinople than any other Turkish general, though he has done nothing to merit confidence. The only notable thing he ever did was to fling some 20,000 of his best troops upon the rocks of the Schipka Pass. Osman Pasha called himself the Savior of Turkey, let us now see what this Savior of Roumelia does. The Servians are showing great activity; they are marching in all directions, and are about to besiege Widdin. In Armenia nothing is doing owing to the severity of the weather.

26th. Suleiman having garrisoned the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, that is, Rustchuk, Silistria, Schumla and Varna, is concentrating the Turkish troops at Adrianople. Reuter says, "It is believed that the Porte has resolved to continue the war to the last extremity." What else can the Porte do? the attempt at mediation having proved unsuccessful. In Armenia the Russians are investing Erzeroum.

The following is an extraordinary telegram. "In the *Constitutionnel* of Paris to-day there appears a statement that England will defend existing treaties and the European equilibrium against Russian aggression, and that in so doing, she will certainly have the moral support of France and Italy." Is the *Constitutionnel* of Paris more in the confidence of Lords Beaconsfield and Derby than any London newspaper? Impossible. The Parisian Editor has just indulged in a little dream; but it is strange that Reuter should have thought worth his while to telegraph to India the dreams of a French journalist. What existing treaties does the journalist mean? Of course the treaty of Paris of 1856. But an important clause of that treaty was set aside by Russia, with the permission of Germany of course, during the Franco-Prussian war, and England did nothing; and it is not likely that England will do any thing now when there is a powerful confederation of the three great military states of Europe. At least I, as a

loyal subject of Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of India, am strongly against England waging a war for the sake of wretched Turkey. But it may be said that England will lose her prestige if she shirks the fight. Not a bit of it. Turkey refused to yield to the concessions proposed by the great powers at the Conference at Constantinople, and must be left to her fate. It is none of England's business to go about, like a Don Quixote, redressing the wrongs of humanity, and of Turkish humanity too. I hope and trust England will not go to war. But of what "European equilibrium" does the Parisian journal chatter? There has been no equilibrium in Europe for the last twenty years. Where was "European equilibrium" when Austria was worsted at Sadowa? Where was "European equilibrium" when Prussia annexed Schleswig and Holstein? Where was "European equilibrium" when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from France? To talk of "European equilibrium" in the closing days of the year 1877 is to talk of a pure myth. The French journalist is very generous though. He promises the "support" of France to England when England defends "European equilibrium." And what kind of "support?" Troops? No. Ironclads? No. None of these material things. "Moral support!" Who can estimate the value of that? And the Parisian publicist adds that England will get the "moral support" also of Italy,—forgetting that Italy is sure to follow in the wake of Germany. I wonder Baron Reuter sends us such rubbishy telegrams.

27th. On the 22nd instant the Servians, when crossing the river Morava into Turkish territory, were repulsed by the Turks; but on the 24th the Servians, after eight hours' severe fighting, effected the passage of the river, and have begun besieging the fortress of Nissa or Nisch. They also captured on the same day a place called Akpalanka, including a large quantity of war material. A Turkish official despatch states that Erzeroum in Armenia has been nearly invested by the

Russian cavalry, and that the bombardment of the town will begin soon.

28th. The Servians have captured Leskovatz, a considerable place to the south of Nisch on the river Morava, and another place called Kurshumlie to the northwest of Leskovatz. Since then they have effected junction with the Russians, and are marching on to Sophia.

30th. The Servians have captured Pirot which is a little to the east of Nisch. The step which the Sultan has taken in requesting England to mediate with the Czar is approved of, it is said, by the London papers. This is all right, but the question is, will Russia accept the mediation of England alone when Germany, and apparently Austria, keep aloof? I doubt.

The Russians seem to be determined on besieging the towns of the Quadrilateral, as it is said that siege artillery are arriving on the Lom.

31st. Baron Reuter says—"A semi-official Russian Note has appeared at St. Petersburg, which states that the British Government has intimated to the Russian Government that in the event of the Russians occupying Constantinople, even if only provisionally, the feeling of the nation will force the British Government to take measures of precaution in defence of English interests in the East. It is semi-officially stated that Russia is willing to entertain proposals for peace direct from Turkey, but that mediation is inadmissible."

Exactly; that is what I said yesterday. Russia will not accept mediation. And she is quite right in refusing mediation, as Turkey herself refused the mediation of the great powers at the Conference of Constantinople. But Russia is not unwilling to make peace, if the proposals emanate directly from the Porte.

From the above telegram I think it is plain that England will not be drawn into the war. All that England wants is, that Constantinople should not be touched. If the Russians capture or attempt to capture Constantinople, Eng-

land declares war. I think the Russians under the circumstances, would not care for Constantinople. They might conquer the whole of European Turkey, and the whole of Asiatic Turkey, and keep the city of Constantinople only to the Sultan. Constantinople would then be to the Sultan what Moolchikholah is to the king of Oudh. That arrangement would not be bad at all.

The other items of news are, that Gazi Mukhtar has been recalled from his command in Armenia, that the Serbo-Russian army is very near Sophia the population of which have been ordered by the Turkish Government to leave it, and that the garrison of Nisch has made overtures for capitulation. Thus closes the year 1877.

A SON OF MARS.

## A TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER III.

It was only a few months that Nandalal had come to live in his own house. During these months he was seldom visited by any of the people of the town, as they despised or pretended to despise the young apostate. There were however two elderly persons who now and then called on him, and spent a short time in friendly conversation with him.

One of the two was a Brahmin about 40 years of age, living at a distance of a quarter of a mile from Nandalal's house. He had some revenue free lands granted to a forefather of his, by a Maharajah of Nuddea, and he depended chiefly on the income derived from those lands, for the support of himself and his family. Most of his lands he used to let to cultivators on condition of their giving him half the crops grown on them in lieu of rents, the costs of cultivation being borne by the cultivators. His income was however hardly enough to meet his wants, as he

happened to have a large family dependent on him, though it was frequently supplemented by presents of money, clothes, and brass utensils from Hindus celebrating marriages, shraddhas, &c., in the town, and in the neighbouring villages. In the Hindu community a Brahman has many means of earning money from which the other castes are completely debarred. Still Nilkantha always found difficulty in procuring the bare necessities for himself and family. His penurious condition sharpened to an extraordinary degree a naturally shrewd and talented mind. Though innocent of all pretensions to systematic education and learning, he was a careful observer of men and manners, and had a fund of natural wit, which made him a pleasant companion. And though professing to be an orthodox Hindu, he did not hesitate to openly associate with Nandalal, or to have a smoke of tobacco in the latter's house, or to accept a present of fruits and vegetables growing in his garden. Indeed, this expectation of getting fruits and vegetables, and occasional presents of a few Rupees from Nandalal, that first induced him to cultivate acquaintance with the apostate. His name was Nilkantha Chatterjea. Nilkantha was seldom alone in his visits to Nandalal. A neighbour of his named Ananda Mohun Dutt almost always accompanied him. Ananda Mohun was a thin, tall man, rather of a fair complexion, and having a prodigiously long hooked nose, the tip of which very nearly touched his upper lip, had a very funny appearance. Though he was about 50 years of age, he was a personification of drollery. A sly smile always lurked in his face. Whether it was natural defect in the conformation of his mouth, or an acquired habit with him it was difficult to say. But none thought it in him a disagreeable feature at all.

In early life, Ananda Mohun had inherited some property from his father, who died when Ananda Mohun was scarcely out of his teens. He had married and begotten some children mostly male, but at the time we are speaking of, he was a lone man having lost his wife and three sons during a devastating outbreak of epidemic fever, about ten years previously. During the period he was getting an increase of family he squandered most

of his means in unsuccessful speculations. So that at the time he is introduced to the reader he had a bare pittance hardly more than 5 or 6 Rupees a month, as his profits from a fractional share in a zemindari. Like his fortunes his ancestral dwelling had gone to decay and ruin. A portion of it had tumbled into the river, and been washed away by the current. The remainder was in a most dilapidated state, and unfit for human habitation. There was one solitary building consisting of a small room and a verandah, originally the temple of the family idol. And this was the only portion of the house that was in a habitable state. And two or three years previously Ananda Mohun had made it his abode, having made a present of the idol to the family priest.

Notwithstanding the terrible reverse of fortune and the harrowing domestic afflictions he had experienced, Ananda Mohun was a jolly companion to Nilkantha. The two would sit in the latter's *chandimandap* for hours, after their midday meal, or in the evenings, and play games of chess or cards, smoking tobacco at intervals. Sometimes they would sit and take counsel together how to gain a few rupees to help them in their necessary expenses. The young inexperienced and well-to-do convert coming to their neighbourhood, set them to work their wits much. For a time, they gave up their usual pastimes for the purpose of cultivating acquaintance with the new comer by frequently going to him and conversing with him on all manner of subjects. Nandalal, though some times vexed at their untimely calls, had too much of good nature in him to show it. On the contrary he was studiously polite and considerate to them, in spite of their many objectionable ways and habits, and was always at home to them. Because sometimes he experienced a sort of relief in their light and humorous talk after his wearisome studies. And when he felt a sort of lassitude creeping over him, he felt a hankering for their society, and if they ever happened to come at such a time they were warmly welcomed. Their calls however were not regulated by any fashion or ceremony. Whenever they found it convenient to give a call they came, and spent with him an hour or two, whether it was morning, afternoon, or evening.

One morning Nandalal was engaged in reading an interesting book, when Nilkantha and Ananda Mohun dropped in. Seeing them he closed and laid aside his book and welcomed them with a friendly smile. Soon after taking a seat Nilkantha, said "Nanda Baboo we wonder that you can have patience to be reading always. Is it one of the requirements of your religion that you should bid adieu to all social pleasures and amusements, and betake yourselves to study. We are unlearned men and cannot of course understand what pleasure you derive from constantly poring over books. Whenever we come to you we find you reading. We are sometimes afraid that we vex you by coming and interrupting your bookish pleasure."

"You need not be afraid at all of vexing me by coming here. I am always glad to see you. My books have no doubt a great charm for me, and I generally find an intense pleasure in knowing the thoughts of great and good minds on the varied subjects of the world in all its stages of existence. But I have ample time to pursue my studies, and I never grudge to spend an agreeable hour with you or any friends. True, I do not visit people myself. But the fact is, there are so few here who would like a visit from a Christian. I fancy none of the Hindus here would welcome me to their house. You might not be openly rude to me, if I went to your house for instance, but secretly you would wish I had been elsewhere."

Nilkantha and Ananda Mohun quietly listened to Nandalal and thought within themselves that there was a good deal of truth in what he said as to the feelings of the Hindus towards Christians. And Nilkantha remarked, "no doubt a strict observance of our religion forbids our mixing with Christians and Mahomedans and all who are aliens to Hinduism. But is Hinduism strictly observed anywhere now? Is it not against the dictates of our religion that we should serve Jabs, and receive wages from them? But how many stick at such things? I do not think there is one among us so sincerely a Hindu, who would not throw his religion and his prejudices to the winds if he were



to be in poor circumstances and were to get a post of good emolument for so doing. What do we see now-a-days? Do we not see many Hindu lads going to England to better their circumstances with the full consent and assistance of their friends and relatives. When these lads return as civilians or as civil surgeons or as barristers, do their friends throw them overboard from their community? Do they not, on the contrary, glory in their success, and bask in the sunshine of their good fortune? And in what respect are these young men better than Christian converts in respect of their faith, their food, their dress? In my opinion they are far worse. Hinduism of the present day is almost a dead thing. And it would be an unreasonable farce in us to pretend to despise Christians or to keep aloof from them."

The sentiments of Anand Mohun fully coincided with those expressed by his friend. And he added, "there is hardly a respectable Hindu family, the educated young men of which, if there be any such therein, do not partake of forbidden food and drink. As to their faith, why they are perfect infidels. Some of them pretend to be Bramhos. What is this Brahmoism? Is it not a newly invented thing like Christianity? In our opinion, it is an off-shoot of Christianity. The other day I happened to be in the company of some learned Pundits, and one of them a pundit as well as an English scholar, and exBrahmo remarked that religion was a mere scarecrow originally invented by governments to help them to keep people within the bounds of law and order, or to further the designs of ambitious and unscrupulous rulers of men. If this be true, then all religions are farce. We are conscious that our religion is little better than nominal. As long as we are nominally Hindus, we are obliged to conform outwardly to certain social rites and customs. But is there any sincerity, any devoted faith in what we do? I believe there is very little of religion in us, and very little of it in the world. Money is now the god of the world. Though there is no system of religion dedicated to this god, yet this is the only real god reigning in the world. To gain money we would be ready to do almost anything. We all are sincerely and devotedly given to

the service of money. In comparison to this all other service is false and hollow."

Nandalal thought that his friends, though speaking in plain language some very plain facts and circumstances, were yet giving vent to wrong ideas regarding religion. But he was conscious that any thing he could say to the contrary would not be very convincing to their unlearned minds. Still he felt himself bound to remark that though the generality of men have been and are Mammon worshippers, and practical disbelievers in God and future life, yet there were and are many God-fearing men in the world with whom their faith was a vitality and a power, and who would sooner give up their lives than prove traitors to it. He adduced instances of men suffering, and gladly suffering the most cruel tortures and death rather than for a moment swerve from the path of duty, duty to their God. He also stated that true religion existed before our Government was set up among men. But all that he said on the subject was like throwing pearls before swine.

When Nandalal held his peace his friend Nilkantha said "well Nanda Baboo, to show you that we are sincere in what we have said, and that we are far from feeling any repugnance towards you because you are a Christian, I am going to invite you to take your midday meal at my poor house to-morrow. I won't be able to provide for you a table and a chair, and to accommodate you as you are at home. But I am sure you can dispense with such accommodations once in a way, having been long accustomed to our ways."

Nandalal could not in consistency with his self-love accept his friend's invitation as he was sure that he would be treated as an outcast at the Brahmin's house. He therefore said that he was sorry he could not accept his kind invitation. He further added that when his friends would be prepared to sit at his table and partake of his food they could then ask him to dinner or supper at their houses. But so long as they by their professed faith and practice were bound to regard and treat him as an outcast, so long as they could not make up their minds to eat any

food with him under the same roof, they should not invite him to partake of a meal, and should not feel offended with him if he declined to accept their invitation.

Nilkantha was not at all offended with Nandalal for not accepting his invitation, for he could not blame him for not accepting it for the reasons assigned. Still he was desirous, for ulterior motives, to have him visit his house now and then. So he said that, though Nanda Baboo might feel his self-love injured to have dinner in an outcast fashion in a Hindu house he could not possibly object to pay a friendly visit to his house. Nandalal did not see any great objection to go to Nilkantha's house as he received an invitation, so he told Nilkantha that he would be glad to go and return at least one of his visits. The next day Nilkantha presented himself at Nandalal's house in the afternoon for the purpose of taking him to his house. Nandalal did not think of Nilkantha's house that day, but as Nilkantha came to take him, he did not like to disappoint him. So he got ready and accompanied Nilkantha. He was taken to the *chandimandap* of Nilkantha's house, that being the place for the reception of male visitors. There he found that an old rickety chair had been placed for his accommodation, and he was desired to take his seat on it. A little apart from him on a mat spread on the floor, sat Nilkantha, Anandamohun, and some of their neighbours, who gradually came in. On the yard in front on the *chandimandap* were some cows in a small shed. The *chandimandap*, the cow-house and the yard with two or three granaries therein constituted the outer apartment of Nilkantha's house. The inner apartment was surrounded by a mud wall. It was indeed a poor house. But Nandalal knew very well that in villages the people of the respectable castes in poor circumstances have such houses to dwell in, and that they live quite comfortable in them.

Nandalal's visit to Nilkantha's house lasted about two hours. He was repeatedly urged to taste some sweets, but he politely declined to have any such treat. There was all the time a good deal of talk among the *chandimandap* company, which had gra-

dually swelled to a dozen of persons. The talk naturally turned on Nandalal's change of religion, though Nandalal would have been the last to bring up such a subject for talk in such a company. The whole company assembled said that it was a pity that Nanda Baboo, the descendant of a wealthy and respectable house, should become a Christian. Some said that he had become a Christian with a view to indulge in meat and drink, others said it was with a view to marry a Bibi, others again said that the Missionaries were great Jadugirs (charmers), and that they had charmed away his wits and reason, and that now he must be thoroughly repenting of ever having listened to the Missionaries. Nandalal kept quiet during this outburst of mistaken sentiments on the part of the company in the presence of which he happened to be. When they had finished expressing their ideas he said, "It is wrong of you to assign motives and doing to people you know nothing of. I am aware that it is the fashion in Hindu society to attribute the motives you have been pleased to attribute to me, to persons becoming converts to Christianity. But this shows in what little appreciation the Hindus hold the interests of religion. It would seem that they considered it an improbable, perhaps an impossible thing that, a person should leave his relatives and friends, and be ready to give up every thing for the sake of his religious convictions. They thought that every person who became a convert must have some selfish worldly motive, and that they were bound to find out his motive by their own crude conjectures. Would it not be far better for them to keep quite, or to receive the person's own assurance that it was only his faith in the Christian religion that led him to become a Christian? Would it be generous and polite in them to tell him that he was a hypocrite, and that he pretended to have a holier motive than that which really actuated him?" Nilkantha was very sorry that his honored visitor had his feelings wounded by the thoughtless saying of some of the company. He therefore said, "Nanda Baboo, you should not take offence at what these ignorant and thoughtless persons have said. They are fools to think that a man like you and your circumstances could have been

actuated by such motives, as they have mentioned to become a Christian. I know that a young man in your circumstances, if he had a mind to indulge in meats and drinks forbidden by the Hindu Shastors, could easily satisfy his craving without becoming a Christian. I remember that once a few years ago, I went one evening to the house of a rich Hindu Baboo in Calcutta, and while I remained with him, in came some of his friends, and he commenced drinking wine with them. Then a servant brought two dishes containing meat and bread, and they all fell to the things like hungry dogs, regardless of my presence. At last some looked askance at me and then at their host, at which the latter addressed me saying "Sir, you would not I am sure think ill of us for our innocent enjoyment." Such feastings I should fancy are now of ordinary occurrence at the house of every rich Baboo in Calcutta. And many Baboos I know go to Wilson's and Spence's hotel at night, and there indulge in meat and drink to their heart's content." Ananda Mohun also said, "I know the case of a young man, whose father was a devoted Baishnava, and wished to see his son follow in his footsteps. The son apparently fully answered his father's expectations. For he like his father used to wear round his neck a necklace of large wooden beads, and used to carry about a string of large beads in a bag to repeat the name of Krishna a number of times. But every evening he used to pay a visit to a hotel or to a friend's house where private feasts were given and return home reeling and staggering under the influence of liquor. As for having *Bibis*, some of the rich Baboos of Calcutta are not very scrupulous in this matter also. I have seen some rich Baboos drive in fine carriages accompanied by young European women, to their garden houses, in broad day light. With money, Hindus now a days can do many a thing, forbidden by the Hindu Shastars and yet be in the Hindu communion. A rich man need not put himself out of the pale of Hindu community to do such things. It is only ignorant fools who would attribute such motives to you, Nanda Baboo. My friend Nilkantha and I know that you abstain from drink

and meat, and that although you have been so many months here, we have not heard or observed that you ever looked on a female. If all Christians be like you, I should think that Christians must be by far the best men in the world." Here another of the company remarked, "It is certainly very wrong of us to attribute wrong motives to people. Some years ago a scion of the Calcutta Tagore family became a convert to Christianity, and people could not attribute to him the motives they generally attributed to the converts, for amongst the *Pirilis* (as the Tagore families are called), as the report went, forbidden meat and drink were ordinarily in use, and they were rich enough to have the gratification of all their desires. But when the convert married sometime after the daughter of a Padri, some ignorant blockheads got a handle and gave out that he had become a convert simply to marry the Padri's daughter, and some again said that the wily Padri had induced a rich man's son to become a Christian simply to provide a rich husband for his daughter. Now, what man having a grain of common sense could have seriously believed such absurd things?" At this, another of the company remarked, "from what you all say it is no doubt reasonable and proper to believe that when rich men become Christians they are influenced by purely religious considerations. But what would you say about the case of the so called Christians made by some missionaries in the Krishnaghur district, in the time of a great famine, by dealing out food to the famishing poor, on condition of their embracing the Christian religion? Should they not justly be called "rice Christians" as they are generally called." Nandalal felt himself called on to say something in reply to this. So he said, "It is a great reproach to the charity and benevolence of those missionaries who availed themselves of the miseries of a famishing people to make converts of them, if they really did do so. He was aware of there being a traditional rumour that some missionaries and their subordinates did such a thing. He however could not possibly blame the so-called converts. They and their families were starving and were of course ready to do anything to get food for

themselves and their families. It would be cruel and heartless to brand them and their descendants with any disgraceful nickname ; as few men, in their circumstances, would have acted differently from what they did. All the blame, if there was really any to attach to any one, lay at the door of the missionaries and their subordinates."

After this the conversation turned into another channel. One of the company remarked that thefts and burglaries were becoming prevalent in the village, and he adduced as an instance of this that during the past fortnight two burglaries had been committed in his neighbourhood. At this the company were unanimous in blaming government for making the people of the villages provide and pay their own watchmen. Nilkantha said, "The rich men who can afford to keep their own chowkidars to guard their houses, are free from the intrusions of thieves and robbers. But the poor, who constitute the mass, cannot pay their village watchmen regularly, and the latter consequently neglect their work, and turn their minds to other things to earn their livelihood. The poor people thus have their poor property robbed and stolen. The institution of *Thannahs* and *Phanrees* here and there in the country is very little calculated to protect the lives and property of the people. *Thannahs* and *Phanrees* answer to a certain extent the purposes of investigating crimes when committed, and detecting and bringing to justice criminals. But they are utterly powerless to prevent the commission of crimes. It is the village police, if consisting of sufficient and effective men, that can, to a great extent, prevent the commission of crimes. It is the duty of Government to provide and maintain an efficient village police, without making it burdensome to the people. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake to retain highly paid police officers at the head quarters of Districts, while some corrupt and oppressive underlings remain in the *Thannahs* and *Phanrees*, and no care is taken to prevent the commission of crimes, and to secure the protection of the lives and properties of the people. The country has, in my opinion, benefited little by the introduction of highly paid Superintendents, assistant Super-

intendents and Inspectors, with all the showing paraphernalia of the new police, in the place of the old *Darogahs*, *Jamadars* and *Burkundages* of the old police. Have crimes become less, and is there more detection of criminals now than formerly?"

Anandamohun remarked, "It is a great blot in the otherwise good government of the English that, although the Government is filling its coffers in every possible way it leaves its subjects to protect their lives and property in the best way they can. True, the Government has to incur a vast amount of expenditure in providing for the defence of its territory, for the administration of justice therein, and for the due performance of its manifold works; but I hear that its revenues are far larger than any previous Governments enjoyed. Still there is that odious income tax. This is a most injurious and oppressive tax. When it was first imposed, I fancy that my income was assessed by a wise assessor at Rs. 6000, and that of my friend Nilkantha at Rs. 1000 per annum. I was put down in the assessment paper as a rich Zemindar while I owned only one *guntha* share in a Zemindari which yielded me hardly Rs. 60 per annum as my profit. Both of us had to travel to the Sadler station of the District to present our objections before the Assessor, who was hard to be convinced of our poverty. I told him that I would be thankful if he or Government took my rich Zemindari from me and gave me annually Rs. 80. After spending a quarter of my poor income of the year, and undergoing immense trouble and vexation I was fortunate to get exempted from the tax. But my friend was not so fortunate. He has still to pay Rs. 12 per annum, when he can hardly afford to spend a single rupee in a luxury. This is great oppression. And with all this what direct benefit do we derive from the Government? We have to provide and pay our own *Chowkidars*. Perhaps we are wrong in saying such things before our friend Baboo Nandalal."

"You need not fear," Nandalal said, "to say anything in my presence. I admit the justice of the remarks made by yourself and my host. I keep my own *Chowkidar*, and I have to pay a much higher income tax than I should pay, if my income had



been properly assessed. But being a single man, and having more than enough for my wants, I do not wish to trouble myself much about these things. Though a loyal subject of the British Government I cannot be blind to plain defects in some of its measures. But every rose has its thorns. Though the British Government is the best Government that this country ever had, yet its tendency appears to be to carry the taxation policy to an oppressive length." With this he took leave of Nilkantha and his friends, and returned to his lonely home and to his books.

---

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

---

*Ratna-garbha.* By Chandra Bhushan Barua Majumdar. Calcutta Vasistha Press.

The heroine of this drama is India personified under the name of Ratnagarbha. Her companion and assistant is Prakriti or nature. Kali is the king of the Mlechhas, and his general is Irreligion. The wife of Irreligion is Avidyā or Ignorance. The reader may suppose that this performance is not unlike, in plan at least, the Sanskrit drama *Prabodha Chandrodaya*. Not at all. It is a political drama, and somewhat seditious in its purport. Kali evidently represents the British power in India the overthrow of which is prophetically announced.

---

*Naganalini.* An historical drama. By Pramath Nath Mitra. Calcutta : Albert Press. B. E. 1283.

Indumati, the daughter of one Govinda Rāya, was betrothed to Samarendra Sinha, the Hindu general of the Emperor Alla-ud-din Khilji. Before marriage, however, the girl was forcibly carried away by Sukhanāyeg, king of the Jebuya Hills. The captor sought to rob the girl of her chastity, but in vain. At last she was rescued by Samarendra Singha who went to the Hills as a horse-dealer and contrived to kill Sukhanāyeg. The drama

is on the whole well written, but we suspect a good deal not only of the action but also of the very language is borrowed from other books.

*Nisitha-Chinta.* By Rajkrishna Raya. Calcutta : Albert Press. B. E. 1284.

These "Night Thoughts" are good, and the language in which they are conveyed is adequate to them. The poet ought to have had too high an appreciation of his own divine art to submit his performance to the judgment of a prose-critic however competent.

---

*Bhuban Mohini Pratibha.* Edited and published by Nabin Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Calcutta : Albert Press. Sakabda 1799.

These poetical pieces are of great merit. Whoever is the author, he is doubtless a true poet.

*Native Constitution and Treatment.* By Gouri Nath Kayiranjan. Bhowanipore : Suburban Press. B. E. 1285.

The author of this pamphlet institutes a comparison between the Native and European systems of medicine, and gives preference to the former. That there is something good in the ancient Hindu system of medicine may be admitted, but it is impossible to believe that a medical system two thousand years old is better than a system founded on the scientific investigations of the nineteenth century. We agree with the author, however, that the Native system of medicine ought to be cultivated, at least that part of it which is valuable.

---

*Ramayana.* Part V. By Rajkrishna Raya. With Notes. Calcutta : Albert Press. B. E. 1284.

This is the 5th part of the 1st Kānda of the *Ramayana*. The translation continues to be good.

*Dharma Purana.* Edited by Mahendra Nath Ghosha. Calcutta : Som Prakasa Press.

We are glad that the poem of Ghanaram Chakravartti, which hitherto existed only in manuscript, has begun to be printed. The poem is often recited by bands of songsters especially in the district of Burdwan. It is a popular poem and has considerable merit.

---

*Aitihasika-Rahasya.* By Ram Das Sen. Second Edition. Calcutta : Roy Press. B. E. 1284.

We are delighted to find that the Essays of Baboo Ram Das Sen have reached a second edition. This fact shows the growth of intelligence in the reading public.

---

We have received eleven numbers of the 1st volume of *The Shaddarsana-Chintanika*, or Studies in Indian Philosophy. This serial publication fills a gap in Indian literature. We heartily wish the conductors all success.

---

*The Vedarthayatna*, or an attempt to interpret the Vedas, is a very laudable attempt to make the contents of the Vedas known to the mass of the Hindu population of Western India. There is also an English translation in addition to the Mahrathi.

---

Great credit is due to the students of the Madrasa College for the manner in which they are conducting the *Madrasah Literary Budget*. The first number of the 3rd volume is before us, and we must say the articles do great credit to the students. We wish the students of other Colleges in Calcutta and elsewhere would imitate their Mahammadan fellow-students.

---

*A Prize Essay.* By Maulavi Obaidulla, Calcutta : Calcutta Press, 1877.

In 1864 Sir Charles Trevelyan offered a prize of 500 Rupees for the best Essay on the following subject :—"On the reciprocal influence of Mahammadan and European Learning, and inference

therefrom as to the possible influence of European Learning on the Mahammadan mind in India." There was no great competition; only two Essays were received by the adjudicators, and the prize was equally divided between the two writers. The learned Maulavi Obaidullah was one of these fortunate writers. The Essay contains a great deal of information and does credit to the Maulavi; though if he had written it now, we dare say, he would have produced a better Essay.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Dr. Wenger's Commentary on Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* and also his Commentary on Paul's *Two Epistles to the Corinthians*. Both the works are in the Bengali language. We do not profess to have gone through the two works, but from a cursory perusal here and there, they seem to be in every way admirable. They are an invaluable boon to the Native Church of Bengal.

We have received the first number of a monthly Magazine in Bengali called the *Hitaishi* edited by the Rev. Pyari Mohan Rudra, minister of Trinity Church, Amherst Street, Calcutta. It is, we believe, the cheapest Magazine in the world, its annual subscription being only six annas a year. The contents of the current number are (1) Ourselves, (2) Imitation of Christ, (3) Biblical Instruction, (4) the New Year, (5) Birth of Christ, (6) News. We wish our young contemporary success.



# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1878.

## CIVILIZATION IN ANCIENT INDIA.

*By Una.*

It is impossible to conceive that a society composed of Aryan Hindus should exist without rules of conduct to guide them in their relations to one another. The several Smritis or Dharma-sastras\* which contain the whole body of law consist of three *kandas* or books : *achara*, or the social customs and duties of the different castes, *vyavahara*, or the practice of law and administration, and *prayaschitta* or penance. It seems that in the most ancient period Hindu society was governed by customs which, in the course of time, acquired all the force of positive law. These customs were at last propounded in the Grihya and Samayacharika sutras of the Vedic period. All the various works of law, which were subsequently composed, are founded upon these sutras : and the very words, *achara* and *vyavahara*, which mean usages and habits respectively, convey the idea of customary laws. Among the several law-givers,† whose number amounts to twenty, Manu is the most ancient and authoritative. His code forms the basis of Hindu jurisprudence. It is so much revered throughout all India that it is considered as the original text, whereas the later ones are considered as expositions suiting particular localities and periods. In India the religious element

\* Manu, Ch. ii, Sl. 10—কতিক বেদোবিভেদে। ধর্মশাস্ত্রং তৈ স্মৃতিঃ ।

† The names of the law-givers are : Manu, Yajnavalkya, Atri, Vishnu, Harita, Ushanasasa, Angiras, Yama, Apastamba, Samvarta, Katyayana, Vrihaspati, Parasara, Vyasa, Sankha, Likhita, Daksha, Gautama, Satatapa and Vasishtha.

enters largely in some form or other into all the systems. The Hindu jurisprudence is entirely based upon religious principles. The law of inheritance, for instance, turns upon the theory of giving funeral oblations to the deceased, and succession is regulated by the nature of the spiritual benefit to be derived by the deceased from the inherent qualities of the funeral cakes. In criminal law also, leaving aside all considerations that the law-givers themselves were Brahmans, we find that a great distinction obtains in the sanction when the offenders are either Brahmans or Sudras, or when the offence is committed on a person of the priestly class by one of lower caste, remembering always that the Brahmans were to be regarded in the light of terrestrial gods. Thus a Brahman, guilty of all possible crimes, should not be killed, but expelled from the kingdom without any injury to his person, and with all his property;\* a Sudra intentionally giving pain to a Brahman should be put to death after his hands, nose or feet have been cut off † The severity and partiality of the criminal laws of the ancient Hindus must be admitted, but they should be ascribed more as sacrifice to religious principles than to their ignorance of the principles of criminal jurisprudence. So strong was this religious consideration in their mind, that we see even up to the period of the Mahabharata that they felt no scruple whatever in sacrificing the honor of their wives for the purpose of procreating sons, who only in their estimation could bestow the greatest benefit on the soul of the deceased.

In the Institutes there is a curious commingling of the civil and criminal codes.‡ The former is distributed under twelve heads: recovery of debts, deposits, sale of property by a person not the rightful owner, partnership, recovery of consideration money given for the performance of any particular act, non-payment of wages, breach of contract, annulment of purchase or sale, disputes between master and his herdsman, boundary-disputes, the duties of husband and wife, and the partition of ancestral property. This list does not evidently contain all the heads under which various other disputes can be

---

\* Manu, Ch. viii, Sl. 380. † Ibid, Ch. ix, Sl. 248. ‡ Manu, Ch. viii, Sl. 4-7.

distributed, but it is clear from the next stanza\* that only the common and principal ones are mentioned. It will be observed from the above list that the distributions are not judiciously made, but we must freely admit that the ancient Hindus never arose above the knowledge of common principles of law. The whole of the criminal law is distributed under six heads only : assault, hurt, theft, robbery, adultery, and gambling.

The king should decide cases in person : he is advised to administer justice according to equity, custom, written codes of law and previous decision ;† if by circumstances he is unable to attend the court of justice, an educated Brahman assisted by three others should be employed for the trial of causes ;‡ persons of other castes may also be engaged but on no account a Sudra should be employed in the administration of justice. The king is declared to be the guardian of a minor, of a barren or sonless woman not maintained by her husband, and of a chaste widow.

The procedure laid down is a very simple one. The contending parties are to be heard in person, who should state their cases orally : then proofs should be adduced ; all witnesses should give their evidence on oath or simple affirmation according to their rank, but no oath should be administered to a Brahman. The judge is bound strictly to mark their demeanours. Women, on no account, are allowed to give evidence except in the case of women ; and the testimony of a man who has wife and sons should be preferred, as he must be afraid of what is to happen to him in future life. Horrible denunciations are pronounced against those who give false testimony in a court of justice. At least three witnesses are necessary for establishing the facts of a case ; and the code minutely lays down the classes of persons who cannot be cited as witnesses in a court of justice.§

The description of a court of justice and the mode of administering justice, as it was done at the beginning of the Christian era, may be known from the ninth act of the *Mrich-hakatika*.

\* Ibid, Sl. 8.

† Ibid, Sl. 9, 10.

‡ Manu, Ch. viii, Sl. 3, 8, 45, 46.

§ Ch. viii, Sl. 64 to 67.



The ancient Hindus had no idea of any other form of government except the monarchical. The king is said to be specially created for the protection of the people: from the period of the Rig-Veda the divine rights of a king are admitted; in fact he is a divinity in human shape. He is advised not to abuse this despotic power, to dispense justice without partiality, and to be devoid of avarice and other passions.

His mode of life is thus regulated by the code.\* He is to rise during the last watch of the night, to perform sacrifices after purifications, to bestow alms on the Brahmans, to enter the court for the administration of justice, to hold a council with his ministers in a solitary place, to deliberate on the affairs of the state and on the eightfold business,† then after performing gymnastic exercises, he is to enter the inner apartments to dine at noon. Then after amusing himself for a reasonable time, he should review his troops and inspect his armoury, then at night-fall he is to perform the religious exercises; then having armed himself he is to hear in a solitary chamber the reports of his spies and secret emissaries; then to re-enter the inner apartments with the ladies-in-waiting. Then having recreated himself with music and taking his meals, he is to go to bed at the proper time.

That such was the course of life which the Hindu kings had followed to the time of the Mahabharata, there can be no doubt at all. But the prevailing luxury of the subsequent periods introduced several alterations in the routine prescribed by Manu; though the works of these periods are very few indeed, yet in the description of a king's life the authors must have conformed themselves to the practices of the kings of their own time. At the time of Bana, the author of Kadamvari, who flourished in the seventh century of the Christian era, we find the patriarchal style of Manu had given place to a voluptuous mode of living.

\* Ch. vii, Sls. 145, 146, 216 and 221 to 225.

† আদানে চ বিলগে তথা ত্রৈবনিবেধয়োঃ ।

পূৰ্বে চত্বৰ্চনে ব্যবহারসঃ চেষ্টণে ।

দত্তব্যোঃ সৰ্বাঃ শূক্ৰেন্নাঈগতিকো নৃপঃ ॥

Kalluka Bhatta's commentary.

A king is advised in the code to retain seven or eight ministers, but the prime minister must be an accomplished Brahman.\* Besides these, there should be ministerial officers to look after his revenue and household, a commander-in-chief and an able ambassador.

From the rules of diplomacy and war, we cannot but conclude that the whole country was divided into petty states governed by independent kings. A king is directed to consider another whose dominion is situated immediately next to his, as well as the king who favors that power, as his enemies; a kingdom situated immediately next to the inimical powers should be considered friendly, and a power beyond that as neutral.† He should bring all these powers to submission either by negotiations, presents, division, or force of arms, but negotiation is declared to be preferable to war.‡

The internal administration of the country was conducted by means of governors, who were called lords of thousand villages to whom the king delegated his powers; and they again, on their part, employed subordinate governors called lords of hundred villages. The latter again deputed their powers to lords of twenty villages, who employed lords of ten villages under them, and they again delegated their power to the lord of one village. In the whole chain, the lowest link was the ruler of a single village who was responsible to the immediate superior governor; thus every one of them was accountable to his immediate superior, till we reach the king who was responsible to none on earth. But in order to prevent all oppressions over his subjects, the king superintended the affairs of these townships, and informed himself of the administration of the vicegerents by his emissaries. From the lord of thousand villages to the ruler of one, all were remunerated by the products of the lands which the king assigned to them.

These villages referred to in the Institutes were undoubtedly the village communities, the traces of which might be found in all parts of India. The system was congenial to the character

---

\* Manu, Ch. vii, Sls. 54 and 58.    † Ibid, Sl. 158.    ‡ Ibid, Sl. 159.

and convenience of the people, and inasmuch as it is contained in the much respected code of Manu, it was adhered to as any other system founded upon the national faith. This indeed accounts for its unchanging character through the successive periods of revolutions which have convulsed India since the time of Manu. "The village communities,"\* says Lord Metcalfe,\* "are little republics, having nearly every thing that they want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down; revolution succeeds to revolution; Hindoo, Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village communities remain the same."

Next in importance and authority to Manu is the code of Yajnavalkya. Though its general character is the same, yet we see that some changes were introduced especially in the procedure. The allegation of the plaintiff should be taken down in writing, with his description; and the answer of the defendant is required to be given in writing.† Legal evidence is of two kinds: oral and documentary; and possession is said to raise the presumption of right.‡ Documentary evidence is to be preferred in all matters of business as it exists for a long time.§

From the most ancient times, Hindu society has been organized into classes. The caste system, however, was not quite unique in India: among the ancient Egyptians, Medes, Persians and Athenians, a similar system obtained, but we are not aware whether their kings displayed the same severity in punishing a transgressor of caste duties, as was done by Ramachandra, who cut off Sambuka's head for performing asceticism which is prohibited to a person of the Sudra class. The organisation of a society into classes cannot be an extraordinary phenomenon, it is the natural result of the different professions which its

\* Minute of November 7th, 1830, as quoted by Mr. Phillips in the Tagore Law Lectures 1874-75, p. 7.

† Yajnavalkya, Ch. ii, Sl. 6, 7.

‡ Ibid, Sl. 22.

§ Mahanirvana Tantra, Bk. xi, Sl. 95

লিপি: প্রমাণ সর্কেবাং সর্কেব প্রশস্যতে ।

বিশেষাধ্যবহারে ন বিশেষ্যভিন্নং বতঃ ॥

members should necessarily ply for obtaining livelihood. Society must naturally require some of its members to perform the religious ceremonies for the rest, some to govern and protect it from external aggressions, some to cultivate lands for producing food-grains and supply it with the necessities of life, and some to sell their labor to those who cannot labor themselves. This division takes place in the early stages of social life, when the arts are few and simple; but when time augments the wants of men and refinement advances, then necessarily arises an increase in the distinction of professions. That such was the case in India there can not be any doubt: such organisation could not have been produced by the caprice of a legislator.

The Sanskrit word for caste is *varna* or color which points to the early stage of Hindu history when India was conquered by the Aryan nation. The Aryan conquerors were fair and handsome, having come from the north, whereas the conquered aborigines, who were called *Dasyus*, were of dark complexion. In the Rig-Veda hymns we often find that darkness of skin was a term of reproach, and applied only to the enemies of the Aryans. Thus the original distinction was that of the conqueror and the conquered,—the fair complexioned Aryans and the dark colored *Dasyus*. The latter were reduced by conquest to a servile class, like the Helots of ancient Sparta, and they were afterwards called Sudras, as the Aryans *Dvijati*,\* the sacred thread being retained as the badge of the conquerors.† There is however no mention of the several classes in the earlier hymns of the Rig-Veda; though the words *Brahman* and *Rajanya* occur in them, yet without conveying the special significancy which they afterwards attained; they only denoted the persons whose professions were either sacerdotal or military: any person was either a Brahman or Kshatriya in those times according to his profession. The

---

\* Manu, Ch. x, Sl. 4.

ব্রাহ্মণঃ কত্রিয়ো বৈশ্যাস্ত্রয়ো বর্ণা বিজাতয়ঃ ।  
চতুর্থ একজাতিস্ত শূত্রো নাস্তি তু পঞ্চমঃ ॥

† Manu, Ch. ii, Sl. 169.

following stanza from the Mahabharata clearly shows that the caste system was an institution of later times :—

ন বিশেষ্যন্তি বর্ণানাং সৰ্বং ব্রাহ্মিণং জগৎ ।

ব্রাহ্মণা পূৰ্ব্বস্থঃ হি কৰ্মণা বর্ণতাং গতং ॥\*

“The whole universe is Brahma, there exists no distinction of castes ; because the people being created by Brahma, became divided into classes according to their professions.” A Sudra, says Parasara, being duly qualified, could become a Brahman, and a Brahman, devoid of actions prescribed to him, was not superior to a Sudra.

The earliest allusion to the fourfold division of Manu, we find in the Purusha-Sukta, one of the most recent hymns of the Rig-Veda :†

“From him, called Purusha, was born Viraj,  
And from Viraj was Purusha produced  
Whom gods and holy men made their oblation,  
With Purusha as victim they performed  
A sacrifice. When they divided him,  
How did they cut him up ? what was his mouth ?  
What were his arms ? and what his thighs and feet ?  
The Brahman was his mouth, the kingly soldier.  
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,  
The servile Sudra issued from his feet.”‡

The same idea is expressed by Manu.§ We need not say that these allegorical expressions were in later times taken in a literal sense ; but they show at least one fact that the ancient Hindus themselves believed that these four classes instead of being derived from four different sources, were produced from one and the same individual. It is probable that the regular system of caste did not come into existence before the Yayur-Veda, but even then or at the time of Manu, the stringency of the institution had not arisen. At the time of the latter, a Sudra could marry only in

\* Quoted by A. C. Dutta in his *Religious sects of the Hindus* ; p. 77.

† Mandala x, 90.

‡ Translated by Prof. Williams in his *Indian Wisdom*, p. 24.

§ Manu, Ch. i, sl. 31.

a Sudra class, a Vaisya in both Sudra and Vaisya classes, a Kshatriya in Sudra, Vaisya, and Kshatriya classes, and a Brahman in all the four classes.\* Some of the Puranas also distinctly mention that among the three upper classes a person in ancient times could take food dressed by one of the lowest ranks.† The fixity of a profession from generation to generation to the same families, and the strong lines of demarkation between the classes, were gradually brought about in the course of time. Manu describes also several mixed classes resulting from the intermarriage of the primary castes. Of these four primary castes, the modern Brahmans retain their pure origin, the Rajputs are the descendants of the ancient Kshatriyas, and the Vaniyas or Vanikas of the ancient Vaisyas, the mixed classes have multiplied greatly since the time of Manu.

Hereditary distinction is the common feature of all caste systems; but the peculiarity of the Indian institution is the religious character with which it has been invested. In order to explain the growth of the insular condition of the classes, treating each other as people of different nationality, only holding communication in those points which are distinctly laid down in the several codes, we should remember that a Hindu's sole aim of existence in this world is to secure a better one in the next. He acts, he thinks, in short, he lives not for the present but for the future. The idea of transmigration, which has been propounded in the *Srutis* and the *Smritis*, forms the governing principle of all his actions. In Manu, Yajnavalkya and other *Smritis*, there is a chapter on *karmaphala* or consequences of acts, which gives an account of the various births which men must pass through after death according to the merits or demerits of their actions. The code of Manu describes the several classes with their respective vocations as they existed in his time, with the callings which each class could follow only in time of distress. It also contains a chapter on *karmaphala*, in which it is distinctly

---

\* Manu, Ch. iii, Sl, 13

† Aditya and Agni Purans as quoted by A. C. Datta in his *Religious sects of the Hindus*, p. 78

mentioned that a Brahman who deviates from his rule of conduct becomes a will-o'-the-wisp\* after death, a Kshatriya becomes a corpse-eating ghoul, a Vaisya becomes a filth-eating monster, and a Sudra becomes a moth-eating demon.† Now, Manu not only shows the meritorious results of the perusal of the Smritis, but enjoins the reading of his own code in a regular manner; a Brahman reader becomes free from all sorts of sin which he may have committed in thought, word, or deed.‡ We can thus very well conceive how the laws of Manu as well as those of the other Smriti-writers were read, regarded, and acted upon, which gradually produced those strong lines of separation between the classes. Again, the duties of a class were always kept uppermost in the mind of the people by the performance of the *prayaschitta* or penances in case of violation of social duties. For any voluntary act which may lead to the loss of caste, the penance of Santapana is enjoined, and for an involuntary act the Prajapatya is to be performed.§ Not to perform a penance is a sin for which a man gets an ugly life after death.||

We cannot consider the social system of the ancient Hindus without noticing the condition of their women in former days. Though the females have from ancient times been always dependant upon the stronger sex,—a peculiarity attached to the social system of all oriental nations, yet they were treated with kindness and respect; and they possessed some rights and freedom of which they have now been deprived. During the Vaidic period, they were considered capable of discharging the most sacred and important social duties:—a right which they possessed even at the time of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Their absolute secluded condition which has been brought on by Mahamedan oppression, has indeed much to do with the deprivation of many of their social rights. They pos-

\* The *ignis-fatua* was believed by the ancient Hindus, as is done by many at present; to have been a female-ghost which walked about in marshy places in search of prey.

† Manu, Ch. xii, Sls, 71, 72.

‡ Manu, Ch. i, Sls, 103, 104.

§ Ibid, Ch. xi, Sl, 125.

|| Ibid, Ch. xii, Sl, 52. The word “*शर्मणादिवदेत्*” is explained by Kulluka Bhatta not performing penances and other meritorious acts.

essed perfect liberty to be present at the sacrifices and ceremonies,\* could go about in the streets in their chariots, and ascend the hall of justice for the recovery of property.† But there was an evident tendency since the time of Manu to curtail their freedom and confine them within the walls of the zenana. Old Manu was rather\* jealous: he had no confidence in female virtue or honor.‡ She must in all stages of her life, he says, be dependant: in her childhood on her father, in her youth on her husband, and in her old age on her sons. § She must not travel about except in the society of her husband.|| But he could not ordain their confinement, as he himself lays down the theory of old customs. In the Ramayana also, we find that Rama felt some scruple in being compelled to expose his wife to the gaze of the people, but excuses himself on the ground that on certain occasions only women can appear in public: in great calamities, at marriage, at Sayambara or election of husband, at a sacrifice and in an assembly.¶ The subsequent literature also shows that though a certain restraint was put upon their freedom, yet we see queens and highborn heroines giving audience to strangers and ambassadors, and resorting to temples and baths for purposes of worship and ablution.

But the picture we have of Hindu domestic life from ancient authors is truly charming. In spite of the social restraint put upon their liberty and of their dependant condition, Manu enjoins husbands and sons to treat women with all manner of respect and affection. In whichever family, he says, love subsists between husband and wife, prosperity increases,\* and whoever seeks for fortune must supply the ladies of his household with ornaments, apparel, and food on holidays and festivals, for the curse which they bestow owing to their ill-treatment, causes the ruin of the family.†† A wife must always be devoted to her husband, and serve him as a god though he is devoid of all qualities,

---

\* See the story of *Rathaviti* in the Rig-Veda v, 61

† R, V, i, 166, 124      ‡ Manu, Ch, ix, Sl, 14, 15

§ Ibid, Ch, v, Sl. 148 and Ch, ix, Sl, 3      || Ibid, Ch, ix, Sl, 13

¶ Ramayana, Yuddhakanda      • \* Ch, iii, Sl, 60

†† Ch, iii, Sl, 59 and 58



and never in thought, word or deed should dishonor him.\* Women should be employed in the preservation and expenditure of wealth, in purification and domestic duties, in the cooking of daily food, and in the management of household property and furniture.† The picture of domestic happiness as drawn in the epics of Valmiki and Vyasa, are still more beautiful and touching. Parents are fondly attached to their children, children are obedient to their parents, younger brothers love their elder brothers with all the devotedness of friends, elder brothers are affectionate to a fault, wives are loving, faithful, and obedient to their husbands, and husbands are doatingly fond of their wives. Every thing that makes the world happy and causes us to forget the troubles of life, is centred, as it were, in their descriptions, truly said to have been the effusions of inspiration, but quite natural and real. In the dramatic literature, we find that though women were not independant, yet ladies of rank received outward homage and respect; they were tended with care and affection, and they possessed qualifications to make a home happy and ethereal.

There is evidence to show that in ancient India, though the women were dependant upon their male relations, yet their intellectual cultivation was not uncared for. In the most remote period we find a lady named Visvavara of the family of Atri, was the author of a hymn of the Rig Veda.‡ Her name certainly would not have been mentioned, had not education been imparted to women. In the Brihat Aranyaka,§ Yajnavalkya is said to have taught his wife Gargi the Veda in its difficult part, the *jnana kanda*. Manu prohibits indeed the perusal of the Vedas to women, but as his theory of domestic happiness turns upon the accomplishment and faithfulness of wives, and as he admits that a woman cannot be well secured by her male relatives by confining her within home, unless she secure herself,|| he certainly left the other branches of knowledge open to them. Rukmini wrote a letter to Krishna expressing her love

---

\* Ch, v, Sls, 154 and 165      † Ch, ix, Sl. 11

‡ Mandala v, hymn 18

§ Ch, iii.

|| Ch, ix, Sl, 12.

for him and her hatred for Sisupala.\* Kalidasa speaks of female education in his *Kumar-sambhava* and in his dramas. Bhavabhuti mentions Atreyi, a female devotee, as going from the hermitage of Valmiki for learning the Vedanta from Agastya and other sages.† Lilavati, the wife of Mandanamisra, arbitrated in the schismatic disputation of her husband and Sankaracharya. Later on we find in the *Mahanirvana Tantra* that a girl should be brought up and carefully instructed like a son.‡ All these facts leave no doubt in the mind that Hindu females were formerly educated; such noble and, we should say, unparalleled examples of faithfulness and heroism as have been recorded by ancient authors of some women, could not have been the result of ignorance: they were carefully trained and their minds properly cultivated to hold the inestimable ideas of all-sacrificing love and unflinching heroism.

There can be little doubt also that the remarriage of widows was a national custom in the Vaidic period. It can be proved by various facts. Among the mantras of funeral ceremonies contained in the *Rig Veda*, which were afterwards arranged consecutively in the *Taittiriya Aranyaka* of the *Black Yajur Veda*, there is one which distinctly shows that a woman could be remarried after her husband's death. According to the existing customs of those times, the wife of the deceased had to lie on the left side of the corpse on the pyre, but she was raised up by a younger brother of the deceased or a disciple or a servant with these words: "Rise up, woman, thou liest by the side of the lifeless; come to the world of the living, away from the husband, and become the wife of him who holds thy hand and is willing to marry thee."§ There are also passages in the *Atharva*

\* *Bhagvat*, Ch, Lii, as expounded by Sridhara Svamini

† *Uttara Ramacharita*, Act ii

‡ কন্যাপোষ্য পুত্রন্যায় শিক্ষণীয়ত্বত্বতঃ । দেয়া বরায় বিদুষে ধনরত্নসমধিতা ॥

§ Translated by Dr. Rajendralala Mitra in his *Funeral ceremonies of the Ancient Hindus*, *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, No. iv, 1870, The text is the following :

উদীৰ্ঘ নার্ষতি জীবলোকমিতাসুমেতমুপশেষ এহি ।

হস্তগ্রাস্য দ্বিধিবোক্তুমেতৎপত্ন্য জনিভুমতিসমুভব ॥

*T. Aranyaka*, Ch, vi

Veda which support polyandry, or in other words, do not denounce it as a social or religious offence, if only a trifling ceremony be performed;\* *a fortiori* it may be argued that they tolerated in those times the second husband of a woman after her first husband's death. It seems however that the custom was partially abolished long before the time of Manu; a similar custom, which was called *niyoga*, having come into vogue at the time of king Vena. This was the permission by the deceased to a brother or any other kinsman to procreate children by his widowed wife. But Manu did not approve even of this latter custom and denounced it as sinful; he however allows a virgin girl to marry after her husband's death.† It also seems that the remarriage of widows, though reprehended, was not generally abolished even at the time of Manu, for the son of a widow by her second husband was called *Paunarbhava*.‡ Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana, who transferred the manners and customs of Aryavarta to the south, says that Tara, the widow of Bali, became the wife of Sugriva after her husband's death, and Mandodari, the wife of Ravana, married Vibhishana after her husband was killed by Rama. It is also clear from the story of Damayanti in the Mahabharata, who caused a second *sayambara* to be convened for the election of a second husband, that such a custom was not considered improper, though it was not quite reputable. The Mahanirvana Tantra only speaks of the marriage of virgin widows.§ All these facts show that the marriage of widows was a national custom up to the period of the Mahabharata; it was not abolished however till after the reign of Yudhisthira.

It was perhaps owing to the abolition of the marriage of widows in the Kali Yuga, which is said in the Mahabharata to have commenced on the very day of the abdication of the throne by Yudhisthira, that the horrible practice of Sati came into existence. It was carrying the idea of devoteness of the wife to her deceased husband to the extreme. Though not at all

---

\* See Akshaya Kumara Datta's *Religious Sects of the Hindus* p. 79

† Ch. ix, Sl. 176

‡ Ch. ix, Sl. 175

§ Ch. xi, Sl. 67

sanctioned by the mantras of the Vedas, yet by an ingenious perversion of a text of the Rig Veda, or by a most unfortunate mistake in its transcription, (for humanity's sake we are willing to believe the latter,) that a semblance of religious sanction was given to the horrible rite of concremation, revolting alike to human ideas and feelings. The manira we allude to is the following :—

ইমা নারীরবিধবা সুপত্নীরাঙ্গনে সর্পিষা সম্ভৃশস্তাং ।

অনশ্রবো অনমীবাঃ স্রসেবা আরোহন্ত জনয়ো বোনিমগ্নে ॥\*

“Let these women, who are not widowed, who have good husbands, apply the collyrious butter to their eyes; without tears, without disease, worthy of every attention, let these wives enter the house” first.

We have already said that most of the Rig Veda mantras regarding the funeral ceremonies were collated consecutively in the Aranyaka of the Black Yayur Veda (Ch. VI.) but without any clue to the rituals in which they should be used. Now, by a difference of reading of the text, which changed the last word অগ্নে (*first*) into অগ্নে (*of fire*), and constructing the word *avidhava* to mean “not to be widowed,” the Hindus after the Mahabharata period regarded the verse as the authority for concremation.† The real bearing of the verse as explained by Bharadvaja and Bandhayana is this: on the tenth day after death the relatives by blood both male and female having assembled at a place out of town, should perform a little ceremony on the fire, and the chief mourner should then repeat the verse to the women to put

\* R. V. Mandala x, h, 18, For a detailed account, see Dr. Rajendralala Mitra's *Funeral ceremonies of the Ancient Hindus*

† Raghunandana's reading is as follows :

ইমা নারীরবিধবাঃ সুপত্নীরাঙ্গনে সর্পিষা সম্ভৃশস্তাং ।

অনশ্রবো অনমীবাঃ স্রসেবা আরোহন্ত জলযোনিমগ্নে ॥

The version of Mr. Colebrooke's is as follows :

ইমা নারীর বিধবাঃ সুপত্নীর্ অঙ্গনে সর্পিষা সম্ভৃশস্তাং বিভাবসুং ।

অনশ্রবো অনমীবাঃ স্রসেবা আরোহন্ত জলযোনিমগ্নে অগ্নে ।

which he thus translates : “Om, Let these women, not to be widowed, good wives, adorned with collyrium, holding clarified butter, consign themselves to the fire. Immortal, not childless, nor husbandless, well adorned with gems, let them pass into fire, whose original is water”

on collyrium, and then they should return home.\* Many women on the authority of this verse alone have been burnt along with their deceased husband.

Had the authority for self-immolation been given in the Veda, Manu surely would not have left it unnoticed: he merely says that a widow should thin her body by eating holy flowers, fruits and roots: should not even take the name of a different man (with evil motive) after her husband's death, and should remain a Brahmacharini (religious ascetic) till her death.† The Ramayana also does not mention the practice of Sati: the three wives of Dasaratha did not perform self-immolation after their husband's death, nor the wives of Bali and Ravana, as we have observed before. It is only in the Mahabharata that the first instance of the practice occurs: Madri burnt herself alive with her deceased husband Pandu. In the third century before the Christian era, at the time of Alexander's invasion, the custom had become general. At the time of the Mahaurvana Tantra, the practice was at its height, but the author denounces it as very sinful.‡

Associated with this morbid development of religious ideas, are the sacrifices of human beings who were given as offerings to the gods in ancient India. They formed the principal portion of the cultus of ancient Hindu worship. The history of this abhorrent practice may be traced to the early period of the Rig Veda, in which the story of Sunahsepha establishes the fact beyond doubt.§ The *Asvamedha* sacrifice, as contained in the Taittiriya Brahmana of the Black Yayur Veda, and the *Puru-shamedha* in the Vajasaneyi Sanhita of the White Yayur Veda,

\* See Funeral ceremonies of the Ancient Hindus; J. A. S. 1870, p. 256

† Ch, v, Sls, 157 and 158

‡ Ch, x, Sls, 79, 80

পঞ্চবর্ষাবধি মর্ত্য্যান্ দাহয়েৎ পিতৃকামিনে ।

তত্র স হ কুলেশানি ন দহেৎ কুলকামিনী ॥

ভব স্বরূপা রমণী অগত্যাস্থম বিব্রহা ।

মোহান্তর্ভূশিতারোহাৎ ভবেন্নরকগামিনী ॥

§ See Dr. Rajendralala Mitra's *Human Sacrifices in Ancient India*; J, A, S, No, 1, 1876

required the immolation of human beings. But at the time of the Satapatha Brahmana of the White Yajur Veda, these sacrifices were made typical,\* and the custom of offering living human beings to the gods was not revived till after the introduction of idolatry. We have already said that the worship of Sakti prevailed in the second century of the Christian era. It was to this divinity that human victims were offered. Bhavabhuti, who flourished at the beginning of the 8th century, speaks in his drama of *Malati-Madhava* of the two successive attempts made by Aghoraghanta, and his pupil Kapalkundala, a sorceress, to offer Malati a victim to the terrible goddess Chamunda, a form of Sakti, but the attempts were frustrated by the timely interpositions of her friends. A detailed description of *naravali* or human sacrifice is given in the Kalika Purana.† Some of the Tantras of the Vamacharis advocate also this inhuman and abominable practice.

Human sacrifices in ancient India may be viewed in two different lights : first, where the victims were sacrificed by force, and secondly, where they offered themselves. With regard to the former, besides the sacrifices which we have mentioned before, there was another, the custom of throwing the first born babes into the Ganges at its junction with the sea, which was observed for centuries till put down by the British government in the beginning of the present century.‡ The latter involved the rites of *Mahaprasthana* or committing suicide by drowning one's self in the depth of the sea ; *Bhṛigupātana* or suicide by dashing one's self from the top of a cliff ; and the *Tushanala* or burning one's self to death in a slow fire. These were the rites that were per-

---

\* Ibid.

† Kalika Purana, *Rudhiradhyaya*, See Calcutta Review, No. XLVII, Vol. XXIV, p. 47.

“ By a human sacrifice, attended by the forms laid down, Devi is pleased one thousand years, by a sacrifice of three men, one hundred thousand years, by human flesh, Kamakhya, Chandika, and Bhairava, who assumes my shape, are pleased one thousand years.”

‡ Human Sacrifices in Ancient India.

formed not only for pleasing the gods, but also for expiation, and future fruition.

We shall now consider some of the habits of the people, which have at present been prohibited by their Sastras on the ground of utility or for warding off evil effects upon society, though enjoined before as auxiliaries for the performance of religious rites. We refer to the practices of drinking spirituous liquors and eating flesh meat, especially the bovine meat. We have already said that in the Vaidic period all the Hindus were addicted to the drinking of the Soma juice beer. It was a necessary article for the performance of the ceremonials and sacrifices. It is praised in the Rig Veda: "The sound of the trickling juice is regarded as a sacred hymn. The gods drink the sacred beverage; they long for it (as it does for them:) they are nourished by it, and thrown into a joyous intoxication. Indra, the Aswins, the Maruts and Agni, all perform their great deeds under its influence. The beverage is divine; it purifies, it inspires joy, it is a water of life; . . . it gives health and immortality."\* In short, it was considered as "a god." But the evil effects of drinking soon became known. Manu reckons the drinking of spirituous liquors to be a heinous crime a—*Mahapatuka*,† but in another place, he says that it is no crime to eat flesh meat or drink intoxicating liquors, because men are naturally inclined towards them, but desistance from such eating and drinking is of great consequence.‡ In the Ramayana, though it was considered to be reprehensible, it was not absolutely prohibited. The slaying of a Brahmana by Balarama, and the destruction of the family of Krishna, the descendants of Yadu, are recorded in the Mahabharata to have been effected under the influence of intoxication. These disastrous consequences of drinking brought on a complete prohibition. But the use of inebriating beverage at ceremonials was revived at the origination of Sakti worship, in which wine is advocated by the Tantras as a necessary adjunct.

Flesh meat was esteemed a valuable aliment by the ancient

\* R. V. vi, 47, See Mrs. Maunings's Ancient and Mediæval India, Vol. i, p. 32.

† Ch. ix, §1, 55.

‡ Ch. v, §1, 56.

Hindus. Even the eating of beef, which now sounds so horrible to the ear of an orthodox Hindu, was an ordinary fact in ancient India. At the *Gomedha*, the *Sulagava*, the *Gavamana*, and other sacrifices, cows were slaughtered, and the flesh distributed among the persons concerned in them.\* In ancient India a cow was killed on the arrival of a guest.† *Manu* refers to it not only in the *Madhuparka* ceremony, but also in other places. But the slaying of a cow is prohibited by *Yajnavalkya* and the *Mahanirvana Tantra* which prohibits the eating of the flesh of human beings, of animals which have the appearance of human beings, of cows which are very beneficial (to mankind) and of carnivorous animals which are without any taste.‡ *Manu* gives a list in the fifth chapter of his Institutes of animals which are fit for food, among which he says "the hedge-hog, the porcupine, the guana, the rhinoceros, the tortoise are declared lawful by the wise among the five-toed animals; and all quadrupeds having one row of teeth except camels." He also declares that whoever having performed a ceremony (*sradha*, *madhuparka*, &c.) in due form does not eat flesh, should after death be born an animal for twenty-one generations.§ It is only since the Buddhist period, when sacrifices were abolished and when the spirit of generosity for animal life became so strong, that flesh-eating has been considered a heinous offence.

The great vice of the ancient Hindus was gambling. The consequences of gambling were as acutely felt in the early period of the *Rig Veda*, as they were in later times. The thirty-fourth hymn of the tenth Mandala of the *Rig Veda* gives a faithful picture of a gambler's life. The vice ran so high at the time of *Manu* that he was compelled to ordain sentence of death for the offence of gambling.|| *Valmiki* refers to it, and in the *Mahabharata* we find that the vice had become fashionable;

\* See Dr. Rajendralala Mitra's *Beef in Ancient India*, J. A. S. Vol xli.

† *Bhavabhuti's Uttara Ramcharita*, Act iv.

‡ *Mahanirvana Tantra*, Bk. viii, Sl, 108.

नरबाधस्य न दुष्कीरात् नराकृतिं पशून्सुधा ।

बह्वर्णकारकान्गोष्ठं मांसाहान् रसवर्जितान् ॥

§ Ch, v, sl, 35

|| Ch, ix, sl, 224



for Yudhisthira and Nala after losing everything they had in the world, at last staked even their wives. The *Mrichehhakatika*, a drama by king Sudraka, shows that the vice was woefully prevalent at the beginning of the Christian era.\*

Some of the customs which were extant before may be known from the fact of their prohibition in the present age. We quote the following passage from the *Udvaha Tatva* of Raghunandana, the author of the twenty-eight Tatvas, who flourished in the 16th century. The author himself quotes these passages from Parasara, Hemadri, the Aditya and the Vrihannaradiya Purans. The following passages are from the Vrihannaradiya Purana:†

“Sea-journey; carrying of the Kamandalu (a begging pot); marrying of girls by the twice-born classes from different castes; procreation of issues by a younger brother of the husband; slaying of animals at the Madhuparka; offering of flesh meat at a Sraddha; entering into Vanaprastha (or the third stage of a Brahman's life); bestowal of girls in marriage who have already been given away (widow-marriage); Brahmachariya for a long time; human sacrifice; horse-sacrifice; suicide by drowning one's self in the ocean; gomedha or cow-sacrifice; and sacrifices requiring immolation of cattle;—these sacrifices are declared to be prohibited in the Kali Yuga by the learned.” Parasara, Hemadri, and the Aditya Purana prohibit in addition to these the following: “Killing of superior Brahmanas (i. e. those who are versed in the Vedas) in fair warfare even if they come to the attack: reducing the period of mourning on account of service or for reading (the Vedas); performance of expiations by Brah-

\* Act ii.

†

আহ বৃহন্নরদীয় ।

সমুদ্রব্রাহ্মণ্যঃ কামণ্ডলুবিহারণং ।

বিজ্ঞানামসবর্ণাসু কন্যানুপায়মভধা ॥

দেবরেনু সুতোৎপত্তির্মধুপর্কে পশোর্বধঃ ।

মাংসাদানং তথা শ্রাদ্ধে বানপ্রস্থপ্রমভধা ॥

দত্তয়াশ্চৈব কন্যায়াঃ পুনর্দানং বরস্য চ ।

দীর্ঘকালং ব্রহ্মচর্যং নরমেধাশ্চমেধকৌ ॥

মহাপ্রস্থানধর্মণং গোমেধঞ্চ তথা নথং ।

ইদান্ ধর্মীন্ কলিযুগে বর্জ্যানাভর্ষনীধিনঃ ॥

mans involving death ; condemnation for associating with offenders ; acceptance as sons other than legitimate and adopted sons ; messing by a householder with a servant, cowherd, friend of the family and half-sharers (in agricultural produce) if they be of the Sudra caste ; going on a distant pilgrimage ; food dressed by Sudras for the Brahmans ; suicide by falling from high places or in fire ; suicide on account of old age ; and similar other works, are abstained from by the noble-minded and the learned lawfully at the beginning of the Kali Yuga for the welfare of the people : The practice of great men should be proof as strong as that of the Vedas.”\*

Notwithstanding the distinction that was made between religion and morality in some of their works, the ancient Hindus were characterized by respect to their superiors, kindness to their inferiors, faithfulness to their friends, hospitality to their guests, and gratefulness to their benefactors. Whoever is courteous and always serves the old, his life, learning, fame and strength increase ; never wound the feelings of a man ; always give way to persons going in wheeled conveyances, to old men of more than ninety years of age, to the sick, to carriers, to women, to a Brah-

- 
- \* হেমাঙ্গিপরাশরভাষ্যেরা দিত্যপুত্রাণ ।  
 দীর্ঘকালং ব্রহ্মচর্য্যং ধারণঞ্চ কমণ্ডলোঃ  
 দেবরেশ সুতোঃপতির্দত্তকন্যা প্রদীয়তে ॥  
 কন্যা নামসবর্ণানাং বিবাহশ্চ দ্বিজাতিভিঃ ।  
 অতিতায়ি দ্বিজাগ্রাণ্যানাং ধর্ম্মযুগেন হিংসনং ।  
 বানপ্রস্থশ্রমণ্যাপি প্রবেশো বিধিচোদিতঃ ॥  
 বৃদ্ধস্বাধ্যায়সাপেক্ষমঘসঙ্কোচনং তথা ।  
 প্রায়শ্চিত্তবিধানঞ্চ বিপ্রাণাং মরণান্তিকং ॥  
 সংসর্গদোষঃ পাপেষু মধুপর্কে পশোর্বধং ।  
 দন্তোরসেন্তরেষাঞ্চ পুন্ড্রেন পরিগ্রহঃ ॥  
 শুভ্রেষু দামণোপালকুসুমিত্রাক্ষণীয়াণাং ।  
 ভোজ্যমিতা গৃহস্থস্য তীর্থসেবাসিদ্ধিরুতঃ ॥  
 ব্রাহ্মণাদিষু শুভ্রস্য পকতাদিক্রিয়াপি চ ।  
 ভৃগুগ্নিপতনৈকৈব বৃদ্ধাদিমরণত্বথা ॥

ইত্যাদীন্যভিধায়

এতানি লোকগুণ্যর্থ্যং কলেরাদৌ মহাক্ষত্ভিঃ ।  
 নিবর্ত্তিতানি কর্ম্মাণি ব্যবস্থা পূর্জকং বৃধৈঃ ।  
 সময়শ্চাপি সাধুনাং প্রমাণং বেদবক্তবেৎ ॥

man returning from his preceptor's house, to king and bridegroom; and other similar rules of courtsey are minutely laid down in the second and third chapters of the Institutes of Manu. Various moral precepts may also be gleaned from the several Smritis, the epics and the apologues.

### POESY.

*"Lorsque l'innocence en larmes se retira de notre monde, elle rencontra la poésie sur le seuil."* Alexandre Vinot.

Two figures crossed each other at the gate  
 When our first parents left fair Paradise;  
 One quitted them, her name was Innocence,  
 With downcast look and step no more elate,  
 Scared by their gloomy brows and guilty eyes;  
 The other, with a sympathy intense  
 Came to them in her stead—Ah! who was she?  
 Friend of our race, her name was Poesy.

DELTA.

### THE DUTY OF THE EDUCATED NATIVES OF INDIA TO PROMOTE THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THEIR COUNTRY.

All our countrymen do not equally feel the urgency or importance of the duty of promoting the material prosperity of India, nor do they all agree as to the nature of that duty. Some perhaps rest satisfied with the belief that things will take their natural course, and it is as useless for them to do any thing as to try to turn the tide of the Ganges; they think it imprudent and useless to make any exertions, and they are proud of their humility or modesty in deciding not to stir. Others admit that something ought to be done, but they do not know what, or if they do know, they think it useless to do any thing unless united into a body. But the right man is he who knows

and feels his duty, puts forth his best exertions to do it, and calls others to join him. A national sense of this duty is being gradually awakened, and, if so, it is time that our educated countrymen develop it in an organized form to enable it to carry on its operations with effect. The time is now come.

The Hindu mind is gradually taking a practical turn, and the circumstances are, as is to be naturally expected, favorable to this tendency. The power of steam is now employed in many places instead of animal force to extract oil and grind flour; gunny bags and gunny cloths are now chiefly made by powerloom instead of by handloom, and cotton manufactures too have been improved by the introduction of European machinery. At the end of 1876 it was stated, that there were at work in India 47 mills with 9,139 looms and 1,100,112 spindles. Some natives are said to have united into a company for tea planting, and another is said to have been formed in Bombay for the manufacture of glass. All such facts foreshadow a fair prospect of the material prosperity of India. It is thought that the natives should now have systematic education in manufactures and arts, that they should now learn not merely from books, but from experiments made by themselves, and that they should investigate the laws of nature with a view to make new inventions and discoveries. The Government and the enlightened public have already directed their attention to the establishment of an institution for technical education, and it is believed that it will be opened on an early opportunity. The Science Association has already commenced its work and it is expected in time to gather strength and extend its operations.

Under such circumstances, the Hindu mind is naturally expected to take a practical turn, and it is proper to be so directed. Our chief fault which counteracts this tendency lies however in leaving the practical affairs of life to take care of themselves, in separating entirely the spheres of art and science, in lifting up knowledge to the region of the clouds, instead of bringing it down to the level of common understandings.

The proper remedy already in operation against such evils

is English education in general, and the study of English medical science in particular,—this science being taught in such a way as to give an idea of the value of experiments and to present the real objects of knowledge before the understanding and the senses. A similar training is also the result of the study of Civil Engineering. Consequently those who excel in such professional knowledge have, in addition to their professional business, another more important duty, the duty of bringing down knowledge to the level of common understandings. The native artists and mechanics have no learning, and if the learned, proud of being able to think, despise to work, thought will never be wedded to the useful arts. Before this can be done, the workmen must learn, and the learned must work. Hence it is the duty of the educated, and especially of those who have received professional education, not only for the general good, but also for their own benefit, to devote themselves to the application of knowledge to practical purposes as well as to the extension of practical knowledge; and if they find it impossible to do much by individual exertion, they ought to form associations for such purposes. The work required to be done is immense; it must be done gradually and by parts. We cannot form an idea of it all at once.

To begin with what chiefly lies within the province of medical men on account of their acquiring a good amount of knowledge in chemistry, which can be applied not only to medicine, but to many other arts of life, and which has hitherto been used not much further than in prescribing powders for green lights and red lights, in preparing some essences or mineral waters, it is of the first importance, for helping the development of the resources of the country, to go to the goldsmith, to the bleacher, to the dyer, to the painter, to the farmer, to teach what improvements can be pointed out to be made in the work of each: and he, who has not learned the science to do such service to the country, has certainly learned it to little purpose. The chemist can ascertain by experiment the composition of barrilla, for instance, and prescribe the process of manufacturing soap of as

fine a quality as that imported from the United Kingdom ; he can turn to account the suggestion of Dr. Roxburgh, who observed that the two species of *Salicornia* and one of *Salsola* are so abundantly found on the Coromandel Coast, as to yield sufficient barilla for the manufacture of soap and glass for the consumption of the whole world, and thus to afford the natives useful employment ; he can thus apply his knowledge to the improvement of arts and benefit not only the public, but himself. We best serve ourselves, when we serve others.

Every department of knowledge has its use, and the man possessing that knowledge is naturally by duty bound to turn it to proper account. But considering all the circumstances connected with the state of the people of this country, one can have no doubt that men of professional education owe a duty to their country, far more important than any other. By men of professional education, who have chiefly to work for the promotion of the material prosperity of this country, we mean not only medical men, but we also include in the class men trained in the engineering profession, for we require improvement, such as can be achieved not only by the application of the knowledge of chemistry and the physical sciences, but also such as can be brought on by the skillful application of mechanical laws. The use of machinery is as necessary as the utilization of the laws of chemical combination.

Take for instance the process of making paper as described in the *Punjab Manufactures* by Mr. Baden Powell.

"At first the fibrous material chiefly old gunny cloth, or *tât*, is cut up by hand with little pieces with a rude iron chopper ; the dust is then shaken out of it ; it is next moistened ; mixed with a certain quantity of *Sajji*, and is submitted to the *jhandar* or pounder. The pounder consists of a heavy beam of wood, working on a *pirot* so as to form the long arm of an unequal lever ; the end of the arm is fitted with a cylindrical block of wood, on which is fixed a small iron tooth or central hammer, which strikes upon a stone placed below : this lower end of the lever strikes down into a *pucka* trough, which is partly filled with the fibre to be pounded. A workman stands with one foot on

the shorter end of the beam or *jhandar*, and by pressing it down, forces the loaded end up which in its turn falls by its own weight, crushing the fibre that is beneath it. A man crouches down in one corner of the trough, and keeps throwing the fibrous material on to the stone under the beam each time, as it descends with a heavy thump. Of course, the quantity of fibre submitted to the blow each time is very small, but by gradually throwing piece after piece, the whole gets pounded. The material is then taken out, washed in a stream of water, made into square cakes with more *sajji*, and left exposed to sun and air for some time, after this, it is again pounded, and again washed. When the whole is in a rude pulp and tolerably clean, it is mixed with water in a masonry trough, stirred up continually by men with bamboo sticks, and when the whole pulp is of a proper consistency, the paper maker sits down with his strainer frame, and dipping it in with a peculiar knack, catches a fine layer of pulp on the strainer, which, when the water has drained off, forms a sheet of paper; these sheets are placed one over the other as they are made. When a sufficient number has been collected, the mass is taken away to a dry wall previously prepared with a smooth coating of plaster. The workman then takes a thin, broad and stiff brush, like an English house brush, only thinner, and detaching sheet by sheet, spreads each flat against the wall, to which it adheres by its own moisture, the workman gently smooths it over with the brush. When dry, the paper readily peels off, and is then ready to be polished. This is effected by smearing each sheet all over with a kind of starch prepared from wheat, and when this is dry, a gloss is imparted to the paper by rubbing over and over each sheet with a round smooth flint stone over a concave surface of smooth wood."

The object being to bleach, wash and reduce the *tât* to pulp, the chemist ought to be able to suggest improvements in the process of bleaching and washing, while the man skilled in mechanical laws ought to suggest how power may be most conveniently applied. The former ought to be able to point out other materials than the *tât* from which paper can be made, and

the latter ought to shew how steam or any other power may be applied to spare the labor of men.

Let them not despise the idea of making improvements upon a process still hopelessly behind the improved process followed in England or elsewhere ; let them not rest satisfied saying that if any paper manufactory is to be set up, let it be done at once on English model. If it could be done, it would certainly be highly useful ; but a deeper study of social science will convince us that no substantial benefit can be derived by a sudden innovation, and that gradual improvement is the sure indication of permanent good, because people cannot follow a sudden change, but they can see their way, if it is gradual. Thus a skillful teacher in a class is not he who, in solving a problem, for instance, jumps into the conclusion with the facility which may be natural to himself, but he who fights with dullness and difficulty and puts into exercise that effort which the learner must make before he sees his way to the conclusion. The skill practised in schools is to be also practised in the world, and for the very same reason.

A sudden change is not generally possible. Supposing a cotton manufactory is opened in Calcutta after the model of one in Manchester, supposing capital and machinery are at hand, still the chief want felt will be that of men, and if the manufactory is set to work with English workmen, a class of men here will thus be thrown out of occupation, without knowing what to do. Whereas suggestions being made to these men of improvements by gradual steps, whereby they can work with less trouble and in a shorter time, they are sure to adopt them, and thus in the course of time Calcutta may work as Manchester. The plea, that our countrymen are singularly conservative and stationery, and that they are opposed to improvement, is a misrepresentation of human nature. From what we have premised, it is clear that not only the workmen must learn and the learned must work, but that the improvement must be gradual.

Let not however the whole burden be placed on those who have received professional education ; even men of sound general



education are capable of doing much, at least in the way of helping their brethren. The responsibility rests on the educated class generally ; a large share rests also on the zemindars, of whom most receive a fair amount of English education, and who are in a position to do a great amount of good, in proportion to their means, influence and knowledge. The country looks to them for her good or her evil in future. The workmen know not to do their work better, and if those who do or can know how it can be better done, neglect to inform those who work, they are faithless to their country and false to their trust. Let them not neglect to do their duty, and they shall have ample reward in the satisfaction of doing it for themselves, in the improvement of their country, and in the happiness of future generations.

It is possible for any one of them singly to do something, if he has a correct idea of his duties and a proper estimate of his abilities. He may take up any art or manufacture for which he may have a liking, observe how it is done in this country, learn by study how it is done elsewhere, for instance in England, find one or two points in which the process here followed may be improved, suggest to an artist or manufacturer the improvement he proposes, examine how it succeeds, and point out to him the advantage. It is true that the native workman is found to tread on the old beaten path, and is averse to much innovation, but it is simply because he has no idea of the improvement which his work admits of ; being himself ignorant of the process how it is done in other countries, he is satisfied with what he has learnt from his forefathers. But if he is ignorant, others who are informed can communicate to him the results of their study ; and when this is done, it is absurd to suppose that a man will not seek his own interest or make no use of any improvement.

In order to make such a practical application of knowledge, we must know the process of a work followed in this country, and that which is followed elsewhere. The process here followed may be learned by actual observation, but the want first felt is that of books shewing the natural products and their uses as well as the processes of all the arts and manufactures of this

country. Such books are not altogether wanting, but these are not generally available to those who wish to make use of them, and in some cases they are not fully within their comprehension. There is a similar want of cheap and available books for learning conveniently the arts and manufactures best practised in other countries. To supply the want of such books, to make them generally available and to bring them within the range of common understanding, are then the first duties of our educated countrymen. Keeping practical usefulness in view, they in doing so will also find it their duty to examine many things with reference to their several properties and uses, in order that if they are not easily or cheaply available in this country, some other things which are available may be substituted for them. This want of the knowledge of the properties of things, whereby one thing may be substituted for another with similar effect, is generally felt. Many works containing *recipes*, which artists and matrons in England find extremely useful, are found on the tables of native gentlemen, who are led by the contents, the opinions of the press or other recommendations to hope to make a good use of them ; but they are very often disappointed.

However, by the extension of useful knowledge, as far as it can be effected through the private exertions of individuals, there may be in the course of time a marked improvement in arts and manufactures, but should such exertions be combined the result must necessarily be manifold. The publication of books shewing the natural products, arts and manufactures of this country as well as the arts and manufactures of countries where they are best carried into operation, and also of books supplementary to them shewing the articles available in this country, which can be substituted for those used in others, will necessarily clear the way to shew the intermediate steps, where the state of arts and manufactures, as practised in this country, may be brought up to the higher level to which they have attained in other civilized countries. The knowledge of practical utility being thus more widely diffused, the number of those on whom rests the responsibility of promoting the welfare of the country will also

increase, and the people being themselves able to proceed fairly with their work, which they will find advantageous, the progress of improvement will be necessarily accelerated. All this can be done without the aid of Government, of any institution ; and if our educated countrymen help each other, and co-operate with a resolute purpose, a proper sense of duty and with due energy and perseverance, they will soon see their way to bright prospects before them.

The difficulty, however, is in organizing a system of co-operation. There are men able to do much who waste their time because they say they do not know what to do. The folly of complaining of the shortness as well as the tediousness of time is very common. A proper sense of duty makes a man find a vast amount of work, and then he finds no time to waste. Then he is ready to undertake any amount of work alone, calling on others to help him, not that he may work less, but that more work may be done. There are men who have a sense of duty, but they complain that it is useless to do any thing alone. In point of fact, however, no man is so insignificant in society that he does not exercise some influence about him, and that any thing which he honestly does with the sincere object of doing good, can ever be entirely out of purpose. The proper sense of duty and the resolution to act up to it are first to be looked for, and when these are not wanting, the system of co-operation will be easily organized ; but it is not easy to see how it may be organized as long as these are wanting. Perhaps, there are hundreds of men in Calcutta, whose services may be expected to contribute to the good of the country. Perhaps, they may form themselves conveniently into as many bodies, as there are municipal sections, and each body may have a definite object of improvement to carry out, or a particular subject of useful knowledge to cultivate, improve and disseminate, each individual bringing with his own share of knowledge or suggestions for improvements, which he can make by his own studies, observations and experiments. In the Mofussil, the native gentlemen who hold some position of importance, such as judicial officers, pleaders, doctors, school-

masters and others, who are generally men of sound education, may form themselves into a body with a view to work out some improvements in agriculture and manufactures within their sphere. In some stations, good work is to some extent done in this way, and it is desirable that such opportunities of improvement should not be neglected. But in large cities, the work of improvement is not done to an extent to which it may be done; and in Calcutta it is certain that we do not find a hundredth part of that activity and exertion, which we should expect to find considering the opportunities and the number of persons fit for useful work. In the Mofussil, there is a large field for improvement in agriculture; in towns, for that in manufactures. But in order that all this work may be done systematically and with a uniformity of purpose, there ought to be an association to encourage and regulate such work throughout the country. As the Science Association has for its object the improvement of scientific knowledge, that of an association which is wanted, ought to be the improvement of agriculture and manufactures and the development of the productive resources of India in general. Unless there is such an association, formed and conducted by the *elite* of the nation, it cannot be said to have a full comprehension of its duties.

The Government of India have shewn by the establishment of the Department of Revenue, Agriculture and Commerce, the importance of doing the work, and though it was originally designed to satisfy the interests of the cotton trade in Manchester, yet being founded on a broad basis, it is not liable to the charge of serving the interests of a party. The object of the Government is the increase of revenue, that of the nation the increase of the comforts and happiness of the people. The work being the same, the *modus operandi* must also be the same, and the objects, however apparently different, must on a comprehensive view be identical. And in order that the work done on the part of the Government may promote the double purpose of blessing both the Government and the people, it is necessary that those who work for the Government should have broad principles of humani-

ty, heart-felt sympathy with the people and true Christian charity. The people ought also to be kept duly informed of the proceedings of the Government at least so far as their interests are concerned. But though the work may be done by Government, yet that does not diminish the responsibility of the nation to do it for itself, so that they may help each other in developing the resources of the country, to serve the double purpose of enriching the nation and at the same time to increase the public revenue. The Government may put further incentives before the people, whereby they may be set up to make improvements by themselves, either actuated by hope of reward or gain or stimulated by the principle of competition. This can be best done by holding exhibitions. Model farms under the supervision of Europeans, skilled in agriculture, may lead the cultivator of the soil to introduce some improvements. Thus, much can be done by Government. It is not our purpose to discuss whether all that is required to be done by Government is done, but the frequent famines and the absence of any effective means to prevent their recurrence, incline the public to form no favorable opinion of the department. The public require to be better informed of the proceedings of Government in this department, and the Government ought to make the people co-operate with them; and thus both the nation and the Government will be benefited.

## DIE WEISZE FRAÜ.

“ Though mirrors best adorn a lady’s room,  
 Yet you, I see, have none, sweet Bertha, . . . why ?”  
 “ I’ll tell you Maud, my best and earliest friend.  
 When first we came to dwell in Darnel Chase  
 Four years ago, this house had not been built,  
 But on it’s site the lofty manor stood,  
 Where the forefathers of my lord had lived  
 Since Richard Crookback’s reign, and though decayed,

And tenanted by troops of owls, this pile,  
Had pleasant rooms: the suite of four that lay,  
Around this very spot, and overlooked  
That slope, my lord selected for my use  
When I arrived, and I must freely own  
I liked them much, they were perhaps too far  
From the domestic offices, which lay  
On the north eastern side, but for that fault,  
The cheerful prospect from their windows made  
Abundant recompense, for it embraced,  
Extensive tracts of cultured land, and woods  
Laced by the breakers of the silver sea.

Well, in this ancient house a sitting room,  
(One of the four I occupied,) possessed,  
A lofty mirror framed in ebony;  
It faced a window in a small recess,  
Where oft I came at noon to knit and read.  
One frosty day, my lord being out, I sat  
In this sequestered nook to watch the lawn,  
But chancing for a moment to turn round,  
In the great mirror opposite I saw,  
A stranger's countenance beside my own:  
It was surmounted by a curious cape,  
Like that which ladies wore in Crookback's time;  
Startled, I glanced around to ascertain,  
If any visitor had unperceived  
Entered the chamber,—No! the room was clear,  
And the door fastened with a massive bar!  
Again I scanned the mirror,—there it peered!  
With spiteful gaze rivetted on my face!  
It stayed one minute full—then faded off,  
And I, o'ercome with fear, sunk on the floor.

I lay half stunned some time,—at length the sound,  
Of wheels and horses in the court beneath,  
Occasioned by my lord's return, revived

My prostrate soul,—I rose—undid the door,  
And rushed down stairs with haste to welcome him.

That eve we left for town, but ever since,  
I venture not, like others, to adorn  
My sitting room with sheets of shining glass,  
Or look into a mirror when alone.

D.

## BIANCA.

OR

## THE YOUNG SPANISH MAIDEN.

“ *Félicité passé*  
*Qui ne peut revenir,*  
*Tourment de la pensée,*  
*Que n'ai-je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir !*

## CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, drizzling day of February. The bare trees waved their withered branches to the biting wind, in a weird and mournful manner, as if they were wringing their hands in agonised despair.

A funeral procession was winding slowly up the path ; two mourners followed the coffin ; the church yard was in a lonely place ; so there were no half-curious, half-sympathising people following. It was the daughter of Alonzo Garcia a foreign gentleman residing in England, his eldest daughter and his most loved ; the youngest was by his side, Bianca. She did not weep ; she was calm and quiet, and followed her father with a downcast race ; no tear was there in her eye. The Rector, Mr. Smith waited at the vestry ; he shook Mr. Garcia's hand but did not utter a word. He also took Bianca's hand in both of his, in a fatherly way ; his grasp, his kindly look, brought the tears to her eyes, and she bent her head lower. Then they all followed the sad procession. Through the drear wind and falling snow, clear, soft, mournful yet comforting was heard the voice of Mr. Smith.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

"I said, I will take heed to my ways : that I offend not in my tongue."

"I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle : while the ungodly is in my sight."

Mr. Smith stopped ; father and daughter lifted their eyes ; they had arrived at the place of rest.

Now the procession stopped ; Miss Garcia stooped down to place a wreath of white roses on the coffin ; two small buds fell from the garland to the ground ; she took them up and kept them within her hand. 'Twas dead Inez' gift to her ; thought she.

They lowered the coffin. The father stood, silent, his eyes half-closed, his lips trembling ; was he praying ? was he weeping ? Bianca's tears fell silently, drop by drop ; sometimes a deep-drawn sigh shook her slight frame ; she kept down the sobs in that way. The first lump of earth was thrown over the pale blue colored coffin ; it was soon invisible. The grave was filled. Every one went away. Father and daughter stayed some minutes longer ; at last Miss Garcia took her father's hand in her own. "Come away father, come home." He went with her docilely. She turned back her head once more ; oh, she longed to go and lay herself down on the newly made grave, and die there.

They came home. The father went straight to the room whence the dear dead had been borne away, where she had pass-



ed her last days. His daughter did not follow. She knew she could do nothing to console him. God even cannot, sometimes. Let the mourner remain alone with the Divine Comforter: He will give him peace and strength to bear the sorrow. Bianca entered her own room. She sat by the window; a book lay open on the table; her eye fell upon it; Inez was very fond of it; it was Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The first lines Bianca came upon were

Come, let us go, your cheeks are pale,  
But half my life I leave behind :  
Methinks my friend is richly shrined,  
But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
How often had she heard Inez repeat these lines in her soft silvery voice !

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead ;  
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave', said,  
'Adieu, adieu' for evermore !

She closed the book and looked out of the window, Where was Inez now ? Beneath the cold earth :—She so delicate was now sleeping quietly in the wild churchyard with nothing between her and the inclement sky, but a thin oak-plank, and the newly turned sod. Bianca's heart '*se serra*' convulsively at the thought. Why should *she* so strong be housed from the weather in a warm, lighted room, while pale Inez lay cold and stiff in the lonely grave-yard ? She looked with drear despair at the drizzling snow and rain. Her large eyes were dilated ; she opened the window (it was a glass door) and stepped out into the garden. She smiled, it was a strange, peculiar smile, 'I am like you now Inez dear,' murmured she, and sat down on the soaked

ground, her head bent down. How long she remained there she did not know. It was getting dark when a hand was placed on her shoulder; and a voice, Martha's voice said. 'Miss Bianca whatever are you at?' She opened her eyes but without stirring. 'Miss Bianca, Miss Bianca,' cried Martha beseechingly, 'Puir thing, puir thing, she does not hear.' And Martha shook her by the shoulders. 'Are ye benumbed, are ye frozen?' She rose now. 'No Martha; there's nothing the matter with me.' 'But why are ye out, all alone, in the snow? If ye go on in this way, ye'll soon follow sweet Miss Inez.' 'Would to God, I could;' exclaimed she below her breath, and her brown eyes looked dreamily and longingly at the drear scenery around. 'And if ye were baith to leave your auld father, what's to become of him I should like to know?' She turned her face towards the old Scotch woman. 'You are right, Martha. Poor papa;' she murmured, and got up. 'Ye are wet through Miss Bianca, ye must change your clothes.' 'I'll take a cup of tea first Martha, and papa must have something.' She entered the dining room. Reader let me describe her to you a little.

She was not beautiful; of the middle height; her slight figure was very graceful; her face was not quite oval; her forehead was low; her lips were full, sensitive and mobile; her colour was dark; have you ever seen an Italian peasant girl? When she blushed or was excited, the color mounted warm and deep to her pale olive cheek; she was beautiful then; her dark brown eyes, 'just like Keeper's' (the dog's) her father would say, smiling,—were large and full; in fact this pair of eyes and her long, black curls were her only points of beauty.

Martha brought her a cup of tea, she took it; then made one large cup for her father and went upstairs. She hung up her dress; her father must not see her thus drenched; he would be anxious. Then, she softly entered the room where the much-loved had died. Her father was on his knees beside the bed; she put the cup gently on the side-table, and came quietly and knelt beside him. Some time elapsed; she was weeping silently to herself; when a hand was placed heavily and slowly on her

shoulder. She knew it was her father's. A thrill of unknown pleasure she felt at this touch. He had never caressed her ; Inez had been his favourite. He loved both his daughters, but Inez with her childlike grace, her utter dependence on him, her caressing ways, had been his best-loved ; Bianca although younger, was so grave, so sedate, so womanly, so independent, that he looked on her as his counsellor ; sometimes even he would ask her advice in some important matter ; " she was his right hand ;" he would say, " as good as a son to him ; beneath her girl's boddice beat a heart as bold as any man's ; beneath her wavy curls was a head as sharp and intelligent as any mathematician's." Inez was the being to whom both were devoted ; father and sister worshipped Inez. Sometimes Bianca felt a pang when she saw her father pass his hand on his eldest daughter's shoulder ; or, but this was very rarely, for M. Garcia was not a demonstrative man, kiss her on the cheek. " After all, he loves Inez best," Bianca would think awake in her bed ; " and is not that right ? Inez wants to be looked after ; she is so loving ; no wonder he loves her best. I should not be jealous ; I am strong ; I can take care of myself." During Inez's illness no mother could have been a better nurse than young Bianca was. It was a wonder how she would keep awake three or four nights running ; she never left the house even for a walk ; sometimes she would go out to buy some grapes or pears,—Inez was so fond of fruits." Much-loving, much-loved Inez !

M. Garcia rose at last. " Come Bianca, she is at peace now." They both went out ; she took him to the parlour ; and gave him the cup of tea. He did not take further notice of her ; he was looking at the stars. After a pause, he said, half to himself. " But last tuesday, she was with us, and now beyond the stars ! How strange it all seems." A silence. Presently she said quietly, " your tea is getting cold, father, drink it." He did so, and pushed the cup towards her ; she filled it again. " It is refreshing" he said. They remained silent for the space of about two hours engrossed in thought. Bianca coughed several times while both were so absorbed. " Have you got

a cold Bianca?" Said her father anxiously. "A slight one, father." "How did you catch it? you must take great care of yourself, now my child." And he put his hand out to her; she put her's in it, and came and sat quietly beside him on a low stool at his feet. Presently she said, "Father shall I read to you?" "Yes, do. Take something warm before you go to bed tonight." "Yes, father; what shall I read? The 14th chapter of John?" He nodded, and she opened the book. In her soft yet rich tones she read, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." When she had finished the chapter, she closed the book slowly. They then knelt down and prayed. "Now Bianca, go to bed." He rang the bell. "Martha get Miss Bianca something warm, she has got a bad cold." "No wonder she has with—" Bianca interrupted her; "come away Martha." Outside the dining room; "Martha"—said she, "you must not tell father where I was this morning." "Very well, Miss Bianca." Martha brought her young mistress a cup of hot spiced wine. Bianca drank it, then she went upstairs. She went towards the door of her sister's room, she turned the lock slowly and entered. She half expected to see Inez there in her white robe lying quiet and pale in her coffin, with her arms across her breast, and her dark, soft hair framing her peaceful, beautiful face, and her lips half-open in a calm, gentle, and happy smile. She had seen her thus last night. Bianca knelt beside the bed and prayed. She came out half an hour afterwards; a step was mounting the stairs; she passed quickly and silently to her own room. She heard the steps stop before the door. Would he go in? No. He went to his own bedroom.

Next morning when Bianca awoke, she involuntarily turned her face towards the bed where Inez used to sleep before her illness. She turned her head away presently with a sigh; she got up and kneeling at the foot of the bed, wept, with her head buried in the counterpane. She did not pray;—Inez come back;—that was her cry, wrung from her heart; by and by the tears dropped slower; she was thinking. "How happy she is!" thought she, "in that garden full of flowers, as she said; how

happy she is, with dear mother walking beside her. Is the garden very beautiful, Inez?" And again the bitter cry went forth, "O Inez take me with you! I feel so very wretched! She knelt there sometime; gradually a sense of numbness came over her; her eyes became dry. She got up, dressed, and sat down before the open window. "Father must not see that I have cried." The cold morning air soon dissipated all the traces of tears and she went downstairs. "Is not father risen yet, Martha?" She asked surprised at finding the dining-room empty. "No Miss." She went upstairs and tapped at her father's door;—"Shall I come in, father?" "Yes." She entered. "Why! Still in bed father! Are you ill?" "Yes Bianca; feel my forehead and hands child." She did so. They were burning hot. "You have got the fever father; I must send for the doctor." Her father passed his hand over her head. "What would you do Bianca, if I were to leave you and die?" said he half jestingly. "You are not going to die father, I won't let you"—smiling, but she turned her face away to hide the rising tears. He sighed. "But to me it would be the best thing, I ask nothing but to be at rest." "I must get you something warm father" rising, "and write to the doctor." She went out and shut the door after her. On the staircase she stopped a few minutes, then entered her own bedroom and sat down in a chair. The tears fell fast. Will he indeed die? "God," she thought, "give me a sign that he will live. Oh God! Think this not presumptuous but give faith to thy servant and strengthen her." She knelt down and opened the Bible. The words which struck her eye were: "Behold I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth." She read the passage again and again with a happy smile, while the tears were still bright on her wet cheek; then she kissed the words and closed the book. Lord, I thank Thee," said she, with her forehead leaning on the "Gospel of peace." She was strengthened. She came down, wrote to the doctor, and then brought M. Garcia his tea.

Presently there was a tap at the door, and Martha entered.

Please sir, there is Mr. Smith waiting downstairs, will he come in?" "By all means. Bianca bring him here. I should like to see him." Bianca went down. Mr. Smith was waiting in the hall. The front door was open, and gusts of fresh wind were sweeping in. Mr. Smith took Bianca's two hands in his own. "And how is papa?" "He is very ill; he wants to see you Mr. Smith." "Ill! I am sorry to hear that. What is the matter with him?" "Fever." And the girl's eyes filled. "Poor child! Poor child!" Said the Rector patting her on the head; God will give you strength to bear all this. His grace is sufficient for us." He followed her upstairs. The Rector went to the bedside of the patient. They did not talk much, but the silent and sincere sympathy apparent in Mr. Smith's mild face was more welcome than a host of words from any of Job's comforters.

Bianca sat by the window. The doctor presently came. He prescribed; then went away; he was a busy man.

A week past, a week of intense bodily and mental suffering; on the seventh day M. Garcia opened his eyes, and recognised his daughter. He almost started at first. Her pale profile, as she sat quietly by the window recalled his lost Inez vividly to his mind. "Come here, Bianca." She went and put her hand in his, he grasped it warmly and tears came into the eyes of both. God had been merciful to Bianca.

## CHAPTER II.

More than twelve months had passed. It was a bright June day. A young man and woman were sauntering thoughtfully in the fields. It was Bianca and Mr. Walter Ingram. "Look Mr. Ingram isn't the sun beautiful? The west seems lightened by a bonfire." He turned half round: "Yes; it is very beautiful;" he said. He was a rather handsome young man of about twenty four, with a frank countenance, fair hair, and pale blue eyes; his lips were full, but they lacked firmness; in stature he was of the middle height. There was a pause. Bianca was looking dreamily at the far west when the voice of her companion interrupted her reverie. "Bianca" he said. "I want to tell you

something important; shall we go first to a quieter spot?" "This is quiet enough. Say on." And she turned towards him. He had bent his head and with his cane was writing thoughtfully on the ground. He was so long speaking, that she got impatient. "Well?" She said. "Bianca" he said and his voice was very low, and his utterance quick, "will you be my wife? I should be so happy with you." She shook her head, a faint peculiar and rather sad smile parted her lips. "You loved *her* Walter; Inez was to have been your wife; she has left us all; the angels loved her too; poor Walter!" For he had turned his face away. "Your obligations to papa, I should say your gratitude rather, makes you think that you must marry one of his daughters. With Inez it was different, and all right. *She* loved you and you loved her." "But I think I love you too Bianca." "Well, I don't love you, I like you, that is all. Yes, I like you very much, as a friend and a brother. If she had lived, poor Walter!" And she placed her hand on his shoulder. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. She sat down too beside him; she saw the tears trickling through his fingers. "Poor fellow! Poor boy!" she murmured; and she took one of his hands in hers. "You loved her as much as that! I did not know it Walter, I thought she loved more than she was loved." Bye and bye he quieted down. "I did not know how much I loved till I lost her!" "And you wanted to marry me Walter, what if I had said yes." And she smiled one little smile to herself. "I should not have been sorry. I should have taken you at your word. Even now you are the woman I should select as a wife if I had to choose from the whole world. You know me and my ways, you can help me in my struggle through life." "Can I? I shall help you as a sister, brother. Walter, you must come to me in your difficulties." Yes indeed, I shall sister Bianca." "Now get up Walter. I must be going home." They walked together a few yards. "There is Maggie coming" said Bianca, shading her eyes; then, as if a new sudden thought had struck her. "Walter that is the girl you ought to marry. She is just the wife for you." "Isn't that Miss Moore?" "Yes! why! you

know her already!" "Yes I met her once or twice. I know her brother a little."

Miss Moore came running to her friend. "Now Bianca," said she, kissing her in her warm girlish way, I have a bone to pick with you. You haven't come to see us for a long time." Then seeing Mr. Ingram, she gave him her hand, then turning again to her friend. "When will you come? You know Colin is away in London; and the house is so dull without him. Mamma keeps me at lessons. Will you come tomorrow Bianca. Say, yes" "Yes Maggie." "There's my own darling old Bianca. Good bye. Come early." And with a nod to Mr. Ingram she disappeared.

At the door Ingram shook hands with Bianca. "You won't come in?" "No, not to-day." Then after a slight pause and reddening. "Bianca, I behaved like a fool to-day, in asking you such a question. You forgive me, don't you?" She nodded merrily; "I am glad you see it." "It seems natural to you to be sister Bianca to every body. So goodbye sister Bianca." "Good-bye Walter."

In the evening as she was sitting out in the garden with her father, she told him all. "Father, Ingram was wanting to marry me to-day." He turned to her; "Indeed" said he, and the remembrance of Inez came to him. "Yes father, and I refused him." "You did well, child; he is a worthy boy, very good and frank; but I would not like you to marry him; he was well matched with Inez I should have given her to him gladly; but I look for a different man for you." She smiled, pleased, at these words. "But I will never marry father. Life is full of care, and the lonelier you are, the easier is it to live and die." "True, very true, in one sense." And her father sighed. After a pause he said. "And so the lad wanted to marry you! He did not love my Inez then?" "In his own way, he did; he is very good, but he is not very steady. He is impressionable." After another pause he murmured half to himself

Ah! dear, but come thou back to me

Whatever change the years have wrought



I find not yet one single thought,  
That cries against my wish for thee !

She went quietly and sat down beside him, with her sewing in her hand. He passed his hand over her hair. "It is better so," he said, "after all she is safer in the Master's fold than here."

After some cursory talk, Bianca as her custom was, brought a French book ; her father read aloud from it and she sewed ; then in her turn she read aloud and he listened. It was About's 'Germaine.' M. Garcia had been asked by the editor of a magazine to write an article on French light literature of the present day. A refugee, and in exile for a long time, he eked out his scanty income by writing occasionally for the press. A perfect knowledge of the literature of many countries qualified him well for such work. "About is always 'spirituel,' isn't he father ? Though his standard of morality isn't very high ;" remarked Bianca "He is very epigrammatic, and the dullest subject he can make interesting as a novel. The 'Grece Contemporaine' is an instance." "I don't wonder the Empress used to have him at her soirées to make him tell a tale impromptu. I should like to hear him."

As the night came on, they closed the book and remained silent. Bianca was looking at the moon. What were the thoughts passing through her head ? It would be hard to tell. Her face was very thoughtful, yet there was a quiet brightness in it, and her eyes had a dreamy far-off look. She rose up suddenly, and a rather sad smile parted her lips. "We must be going father, it is late." They both went in ; as she was going to bed she said ; "Father, Maggie ask me to go and see her to-morrow ; I may go ?" "Yes, by all means. But stop—the old lady may think you want to hook her son as a husband." She laughed, and her father smiled too. "He isn't here now, he is in London, father." "Well, then you can go. When are you going ?" "Oh to-morrow ; any time will do. Shall you want me to-morrow ?" "The article I am going to write should be looked at. I should like to have your opinion Bianca. I have to send it to-morrow." "Oh I will look over it, and then I shall go." She said good-

night and went to her own room. She undressed and then sat down by the window, bye and bye she began repeating fragments of poetry.

“She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father’s arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the falls of Minnehaha  
Minnehaha, laughing water ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle  
And her eyes were very dreamy.”

Bianca’s were. Presently with a smile ; “I am getting sentimental ; I mustn’t say that “young and tall and very handsome,” and think of him. Pooh ! It can never be. Why do I think of him ? It does me no good ; on the contrary it does me harm. He is a lord of Burleigh. Now-a-days lords do not come to woo village maidens ; and besides I am no village maiden ; neither am I pretty. So be off,—all dreams never to be fulfilled,”—and half jestingly yet with rather a sad smile she went to bed. After a time she got up. “I have not prayed. How wicked I am getting.” And kneeling down beside the bed, she prayed earnestly for forgiveness and peace ; and then she went back to sleep.

---

## DIARY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

---

- 2nd January.* The news of to-day is that the Russians have occupied the Balkan Passes between Sophia which is on the north of the range, and Arab Konak on the south. They mean to invest the town and compel the Turks in it to surrender. In Armenia the Russians are said to be advancing upon Baiburt near Trebizonde.
- 3rd.* The investment of Sophia is said to be completed. The Turks must give up the place in a few days. Poor Ahmed Mukhtar Gazi is said to be replaced by Ismail Pasha.
- 5th.* The Turks have been compelled to give up Kamarli; they have now retreated to Slatitza, Baker Pasha covering the retreat. General Gourko is advancing on Sophia, the doom of which is sealed. It is said that Gazi Mukhtar has arrived at Constantinople.
- 7th.* To-day's telegrams speak of the capture of Sophia. This is a considerable town in Bulgaria, having a population of upwards of 50,000 souls. It is situated on the Bogana, and near it is a road across the Balkans called Trajan's Pass.
- 9th.* It is said that the Turks have abandoned the Schipka Pass, in consequence of which the Russian general Radetsky, who for so long a time defended Fort Nicholas against all comers, has crossed the Balkans and advanced into Roumelia as far as Kesanlik. It seems that the Commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces in Roumelia is Reouf Pasha, and Suleiman merely commands a division. Slatitza has been captured by the Russians who are now advancing on Bazar-dchik. The Russians seem to be pouring into Roumelia through several passes, and the Turks are retreating, determined, I suppose, to make a stand at Adrianople. No news from Armenia.
- 12th.* In the above entry I said that the Turks had abandoned the Schipka Pass. But it now appears that it was not simple

abandonment, but the whole of the Turkish army in the Schipka Pass, consisting of 41 battalions, was captured by General Radetsky after desperate fighting, besides ten batteries. If a battalion be estimated at 500, the captured army numbers about 20,000. The Turks seem to be getting thoroughly demoralized. The Russians have since occupied Kesanlik.

13th. Nisch or Nissa capitulated on the 11th after several days' continuous fighting. The Servians are occupying the place.

The Russians are marching on in Roumelia without opposition; they have reached Yenissagra and Tatar-Bazardchik. The civilian population are running away from Adrianople.

17th. A great battle was fought between Tatar-Bazardchik and Philipopolis, in which Suleiman Pasha was defeated. The inhabitants of Philipopolis are running away.

18th. Reuter says, "Austria and England have informed Turkey and Russia that, while admitting an armistice, they will not recognize a separate peace, contrary to the Treaty of Paris of 1856, without their assent." Does this mean that Austria and England would declare war against Russia? I do not think; and yet it looks like it. It is difficult, however, to believe that Austria, having been so long in concert with Germany and Russia, would now break off. It is difficult to believe that Austria would now take action without the concurrence of Germany, and Germany is evidently allied with Russia. I don't even now think that Austria will unite with England against Russia.

Greece is said to be arming, and an outbreak in Thessaly and Epirus is said to be imminent. The Thessalians and Epirots are quite right in rising. They should take this opportunity to throw off the Turkish yoke. Now or never; I wonder they had not risen long before this.

A SON OF MARS.

---



# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1878.

---

BIANCA.

OR

THE YOUNG SPANISH MAIDEN.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Moore received Bianca courteously, indeed the cold manner with which she used latterly to welcome the girl, was almost absent that day. Maggie came running out, all smile and welcome. Little Willie, he was my Lady's youngest, a posthumous child, and only four years old, came running also to Miss Garcia; she took him in her arms, and carried him to the drawing room. My Lady was very affable. "I am glad to see you again, Miss Garcia, it is a long time since you called here last. You mustn't forget old friends. Willie is so fond of you, he has been asking for you twenty times a day." "Were you Will?" And the girl smiled brightly at the child. Willie sat quiet; he was rather an absent-minded fellow: suddenly,—"*Mista Ingwan cam he'e Cissey, this morning.*" "Do you know him Will?" Smiling, "yes; mamma and I saw him yeste'day. And you we'e the'e; you did not chee me; we we'e behind the t'ee." My Lady rose up quickly; "Come Willie, you must want your dinner, it's past four o'clock. You must be hungry." "No ma, I shall sit he'e." "Now get down Master Willie," said Maggie; "I must show Bianca my flower beds." "Then I'll go with you." And Willie jumped off Bianca's lap. My Lady was very gracious; "Miss Garcia don't carry Willie, he is too heavy." And Willie who was just stretching out his little stout arms, turned

away in sullen wrath against—his mother? No; against Bianca! Bianca's allurements, all her loving phrases were lost upon him; "you a'e weak; you cannot carry me; go away." "You are strong Willie, aren't you?" "Yes." "Well give me a slap on my palm." "It will hu't." "I don't believe it. Try." The boy gave a slap with all his little might; Bianca winced with well-feigned pain; "Oh you hurt me." And she wrung her hand. "Did not I tell you so!" Said Willie triumphantly. "Well, I shall want a strong arm to lean upon, will you lend me your's." Willie very proudly took in his little hand that of Miss Garcia; and thus peace being restored, they all repaired to the garden. They had been walking about for some time; Miss Garcia had been running about in a side alley with little Willie. Soon Maggie appeared looking for her. "How flushed you are Bianca! Come and sit on the bench with mamma." Bianca went with Willie in her arms. Lady Moore was seated on a rustio bench, with a small table before her, on which was placed a sumptuous little dinner for Master Willie. "Now then come and eat your dinner Willie." Said his mother, "Who'll cut me my meat and my bwead ma?" with a sly 'will-you' glance at Bianca. "I will," said Miss Garcia. Willie was charmed. "Now Will what will you take next?"—as the soup and fish were dispatched with marvellous alacrity. You call me Will; I like that Bianca, Colin calls me Will." When dinner was finished, Willie nestled in Bianca's lap, with a sigh. It was getting dark; Willie was bashful; that sigh meant a desire for a kiss from Bianca; now that nobody was looking; Bianca kissed the smooth round cheek, that was pressed close against her's. "I wish Colin was he'e," said the boy. "Your wish is fulfilled then, Willie, for there is Colin coming; it can't be but him. Said Maggie. Lady Moore turned her eagle eye towards the gate. "It is Colin. We did not expect him to-day." A tall form was striding quickly towards the group; Maggie ran forward; "O Colin this is kind! What a good brother you are!" And she hung caressingly on his arm; he kissed her on the forehead with a grave smile; then he went to his mother who kissed him in her freez-

ing manner ; Lady Moore loved her son passionately, but she was very undemonstrative. "This is quite unexpected Colin ; I thought you were not coming till Wednesday." "I am not unwelcome, mother mine, am I ?" asked he with his quiet smile. "You know you are not, my boy." "The fact is, I finished my business in London sooner than I expected, so I came home." He turned towards Miss Garcia ; she gave him her hand with a quiet "How do you do ?" Little Willie who was reclining on her lap, with his curly head heavy with sleep near her shoulder, murmured half asleep ; "Kiss me Co'in." "Come to me then Will," and Lord Moore stretched his hands towards him ; "No ; I am sleepy ; kiss me now, befo'e I s'leep." Lord Moore bent over the little face ; his drooping brown hair almost touched Bianca's forehead as he kissed the child. There was a keen brightness in his hazel eyes, an unusual glow on his white forehead as he turned towards his mother. Her face was rigid and haughty as she made room for him beside her. She was the first to speak, and her voice was clear and cold, in spite of the polite manner. "Miss Garcia you must feel cold with only that thin muslin dress on" "No, my Lady, the evening is warm." "And she looks so nice in white mamma," said Maggie smiling. "There you are wrong Margaret ; white suits fair complexions, and Miss Garcia is a dark beauty, dark as a gipsy I declare." "Your father is Spanish, isn't he Bianca ?" "*Sangur azul*, Maggie,"—said Bianca, laughing. "Has he really Moorish blood in his veins ?" "Yes, so it is believed." "But if you are Spanish how do you know English so well, Bianca ?" Asked Maggie. "My paternal grandfather married an English lady, and my mother was an Englishwoman." Her voice lowered a little. "Your sister resembled your mother, I suppose ; I only saw her once, she was very fair and beautiful." Bianca did not reply. Why should others speak of Inez, *her* and her father's Inez. It was a strange feeling, but she felt as if no one had a right to speak of Inez except her father and her sister. She presently said "I must go home." Then added ; "Will has fallen fast asleep." And she rose taking Willie gently in her arms. "Give him to me, he is too



heavy for you." Said Lord Moore. "No, thank you. It might awake him." Answered Bianca. She entered the drawing room, unclasped the little arms from her neck, and as she did so sang or rather murmured unconsciously to herself, (Bianca was passionately fond of poetry) some fragments of a song of which only these words were audible.

By all the fond kisses I have given,

By the plump little arms cleaving twine,

By the bright eye whose language was heaven

By the rose on the cheek pressed to mine.

Then she kissed the rounded cheek of her favorite and laid him gently on a couch and covered him carefully with a shawl. This done, she went out into the lawn, said good night to my lady, and turned to Maggie, who kissed her warmly; "Good night, Bianca, will you come to-morrow?" Bianca shook her head with a smile; "I cannot leave father alone every evening." "Then day after to-morrow?" "I won't promise, I dare say I shall not be able to come." She turned then to Lord Moore. "I am going with you." He said. "There is no need; there is moonlight to night." "And it is not so far off, Colin." "It is one good mile and more mother, and the village lads are rough and unmannerly." Bianca smiled; "Do you think I am not able to take care of myself, Lord Moore." She had put on a long cloak over her dress; from a pocket in the lining she took out a small miniature pistol! "Look here!" "What do you carry fire arms!" Cried Maggie aghast. The lads hereabouts are rough as my lord says; so father ordered this for me some months ago. He told me to have it always about me." And she put back the pistol in its hiding place. "Well, I must have my own way," said Lord Moore smiling, "the night is very fine, and a little walk would be very pleasant." So the two went forth. They were silent for some time; presently Lord Moore broke the silence. "You are very fond of children, Miss Garcia." "Not of all; indeed, not of any, except Will. Children do not seem to like me very much; I have lived so lonely with only my father for a companion, that I do not know how to make children love me. Little Will seemed natur-

ally to come to me ; he loved me with his full pure little heart from the first day I saw him, and I love him too." " You are a great reader of poetry, aren't you Miss Garcia ? Maggie was telling me that you knew every poem that was ever penned even by the obscurest writer." " Then Maggie was telling about things that she does not know for I am not so learned as that. Papa is somewhat of a poet ; he wrote a volume of poems in Spanish some years ago ; he contributes a piece or an article now and then to the Magazines ?" " What was the piece you were repeating while laying Will to sleep ?" " Were you in the room ?" Said she surprised. " No, I was sauntering at the door, did not you see me ?" " No, my lord." And she shook her head. Since she was alone with him her manner had involuntarily changed towards him ; she was subdued ; she felt that this man walking by her side, had a power over her heart which perhaps he himself did not know. She loved him with all the fire and glow of her warm southern blood. Did he love her ? She never asked the question to herself, she never thought of it. Sometimes a word from him would make her believe so, and then the red blood would send a dark flush on her olive cheek, a bright flash would come into her brown eyes, but she never let herself be deceived ; a minute, a second, the cheek would glow and then become pale as usual. " Would you mind repeating the piece to me ?" Said Lord Moore. " I do not remember it all. Papa has all the poems of the author of it, a Mr. Lloyd in his library. What I can remember, I shall repeat." And in a rather hesitating and rapid voice she began, but as she went on, her tones became natural ; she said the five or six verses she remembered, then added,—"It makes one think of father ;"

" And who—can I finish the story ?

Has seen them all shrink from his grasp,

Departed the crown of his glory—

No wife and no children to clasp !"

She said this in a low tremulous voice not usual with her. Lord Moore did not reply ; he continued to smoke his cigar in a thoughtful way. She was become very dear to his heart ; this

wild Spanish girl! Bianca went on; it seemed nothing strange to be speaking out her innermost thoughts to this man. She knew he understood them. "We were six altogether, and now father has none but me, worthless me!" She said sorrowfully, almost passionately. They sauntered on. Presently, Lord Moore said, "How bright the moon's crescent is!" "Some French poet compared it to a sickle dropped by angel mowers by chance,—a happy simile isn't it my lord?" "Yes." Said he smiling. Her way of saying this "my lord" was very pretty. She had answered, when once questioned by him, that she merely translated "Signor" into English. He liked to hear her call him "my lord." It did not seem odd to him. "Look there is some one walking,—coming this way!" She said presently. The figure passed them swiftly, taking off its hat to Lord Moore. "Who is it, my lord?" "Mr. Owen, a cousin of ours. But here we are at your home. Good night donna mia" with a smile, as he took her hand; "Good night, my lord." And he pressed the brown little hand in his broad white palm in a closer press perhaps, than the occasion warranted. As he sauntered away buried in deep reverie he whistled to himself the air

"Oh saw ye not Bianca  
She is gone into the West  
To dazzle when the sun is down  
And rob the world of rest."

He threw away his oigar. "She has robbed *me* of rest," thought he; then he smiled; "she *shall* be Lady Moore in spite of my mother."

When he came home, he entered his study and threw himself in an easy chair beside the open window. "She is a little wild; so much the better; she is as nature made her. I like her *petits airs mutins*; her father has let her have her own ways in almost every thing. I wonder if he'll part with her;" a cloud crossed his handsome brow; "it'll be a hard tug for *her* too; she is passionately fond of her father. I wonder if she'll consent to be my wife. I cannot live on without her. How confiding she is! And proud too. She can pay my lady in her own coin!" And

he smiled; "only the pride of Bianca is natural and innate; but my lady's—" He was interrupted by a tap at the door; "come in," he answered. He was surprised to see his mother enter. He drew a chair for her near the window. "Well, mother." My lady coughed; looked at her son for full one minute; he was not at all subdued by this Gorgon gaze, as my lady thought he would be; his face became graver; the smile passed away from his lips; that was all. He expected what was coming. "Colin, you are now twenty-five years old, you ought to think of settling down, my son." "I quite agree with you, my mother; I am getting old; I shall soon want a wife to take care of me; but I think you can take care of your Colin in his dotage, can't you mother? And he smiled pleasantly. "Colin you are jesting; I am speaking in earnest. I do want you to marry and settle down." "Whom shall I marry, mother?" Lady Moore glanced quickly up at her son's face. He was looking out on the scene beyond, all shimmering in moonlight. His brow was contracted, his eye thoughtful. She read nothing in his face. "There is Miss De Wilton." She said. "Too old, mother, she must be twenty-five herself or more." She is rich; she will bring you fifty thousand pounds as dowry." "I do not want money. She should marry a poor man, the curate." "She is very beautiful." "Tastes differ." "She has beautiful auburn hair." "Red, you mean, I like black better." My lady's eyes shot an angry flash at her son, which was lost on him, for he was not looking at her. "And you like a sooty complexion, a snub nose, a low forehead, and a girl without a penny. But she cannot marry you; she is too far gone with"—"Mother!" He turned upon her fiercely. There was no display of passion, but the tone of his voice, his vein-swollen forehead, the dark light in his hazel eyes silenced my lady. She had never seen a man angry before. Her late husband was the mildest man in the world. Colin had been always to her at least "a careless but a good boy." She was subdued by his strange manner; she saw in him no more "the thoughtless lad" but a man, with the strong passions of a man. She felt she had gone too far. He was the first to speak;

he uttered his words slowly ; "You must never speak against her before me, mother ?" "Why Colin ?" She had gained courage from his quiet manner ; she did not know of the storm in his heart. "Because I love her, mother ; because I mean to marry her, mother ; yes," he added, solemnly, "so help me God, she shall be my wife." "Marry *her* ! Marry a Spanish gipsy ; an adventurer's daughter ; she might have been a zingara for aught we know !" He rose and to went the door. He was going out. "Colin !" She called. "Well ?" "I wont say anything more against her, but listen to what I saw yesterday." He leaned with his back against the door, expectant. "She was speaking with Mr. Ingram, yesterday. He was saying something which moved him so much that he sat down on the ground, weeping, and she took his hands in hers and stroked and fondled in a way"—my lady stopped, casting a sidelong glance at her son. "Ingram was engaged to her sister," he replied calmly, "no wonder they were speaking of the dead." My lady smiled. Such a venomous and wicked little smile it was ! "So, she has been making you her confidant,—the sly gipsy." "Ingram told me about the affair, not she." He returned quietly. There was a painful silence of some minutes. "You have nothing more to say, mother ?" "No, Colin." "Then good night, mother." He took a candle and went out of the room. Lady Moore set her teeth and walked about the room in an agitated manner. "The girl is nice in her way ; but a Spanish gipsy ! For I dare say she is nothing more, to marry my Colin ! She isn't handsome, not at all. How can Colin love her. He must not marry her, no never. Perhaps the fit will pass off ; but Colin is so steady, never was 'in love,' in his whole life. My course at least is clear. I must prevent such a marriage if possible." And my lady with a resolute expression in her face, went out of the room. She tapped at her son's bedroom door, and off his calling out "come in," she entered. He was standing beside the window. He did not turn round at her step. "Colin" said she, impetuously, "you must *not* marry that girl !" "I am too far gone, mother," quoting half-unconsciously the words Lady Moore had herself applied not half an hour ago

to Bianca. "I suppose she has extracted a promise from you?" He did not reply. "You can break off with her,—if you have imprudently committed yourself." "Mother," he said turning round, "you weary me; I love her. Is not that enough? You always loved me; try to love her a little for my sake. You desire my happiness. I cannot be happy without her." My lady did not reply, but with a cold good night quitted the room.

#### CHAPTER IV.

More than a week after, Bianca was sitting in the garden, under a large laburnum; she was reading intently from a book on her knee; approaching footsteps made her look up; and a happy smile parted her lips as she greeted Lord Moore. Little Willie accompanied him, and ran up to Bianca, but suddenly stopped all crimson with pleasure and bashfulness; Bianca smoothed her lap in a most tempting manner; the boy laughed, "I won't go," and darted back to his brother. "Is your father in?", Asked Lord Moore. "Yes, you will find him in his study." "Now stay here Will; I shall soon be back." And he entered the house. "Come to me, Will." Said Bianca. "Neve'," said Willie, laughing and catching hold of the servant's (for he had his valet) hand. "Go to Miss Garcia;" said John. Bianca knew the child thoroughly. She did not call him again, but pretended to be deeply buried in her book. The boy glanced slyly at her; she continued reading; he advanced a few steps, then ran back to John. She did not even raise her eyes; he came slowly and very quietly within her reach, and stood with his back turned towards her; she suddenly put her arms round him, and then he dropped, pat! into her lap; laughing and struggling. These little manœuvres had happened over and over again to Will's never-ending delight. "Now do be a little quiet, Will." "I want those f'owe's, Bianca." She rose and held him up in her arms; he plucked the golden bunches of laburnums with his sturdy little fingers; then laughing, he thrust them in her hair; she laughed, and gaining new ardour he plucked more and more of the "dropping gold" and thrust them within her raven locks;

his two little hands were vigorously at work ; when lo ! the comb dropped off and the jet-black wavy locks fell all loose on her shoulders and down to her girdle. "Oh how much hai'," said Willie in ecstasy. "O Will, whatever have you done !" "Neve' mind, dear, papa wont be ang'y." She kissed him laughing, and was putting him down, when her father and Lord Moore emerged from the drawingroom. "Why Bianca," cried Mr. Garcia, "how wild you look ! All your hair is loose and all decked with flowers too, I declare !" Lord Moore had bent down and was looking over the book which Bianca had been reading. "Will, did it father, unintentionally." Said sho penitently. "Go and bind it up then." She was going away meekly. There was a harshness in Mr. Garcia's tone which hurt her, and almost brought tears of wounded pride to her eyes ; she knew what was passing in her father's mind ; she knew that he thought that she was playing a little of the *coquette* before Lord Moore. Moore's voice arrested her. "Stop one moment, Miss Garcia, I should like to ask you something about this book." She looked at her father. He nodded assent, and with a "Good day." to Lord Moore re-entered the house. "Come here, Miss Garcia." Said Lord Moore. She went to him and sat down by his side as he indicated. John came up. "My lud ; it's near four and Master William's dinner hour." "Take him home then ; I shall be at home in an hour." He kissed little Will, who kissed Bianca furtively and then disappeared in John's muscular arms. "It is a long time since you called, Miss Garcia." I could not go. "What did you want to ask me about?" "Oh, ay, the book ; "Les Chatiments" by Hugo ; is the poetry good ?" "Some parts are exceedingly good." "Show them to me, if you please. You are not in a hurry to go, are you?" Bianca had a slight qualm of conscience ; would her father like to see her thus talking all alone for any length of time with Lord Moore ; she knew that Mr. Garcia trusted her and had not the slightest fear to leave her alone in the wildest company, (she was brave) but he was afraid of people thinking him a husband-hunting father ; he was mightily afraid of this ;—but Lord Moore's manner was so kind-

ly and so friendly ! "I shall read one or two passages, here and there," she said, and taking the book, and turning over the leaves she began to read. At first, her voice was a little unsteady, but it grew firm and clear as she went on,

Devant les trahisons et les têtes courbées,  
Je croiserai les bras, indigné, mais serein ;  
Sombre fidélité pour les choses tombées,  
Sois ma force et ma joie et mon pilier d'airain !

Où, tant qu'il sera là, qu'on cède ou qu'on persiste,  
O France ! France aimée et qu'on pleure toujours  
Je ne reverrai pas ta terre douce et tristo,  
Tombeau de mes aïeux et nid de mes amours !

Je ne reverrai pas ta rive qui nous tente,  
France ! hors le devoir, hélas ! j'oublierai tout.  
Parmi les éprouvés je planterai ma tente :  
Je resterai proscrit, voulant rester debout.

J'accepte l'âpre exil, n'eût-il ni fin ni terme ;  
Sans chercher à savoir et sans considérer  
Si quelqu'un a plié qu'on aurait cru plus ferme,  
Et si plusieurs s'en vont qui devraient demeurer.

Si l'on n'est plus que mille, eh bien, j'en suis ! Si même  
Ils ne sont plus que cent, je brave encore Sylla ;  
S'il en demeure dix, je serai le dixième ;  
Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là !

"How clear and ringing your voice is !" Lord Moore had bent over the book unperceived by Bianca. She drew back shyly, and smiled. "I have got it from father, he is a capital reader."

There was a pause. He rose and looked at his watch. "I must go now," said he. Why do not you come and see us, sometimes ; I shall be so happy to see you oftener at Moore-House ?" She looked up at him and smiled gratefully. "But your mother does not like me, not much that is," she said assuming a careless



air. "Yes she does—and I do." He said the last words very low, and she did not hear them. She gave him her hand. "Good-bye," said she; he had bent down to shake hands with her as she sat on the grass; he took her hand in his and looked into her face; a strange light, a deep passion was in his hazel eyes; impetuously, as if urged by an irresistible destiny, he stooped down and kissed her on the mouth. The instant after, he was gone. Bianca looked after him. A strange feeling of unutterable bliss mingled with pain came upon her; "Oh, If he would kiss me again!" She felt as if she had drunk of the heavenly hydromel of the poets, she wanted to take a deeper draught of the drink of the gods. She had never been kissed by a man. Mr. Garcia had not kissed her once since she was four years old. How strange, how soul-thrilling that touch of his lips was. It sent all the dark blood rushing to her olive cheeks and forehead. She buried her face in her hands and wept. Was it for joy or for sorrow? She felt as if she had committed a great sin. It seemed all so strange to her! "How shall I tell father, for I *must* tell him! Oh how shall I tell him! How *could* he do it,—how could he? He shouldn't have done it." She murmured, the tears in her eyes; but she smiled through them, presently. "How warm and strange his lips were, pressed close, close to mine." She sighed and rose; "I must tell father."

Mr. Garcia was in his study when Bianca entered his room. He looked up, smiling; "Well, what do you want, child.—Why, you have been crying.—what for?" She came and kneeling beside him, with bent head, took his hand. "Father," said she, "Lord Moore kissed me today." "The devil he did!" He exclaimed, taking away his hand from hers. "What more? Nothing more, father." "Where was it?" "On my lips, father." "No—no—I mean where did all this happen?" "In the garden, father, just now." His angry manner frightened her; she was sobbing. "What's the use of crying," said he angrily. "Shame on you! I thought you had more spirit than suffer a man to insult you!" She turned round; her tears were checked; there was a deep fire in her eyes. "Father; he did not insult me!

Have you forgotten my cousin Maria?" "No. You behaved bravely then, Bianca." And his voice softened a little; "as bravely, as gallantly as any man. You saved her honor." "Father, I did not think it was wrong; he loves me so, and I—" "Love him, too." She tried to laugh, but it ended in a sob, and she turned her face away. There was a knock at the door. "Who is it?" Asked Garcia angrily. "It's I Martha; there's a letter from the Hall, sir." He rose and went to the door. "The servants mustn't see you thus distressed; what will they think" muttered he to his daughter. He opened the door, took in the letter and barred the door. "I suppose it is an offer of marriage" said he, tearing open the envelope. He read it, then threw it to Bianca. "Read that; what *am* I to do! The world is full of troubles! The sooner one is out of it, the better." Bianca wiped her eyes and took the letter. A feeling of a momentary pleasure sent the blood tingling to her cheeks; *he* had written it; her hand trembled a little as she held it; it was short.

Dear Sir,

Perhaps you have already perceived my feelings towards your daughter. I love her deeply, indeed, more than I can say. I ask her hand in marriage. Do not think I am hasty; I have known her long, and know her to be a far better woman than I deserve; but my love shall cover all my short-comings.

I shall call for an answer during the evening. I pray God earnestly that He may direct you in forming your decision on my suit.

Your's very faithfully,  
Henry Montague Moore.

"Well!" said Garcia. She did not reply. "What am I to do?" he continued; "what will Lord Moore's mother think of me, if I allow my daughter to marry her son?" She was looking away from him; "Never mind, what she thinks father; he loves me, that is all there is needed." "But he is immensely rich, we have just enough to live upon," "Oh father, let not money stand between me and my happiness!" She cried involuntarily. "*Your happiness!* Aren't you happy? Ah! They

have all left me, but *they* went to God, their heavenly Shepherd called them and they obeyed His voice, but *you* leave me for a man; they loved their Heavenly Father, more than their earthly one, and *you* love another man better than me!" And a deep sigh escaped him. The tears started to her eyes,—“No, not better, father,”—she said slowly;—“but oh God! I shall be *now* so miserable without *him*.” “So should I be if you left me to marry this Lord Moore.” She buried her face in her hands for a few minutes then raising her face (it was very pale) towards Mr. Garcia. “Father,” she said trying to speak calmly, “I will not marry him; I wish your peace and happiness above all things.” She stopped; “But just now you said you would be miserable without him. You are very changeable.” “I shall not be *very* miserable as long as I have you father.” And kissing his hand meekly yet quickly, she went to the door and went out. Somebody was entering the passage at that moment; somebody very tall, who came up to her hastily and took both her hands in his and stooped down to read her face; she started back with a cry of pain; “Oh don’t do it again, don’t!” she said piteously; “I have sinned and father is so angry.” “Is it even thus!” He exclaimed; he opened the door of the study and entered; she went slowly upstairs into her own room,—there to be alone with her despair and with her God.

Garcia looked up at the entrance of Lord Moore; he had been sitting quite thoughtful after his daughter had gone out. “Would the girl be really unhappy if he did not permit her to marry Lord Moore? She had been a very good child to him; never gave him a moment’s trouble or anxiety all these eighteen years. She used to make light of marriage and love before; why the other day even, she was laughing about Ingram’s offer to her. I thought I understood her thoroughly, but I find I am wrong; women are hard enigmas; if it had been a boy, I would have known how to manage and behave; but with a girl—Poor child!” He looked up, Lord Moore was standing before him, pale, his ordinarily firm lips trembling a little. They both of them were silent for a while; Lord Moore was trying to be calm; Garcia

was looking at him with his keen dark eyes ; “ The lad loves her, after all, but ’tis only passion not affection,” thought he, as he looked at the pale handsome face before him. Lord Moore spoke first ; his voice was very low ; “ What is your reply to my suit ? ” “ A refusal, Lord Moore ! ” “ Is there no hope, then ? ” Demanded he ; there was a sadness in his voice as he asked the question. “ You had no right, Lord Moore, to show your feelings towards my daughter to her, before speaking to me.” Lord Moore flushed up angrily,—“ I never spoke to her of my love,” he said. “ No, you did worse, sir, you kissed her as if—” Lord Moore interrupted him hastily,—“ as a man his affianced wife.” “ Affianced wife ! Halte-là ! Elle n’est pas votre fiancée encore, sauf votre respect.” Garcia spoke French whenever he was excited. “ Que dira votre mère ? What would her ladyship say if I were to allow you to marry my daughter ? ” “ My mother shall welcome her, as her son’s beloved wife.” “ Not as a daughter of her own ; she will submit to Bianca as a necessary appendage of her son. She will not love Bianca.” “ What does that matter, Mr. Garcia, when I love her, and I love Bianca (his voice fell a little as he uttered the loved name) fondly, passionately, with the love of a man ! ” He spoke impetuously, but his cheek was pale. “ Oh have pity on me ! ” He cried, his arms placed on the table and his face buried in his hands. Garcia relented a little at this. “ Let them be happy ; ” he thought, and sighed ; “ life is too short and too full of trouble. Why should I put an obstacle to their happiness.” He paused ;—presently ;—“ God help me do the right ; ” he said. He glanced at the figure of Lord Moore ; then he rose and went up to him. He stood looking at him ; “ Good lad ! ” he said and touched him slightly on the arm ; Lord Moore started ; his pale face smote Garcia’s heart. “ Poor lad ! ” he said again ;—“ Tu l’aimes bien, donc ” “ Plus que ma vie.” “ Tu la rendras heureuse ? ” “ Oui, Dieu en soit témoin.” And a flush came over his pale face. “ Alors, je te la donne mon fils.” Garcia’s eyes were misty, and he turned aside to conceal his emotion. “ Merci ! ” Said Lord Moore ; and he wrung hard the swarthy hand of the Spanish gentleman. “ C’est assez.” There

was a silence. "Send for her, she may be crying upstairs." Said Lord Moore. "Ay, ay, boy;" then Garcia relapsed again into a deep reverie. "I wonder if I have done right" he said half to himself; "I pray God I have!" He opened the door, and called Martha; "tell Miss Bianca to come here." "Yes, sir."

Martha went upstairs and knocked; there was no answer; she knocked again and then again; still there was silence; at length she pushed open the door and entered. Bianca was sitting by the open window. "Why Miss Bianca,"—the girl started then shivered,—“why Miss, how pale ye are; be ye ill, deary?” “O Martha! I feel so cold!” “Feel cold! Why it’s the hottest day we’ve ever had this year.” Bianca rose; but she had not gone two steps, when she tottered; Martha caught her up; and led her to the sofa. “How cold your hands are! Whatever is the mather with ye?” Said the kindly Scotch woman; “Oh that I were dead!” Said the girl, as she sank back on the sofa. “How cold I am; am I dying Martha?” “Dying! Whatever are ye talking about? Ye’re feverish and delirious.” Said Martha. “Keep still; I shall soon be back.” And quite beside herself with fright for her “deary,” she hurried downstairs and into the study. “Please, sir, I believe, Miss Bianca is ill!” Said she all at once. “Ill!” Exclaimed Garcia, “why she went out not half an hour ago from this room, and she was well then.” “But she isn’t now, sir; she seems to be very ill. Lord Moore glanced at Garcia; there was reproach in his deep hazel eyes; Garcia’s face grew very pale and anxious. “What is she doing now, Martha?” “Lying on the sofa, sir, I helped her to it, she was near falling, but I held her up.” “Viens, toi,” said he turning to Lord Moore; “pauvrete! j’étais fou; j’étais trop dur,” And he mounted upstairs, three steps at a time, followed by Lord Moore.

---

## THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

### XVI. THE STORY OF A HIRAMAN.\*

[Heard from Baburam, a Muhammadan of Santipore in the district of Nadiya, on the 31st December 1877.]

There was a fowler who had a wife. The fowler's wife said to her husband one day, "My dear, I'll tell you the reason why we are always in want. It is because you sell every bird you catch by your rods, whereas if we sometimes eat some of the birds you catch, we are sure to have better luck. I propose therefore that whatever bird or birds you bag to-day we do not sell, but dress and eat." The fowler agreed to his wife's proposal, and went out a-bird-catching. He went about from wood to wood with his limed rods, accompanied by his wife, but in vain. Some how or other they did not succeed in catching any bird till near sun-down. But just as they were returning homewards they caught a beautiful Hiranman. The fowler's wife, taking the bird in her hand and feeling it all over, said, "What a small bird this is! how much meat can it have? There is no use of killing it." The Hiranman said, "Mother, do not kill me, but take me to the king and you will get a large sum of money by selling me." The fowler and his wife were greatly taken aback on hearing the bird speak, and they asked the bird what price they should set upon it. The Hiranman answered, "Leave that to me; take me to the king and offer me for sale; and when the king asks my price, say 'the bird will tell its own price', and then I'll mention a large sum." The fowler accordingly went the next day to the king's palace, and offered the bird for sale. The king, delighted with the beauty of the bird, asked the fowler what he would take for it. The fowler said, "O Great king, the bird will tell its own price." "What! can the bird speak?" asked the king. "Yes, my lord; be pleased to ask the bird its

---

\* "*Hiranman* (from *harit*, green, and *mani*, a gem), the name of a beautiful species of parrot, a native of the Molucca Islands, (*Psittacus sinensis*)." Carey's *Dictionary of the Bengalee Language*, Vol. II. Part III. p. 1537.

price," replied the fowler. The king, half in jest and half in seriousness, said, "Well, Hiranman, what is your price?" The Hiranman answered, "Please your Majesty, my price is ten thousand Rupees. Do not think that the price is too high. Count out the money to the fowler, for I'll be of the greatest service to your Majesty." "What service can you be of to me, Hiranman?" asked the king. "Your Majesty will see that in due time," replied the Hiranman. The king, surprised beyond measure, at hearing the Hiranman talk, and talk so sensibly, took the bird and ordered his treasurer to tell down the sum of ten thousand Rupees to the fowler.

The king had six queens, but he was so taken up with the bird that he almost forgot that they lived, at any rate, his days and nights were spent in the company, not of the queens, but of the bird. The Hiranman not only replied intelligently to every question the king put, but it recited to him the names of the three hundred and thirty millions of the gods of the Hindu pantheon, the hearing of which is always regarded as an act of piety. The queens felt that they were neglected by the king, became jealous of the bird, and determined to kill it. It was long before they got an opportunity, as the bird was the king's inseparable companion. One day the king went out a-hunting, and he was to be away from the palace for two days. The six queens determined to avail themselves of the opportunity and put an end to the life of the bird. They said to one another, "Let us go and ask the bird which of us is the ugliest in his estimation, and she whom he pronounces the ugliest should strangle the bird." Thus resolved, they all went into the room where the bird was; but before the queens could put any questions the bird so sweetly and so piously recited the names of the gods and goddesses, that the hearts of them all were melted into tenderness, and they came away without accomplishing their purpose. The following day, however, their evil genius returned, and they called themselves a thousand fools for having been diverted from their purpose. They therefore determined to steel their hearts against all pity, and to kill the bird without delay. They all

went into the room, and said to the bird, "O Hiraman, you are a very wise bird, we hear; and your judgments are all right; will you please tell us which of us is the handsomest and which the ugliest?" The bird, knowing the evil design of the queens, said to them, "How can I answer your questions remaining in this cage? In order to pronounce a correct judgment I must look minutely on every limb of you all, both in front and on the back-side. If you wish to know my opinion, you must set me free." The women were at first afraid of setting the bird free lest it should fly away; but on second thoughts they set it free after shutting all the doors and windows of the room. The bird on examining the room saw that it had a water passage through which it was possible to escape. When the question was repeated several times by the queens, the bird said, "The beauty of not one of you can be compared to the beauty of the little too of the lady that lives beyond the seven oceans and the thirteen rivers." The queens, on hearing their beauty spoken of in such slighting terms, became exceedingly furious, and rushed towards the bird to tear it in pieces; but before they could get at it, it escaped through the water passage, and took shelter in a wood-cutter's hut which was hard by.

The next day the king returned home from hunting, and not finding the Hiranman on its perch became mad with grief. He asked the queens, and they told him that they know nothing about it. The king wept day and night for the bird as he loved it much. His ministers became afraid lest his reason should give way, for he used every hour of the day to weep saying, "O my Hiranman! O my Hiranman! where art thou gone?" Proclamation was made by beat of drum throughout the kingdom to the effect that if any person could produce before the king his pet Hiranman, he would be rewarded with ten thousand Rupees. The wood-cutter, rejoiced at the idea of becoming independent for life, produced the precious bird and obtained the reward. The king, on hearing from the parrot that the queens had attempted to kill it, became mad with rage. He ordered them to be driven away from the palace, and put in a desert place without food.



The king's order was obeyed, and it was rumoured after a few days that the poor queens were all devoured by wild beasts.

After some time the king said to the parrot—"Hiraman, you said to the queens that the beauty of none of them could be compared to the beauty of even the little toe of the lady who lives on the other side of the seven oceans and thirteen rivers. Do you know of any means by which I can get at that lady?"

*Hiraman.* Of course I do. I can take your Majesty to the door of the palace in which that lady of peerless beauty lives; and if your Majesty will abide by my counsel, I shall undertake to put that lady in to your arms.

*King.* I will do whatever you tell me. What do you wish me to do?

*Hiraman.* What is required is a *pakshiraj*.\* If you can procure a horse of that species, you can ride upon it, and in no time we shall cross the seven oceans and thirteen rivers, and stand at the door of the lady's palace.

*King.* I have, as you know, a large stud of horses; we can now go and see if there be any *pakshirajes* amongst them.

The king and the Hiranman went to the royal stables and examined all the horses. The Hiranman passed by all the fine-looking horses and those of high mettle, and alighted upon a wretched-looking lean pony, and said—"Here is the horse I want. It is a horse of the genuine *pakshiraj* breed, but it must be fed full six months with the finest gram before it can answer our purpose." The king accordingly put that pony in a stable by itself, and himself saw every day that it was fed with the finest gram that could be got in the kingdom. The pony rapidly improved in appearance, and at the end of six months the Hiranman pronounced it for service. The parrot then told the king to order the royal silversmith to make some *khais*† of silver. A large quantity of silver *khais* was made in a short time. When about to start on their aerial journey the Hiranman said to the king, "I

---

\* Winged horse, literally the *king of birds*.

† *Khai* is fried paddy.

have one request to make. Please whip the horse only once at starting. If you whip him more than once, we shall not be able to reach the palace, but stick mid-way. And when we return homewards after capturing the lady; you are also to whip the horse only once; if you whip him more than once, we shall come only half the way and remain there." The king then got upon the *pakshiraj* with the Hiranman and the silver *khais*, and gently whipped the animal once. The horse shot through the air with the speed of lightning, passed over many countries, kingdoms and empires, crossed the oceans and thirteen rivers, and alighted in the evening at the gate of a beautiful palace.

Now, near the palace-gate there stood a lofty tree. The Hiranman told the king to put the horse in the stables hard by, and then to climb into the tree and remain there concealed. The Hiranman took the silver *khais* and with its beak began dropping *khai* after *khai* from the foot of the tree, all through the corridors and passages, up to the door of the bedchamber of the lady of peerless beauty. After doing this the Hiranman perched upon the tree where the king was concealed. Some hours after midnight, the maid-servant of the lady, who slept in the same room with her, wishing to come out, opened the door, and noticed the silver *khais* lying there. She took up a few of them, and not knowing what they were, showed them to her lady. The lady admiring the little silver bullets, and wondering how they could have got there, came out of her room, and began picking them up. She saw a regular stream of them apparently issuing from near the door of her room, and proceeding she knew not how far. She went on picking up in a basket the bright, shining *khais* all through the corridors and passages, till she came to the foot of the tree. No sooner did the lady of peerless beauty come to the foot of the tree, than the king, agreeably to instructions previously given to him by the Hiranman, alighted from the tree and caught hold of the lady. In a moment she was put upon the horse along with himself; at that moment the Hiranman sat upon the shoulder of the king; the king gently whipped the horse once; and they all were whirled through the air with the speed of lightning.

The king, wishing to reach home soon with the precious prize, and forgetful of the instructions of the Hiraman, whipped the horse again; on which the horse at once alighted on the outskirts of what seemed a dense forest. "What have you done, O king?" shouted out the Hiraman, "did I not tell you not to whip the horse more than once? You have whipped him twice, and we are done for. We may meet with our death here." But the thing was done, and it could not be helped. The *pakshiraj* became powerless; and the party could not proceed homewards. They dismounted; but they could not see anywhere the habitations of men. They ate some fruits and roots, and slept that night there upon the ground.

Next morning it so chanced that the king of that country came to that forest to hunt. As he was pursuing a stag whom he had pierced with an arrow, he came across the king and the lady of peerless beauty. Struck with the matchless beauty of the lady, he wished to seize her. He whistled, and in a moment his attendants flocked around him. The lady was made a captive, and her lover, who had brought her from her house on the other side of the seven oceans and thirteen rivers, was not put to death, but his eyes were put out, and he was left alone in the forest,—alone, and yet not alone, for the good Hiraman was with him.

The lady of peerless beauty was taken into the king's palace as well as the pony of her lover. The lady said to the king that he must not come near her for six months in consequence of a vow which she had taken, and which would be completed in that period of time. She mentioned six months, as that period would be necessary for recruiting the constitution of the *pakshiraj*. As the lady professed to engage every day in religious ceremonies in consequence of her vow, a separate house was assigned to her where she took the *pakshiraj* and fed him with the choicest gram. But every thing would be fruitless if the lady did not meet the Hiraman. But how is she to get a sight of that bird? She adopted the following expedient. She ordered her servants to scatter on the roof of her house heaps of paddy, gram, and all sorts of pulse

for the refreshment of birds. The consequence was, that thousands of the feathery race came to the roof to partake of the abundant feast. The lady was every day on the look out for her Hiranman. The Hiranman meanwhile was in great distress in the forest. He had to take care not only of himself but of the now blinded king. He plucked some ripe fruits in the forest, and gave them to the king to eat, and he ate of them himself. This was the manner of the Hiranman's life. The other birds of the forest spoke thus to the parrot—"O, Hiranman, you have a miserable life of it in this forest. Why don't you come with us to an abundant feast provided for us by a pious lady who scatters many maunds of pulse on the roof of her house for the benefit of our race. We go there early in the morning and return in the evening, eating our fill along with thousands of other birds." The Hiranman resolved to accompany them next morning, shrewdly suspecting more in the lady's charity to birds than the other birds thought there was in it. The Hiranman saw the lady, and had a long chat with her about the health of the blinded king, the means of curing his blindness, and about her escape. The plan adopted was as follows. The pony would be ready for aerial flight in a short time,—for a great part of the six months had already elapsed; and the king's blindness could be cured if the Hiranman could procure from the chicks of the bihangama and bihangami birds, who had their nest on the tree at the gate of the lady's palace beyond the seven oceans and thirteen rivers, a quantity of their ordure, fresh and hot, and apply it to the eye-balls of the blinded king. The following morning the Hiranman started on his errand of mercy, remained at night on the tree at the gate of the palace beyond the seven oceans and thirteen rivers, early the next morning waited below the nest of the birds with a leaf on his beak, into which dropped the ordure of the chicks. That moment the Hiranman flew across the oceans and rivers, came to the forest, and applied the precious balm to the sightless sockets of the king. The king opened his eyes and saw. In a few days the *pakshiraj* was in proper trim. The lady escaped to the forest, and took the king up; and the lady, king and Hiranman,

all reached the king's capital safe and sound. The king and the lady were united together in wedlock. They lived many years together happily, and begot sons and daughters; and the beautiful Hiranman was always with them reciting the names of the three hundred and thirty millions of gods.

Here my story endeth,

The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

### NOTES ON THE "TRANSFER OF PROPERTY" BILL.

In conformity with the wishes of the Hon'ble framer of the Bill entitled "The Transfer of Property Bill"—the following suggestions are respectfully submitted for consideration.

*Section 3.* In addition to the definitions given under this section, the Bill ought to give those of the terms 'mortgage,' 'lease,' 'settlement,' 'easement,' 'mortgagee,' 'mortgager,' 'grantor,' 'grantee,' 'lessee,' 'lessor;' some of these terms have been explained in the body of the Bill, but it would be more methodical if all of them are grouped under this section.

Instead of the expression 'affixed to the soil' I should certainly prefer the technical term "*fixture*." On reading Chapter II of the Bill, one is inclined to ask, why should not the legislature avail of the present opportunity to introduce the provisions of the English statute of Frauds, as far as they may be applicable to regulate the assurances of this country. The legal expediency of such a measure is beyond all question. Already in the case of testamentary disposition of property, writing has been made a *sine qua non*, and the Registration law since 1871 has given preference to registered documents over merely parol contracts. Whether the introduction of the statute of Frauds and is to be approved on administrative grounds is to be enquired, and opinions of administrative and judicial bodies should be invited.

*Section 8.* The clause '*and without any further act*' appears to be rather vague. If the Bill in conformity with the Privy

Council reported in decision, means that it is not necessary for the validity of a grant that there should be the *livery of seisin* following it—it ought to say so. "Any further act" may include the act of the execution of the assurance, but this cannot evidently be the intention of the legislature.

*Section 9.* In this section the Bill should specify what rules of construction it refers to as in any particular case the advocate may bring the rules of English law to bear upon the construction of our Indian assurance. If there be any rules of construction in the Indian succession Act or the Hindu wills Act, distinct allusion should be made to them.

*Section 10.* It is I think an open question whether for the completion of a grant delivery of possession should not be taken as an indispensable ingredient. There can be no doubt that there is much in the 'delivery of possession' to commend itself to us on grounds of public expediency. It has been viewed as the corner stone of the English law of contracts, and in India where fictitious transfers of property are so rife, the law ought to provide for some external form evidentiary of the extinction of the transferor's right in favor of the transferee. It is true that in determining the truth of an instrument of sale, the acts and conduct of the parties thereto are relevant to the point in issue (vide the Indian Evidence Act), but there is no harm in adding to the present law another safeguard for the better regulation of property and people's rights.

*Section 13.* This is a wholesome provision. It will go to materially check the *benami* system which obtains in this country.

Under Chapter III the Bill should I think make some rules relating to purchaser, and purchaser in point of priority to innocent purchaser without notice of any charge and other kindred subjects.

Under Chapter IV the Bill has defined the terms 'mortgage,' 'mortgager' and 'mortgagee.' This definition or rather these definitions should come under the heads of definitions given at the commencement as that would be methodical. I beg to sug-

gest that it would be expedient to give a classification of all mortgages in the same manner as is done in Macpherson's Book.

According to standard authors all mortgages are divisible into three classes

- a. Simple mortgage.
- b. Usufructuary mortgage.
- c. Conditional sale.

and in consideration of this Classification having been recognized by the Roman Law and other ancient codes, it deserves a place in the Bill.

Irrespective of the question of its great antiquity there are other considerations which commend it for the acceptance by the legislature. It will, I dare say, render the subject easily accessible to the understanding of the student, the practitioner and the Judge, and will enlighten them as to how the *archaic* notion of a gage or pledge became developed into the modern notion of mortgage in all its different phases and aspects.

Bearing these considerations in mind, the opening sections of Chapter IV appear to unite into rather a heterogeneous synthesis, rights and duties which respectively appertain to all the various kinds of mortgage; and on reading them, one is compelled to pause and consider what particular rights are claimable under what particular sort of mortgage; and I should not be surprised to find if any Judge, should with the Bill before him, grant an improper relief to a mortgagee or mortgager. It is submitted that it would be very convenient for all parties, if the Bill were to declare under separate heads what rights and duties appertain to what particular kind of mortgage.

I should enter my humble protest against the jurisdiction given to the principal civil Court under Act. (b) Sec. 15. True that heretofore such jurisdiction was exercisable by the District Judge under Reg. XVII of 1806, but it should be borne in mind that since 1806 there has been a mighty change for the better as regards the *personnel* of the Subordinate Courts. If then the Subordinate Courts are as well qualified as the District Courts to deal with the matter under review, why confer exclusive juris-

diction upon the latter at the sacrifice of public convenience ? It would certainly be much more expensive to the poor mortgager to resort to the Head Quarters of the District than to the Moonsiff within the jurisdiction of which he may reside or hold property. If it be contended that the legislature has greater confidence in District Judges than in those who preside over the Subordinate Courts, does it not seem anomalous that the latter should have power under the Civil Procedure Code to try redemption and foreclosure suits and not have power to allow deposit of mortgage, debts to be made ? The former implies greater responsibility in thought and action, whereas the latter is a quasi ministerial act requiring no exercise of thought and very little of action. These remarks are certainly not made with a view to depreciate the value or importance of the District Courts, or in the way of an apology for the inferior Courts to have greater power. They are made on the ground of public convenience ; and I humbly submit that public convenience should be an important criterion in all deliberations relating to the jurisdiction of Courts.

Leaving this question aside the first thing which strikes us after a perusal of the opening sections, is that whereas the mortgager has been favored with a summary relief under Sec. 15 (b) the mortgagee has thrust upon him the inconvenience and trouble of a regular suit (d) which he has to push on. It is difficult to understand why the mortgagee should not have the advantage of the summary proceedings before foreclosure, which under Reg. 17 of 1806 he enjoys at present. To do away with the present procedure would be to take the mortgager by surprize and render him liable for the mortgagee's law costs which in addition to the mortgagee deed he is illprepared to pay. To extricate the mortgager out of this difficulty the present procedure should I think be retained.

Again under Sec. 15 the Bill ought to declare that the mortgager has the right to demand accounts from his adversary and to sue for them if necessary. Such an omission in the substantive law can rarely be said to have been supplied by Sec. 25



which only adjectively applies to cases of redemption actually instituted. Cases may crop up where the mortgager after having had the mortgaged property reconveyed to him, may be entitled to any excess sum realized by the mortgager from the usufruct of the property mortgaged, and to arrive at a correct conclusion, a suit for accounts is the best remedy; and unless the mortgager's right to account be expressly declared his suit will be liable to dismissal.

It is difficult to comprehend what the Bill means by enacting clause (c). Does it authorize the mortgagee to take possession without any suit and by taking the law in his own hands? This cannot be; for, if possession is taken irrespective of the mortgager's consent, the mortgager may bring an action under Sec. 9 of the specific Relief Act for relief, and the Courts will be in the difficult predicament of reconciling two conflicting laws.

Under art (d) Section 15 the Bill should declare in which Court the foreclosure suit is to be brought. Possibly the provisions of the Civil Procedure Code determine the forum, but nevertheless doubt may arise whether the suit under act (d) is identical with that contemplated by Sec. 16 (c) of the Civil Procedure Code.

One word more in regard to arts (c) and (d) and I have done. Does the Bill mean to legalize that whether the property be covered by a simple mortgage or conditional sale the mortgagee shall have the right to sell or foreclose just as he pleases? or must his relief be regulated by the terms of the mortgage deed? If the Bill is for giving relief in that indiscriminate way we can not accept its principle as sound. If the Bill proposes to give relief according to terms of the mortgage deed, arts (c) and (d) should be recast accordingly.

Section 18 should have in my humble opinion a provisional clause tacked to it *viz.*, that in the event of the mortgager causing waste nothing would prevent the mortgagee from suing the former for the refund of the mortgage debt for a breach of the mortgage contract.

In art (b) Section 19 the period of six months would appear

to the suitors in the *Moffassal* as a startling innovation. With them 'the year of grace' has passed into a household proverb, and it is submitted the Bill would do well if out of pure reverence to a long standing custom it would give to it the impress of statutory sanction. In pleading for the year of grace there is another consideration which presents itself to our notice. It is evident from the spirit of the new Civil Procedure Code and the present Bill, that the legislature is leniently disposed towards the debtor class, and looking to the social state of the country there appears to be weighty reasons why it should be so. But all this leniency would be neutralized if in the long run six months' time be mulcted from the mortgager's 'year of grace.'

*Section 20* lays down a principle of law which I am afraid in particular cases will prove ruinous to the mortgager. In the absence of any specification of the *kind* of mortgage which the section contemplates, I hold that it is applicable to all kinds of mortgage. If it be applicable to all kinds of mortgage, the mortgagee under a conditional sale may wait till the last day of limitation and with great accumulation of interest sue the mortgager for the amount and under *Section 20* apply to the Court to sell the mortgaged property. The consequence in such a case would be this that, whereas foreclosure of the right to redeem would have at once extinguished the mortgager's debt, the sale might fetch a sum not sufficient to discharge the mortgager, and for the balance the mortgager's person and other property would remain liable.

*Section 21* is open to similar objections. The deed of mortgage not being unilateral, it appears incomprehensible how at the instance of the mortgager alone the Court may decree the sale of the mortgaged property in contravention of the terms of mortgage. It is true that the Court will have to satisfy itself in each particular case that the mortgagee will not be damnified by that arrangement, but unless the mortgagee give his consent to it there must necessarily be damnification to the mortgagee in every case, when the right derivable from the mortgage contract is denied to the mortgagee by an act of Court. Damnification is,

as I understand it, equivalent to damage or loss, and loss may either follow from breach of contract or from tortious infringement of one's lawful rights.

If in the case of an agreement to sell and purchase, an action lies for specific performance of contract, and for compelling the vendor to execute a deed of sale upon the ground that the vendee has the right to purchase, why should not the mortgagee under a conditional sale have the benefit of becoming an out-and-out purchaser on the happening of the particular contingency? It cannot be contended for a moment that the legal *status* of an would-be vendee and that of a mortgagee under a conditional sale are not analogous. The rights of both hinge upon conditions which are manifestly similar in quality, and if in the one case there is damnification to the intending purchaser there is damnification to the mortgagee also in the other. If then the Court must needs pass an order referred to in Sec. 20 such an order would be wrong according to the principles of natural justice unless acquiesced in by the mortgager as well as the mortgagee.

The principle involved in Sec. 22 is in my humble opinion purely arbitrary and unfit for adoption by the legislature. It is true that a similar principle in the New Civil Procedure Code has recently received the sanction of law, but that is no reason why its proper character should not be discussed afresh. No doubt, judging from effects, one sees clearly that the old *zemin-daries* are fast getting into the clutches of Indian *Shylocks* past all redemption, but whoever attributes this disaster (speaking from a political point of view) to the law allowing purchases to be made by all indiscriminately, necessarily confounds coincidence with cause and effect. In fact, to a correct observer of social phenomena the downfall of the ancient landed aristocracy of the country appears to be the inevitable result of the combined action and reaction of the following causes.

a. The peculiar character of the Permanent Settlement as leading to habits of luxury, supineness and want of sympathy.

b. The existence of no law of primogeniture keeping the *corpus* of estates intact.

c. The moral disqualifications of the Zemindars attributable to want of proper education.

Other causes of a social nature may be cited, but this would be out of place here. If then these numerous social causes are at work in effecting the Zemindar's ruin, the legislature, however well disposed towards them, cannot avert it by simply incapacitating their Mahajans to purchase at execution sales. But supposing that this law to work like a stimulant when the Zemindari body is in a state of collapse, Government should pause and consider what reaction would take place. It would be this, that the Mahajan would before lending a pice get out bills of sale executed in their favor instead of mortgage deeds. And thus the present law, instead of averting the landholder's down fall, would accelerate it. The law may incapacitate the Mahajan decreeholder to bid at the sale, but what is there to prevent other Mahajans who are not decreeholders from buying?

Apart from the administrative view of the question as a matter of law and experience, it would be very hard to the mortgager if the incapacity under notice be legalized. In law if a man has a charge upon another's property, he should have the first chance to purchase that property, but the Bill ignores that elementary principle.

I have humbly shown that upon considerations *a priori* the incapacity which the Bill intends to legalize can not be supported. I shall proceed to show that inductively considered it deserves no higher or better footing. Judging from my limited experience I can say that in execution sales the decreeholder's bid was generally the highest, and the rationale of this is not difficult to understand. In the case of an outsider, his bid is equivalent to the payment of the highest price, whereas with the decreeholder it is the highest price *minus* the profit on score of interest at a high rate. Thus placed the decreeholder can certainly afford to be the highest bidder.

Before leaving this branch of the subject it is submitted with great humility that great would be the difficulty in applying Section 22 to concrete cases. In the first place, how is the Court

to satisfy itself that any particular decreeholder is entitled to the leave to bid? and upon what grounds will the Court be justified in giving the leave? One decreeholder is just as qualified as another to bid, and how is the Court to distinguish between decreeholder and decreeholder in the bestowal of the privilege? If I could anticipate what the decreeholder's bid would be, that would be some *datum* to act upon, and speaking for myself, with Sec. 22 before me, I should be inclined to give the leave to bid if I knew that it was going to be the highest. But these *data* cannot be had before sale.

In the second place, under the Code of Civil Procedure, sales are held on the spot by an officer of the Court or in Court. Where will the Court be when its officer sells property on the spot? Must the Court delegate its power to grant leave to bid to its officer? Or must the sale lie adjourned till the leave is obtained from Court, and a fresh sale proclamation published notifying the date of the adjourned sale?

Section 24 supplies a *desideratum* hitherto felt by all Civil Judges, but it would have been well if it had been restricted to moveables alone. Constituted as Indian society is, at the present day, if any body takes the law into his own hands, the chance is that he abuses it. An abuse of the law in regard to unmoveable property looks much more serious than where moveables are concerned. The procedure prescribed for the sale of the property under this section may be imperfectly understood, and what is not perfectly understood is rarely carried out properly. The inevitable consequence will be increased litigation, to the great discomfort of society.

My humble opinion is that Section 31 is a superfluity. Under Sec. 8 of the Evidence Act 'any fact is relevant which shows or constitutes a motive or preparation for any fact in issue or relevant fact,' and it is not necessary for the legislature to declare again that the act of depositing title deeds is evidence. If the act of depositing title deeds be evidence of a mortgage contract, the Specific Relief Act will govern any case of specific performance of that contract.

The provisions of section 33 are such as they should be, only instead of the words "*person proved to be interested in the property sold*" in clause 5, the word "mortgager" should be used. The entire Section has reference to the relations between mortgagee and mortgager, and supposing that the mortgaged property does not belong to the latter but to a third party, the third party will have his remedy at law. It would I think be complicating the proceedings, if at the fag end of the sale, the Court were to take up the question as to whether the residue of the proceeds of sale belonged to the mortgager or anybody else. Further, it would be inconsistent if the property be sold as belonging to the mortgager, and in the Court in the same breath to hold that the residue of the sale proceeds thereof does not belong to him.

Section 35 will go to materially lessen litigation. The registration of the receipt referred to therein is manifestly compulsory. This would render the inclusion of this particular receipt under Sec. 17 of the new Registration Act, (Act of 1877) necessary.

Section 40 may be cut out as it is almost counterminous with Sec. 14.

Before quitting this chapter, I beg to observe that the Bill does not provide for the following cases :

1. When is a subsequent mortgage invalid as against a prior mortgagee ?
2. When is prior mortgage invalid as against a purchaser for value and without notice ?

In Chap. V. Sec. 42 I fail to see any reason why the lessee's term of tenure should necessarily be shorter in duration than the lessor's interest. It so happens that in many cases the term of lessee is counterminous with that of the lessor and yet the lease is not invalidated in law.

Sub-Section 2 of Sec. 43 requires an explanation, and the Bill would do well to illustrate what it means thereby.

In Section 44 (p) the words "In the absence of any agreement to the contrary" should be added at the commencement.

Art (q) of the said Section is certainly upon the existing

law, but as it is, its provisions are extremely meagre and require extension. *Firstly*, the mere election by the lessor to purchase the fixtures sought to be removed, should not extinguish the lessee's right to remove. There ought to be payment of the value of the fixtures or a lawful tender of it to the lessee subject to the valuation being revised, when there is an objection by a Board of Referees.

The Bill does not lay down any procedure governing cases thus referred, and I would humbly suggest that the provisions of the Civil Procedure Code relating to arbitration be extended to them.

I must observe that under this head the Legislature should declare what fixtures are irremovable by the lessee.

Intimately connected with the subject of the transfer and devolution of property, and forming a branch of the question of relationship of landlord and tenant, the present Bill ought to enunciate and define all those varied rights and duties which flow from that relationship by operation of law as distinguished from express contract. In doing so, our legislators may rest assured that they would not encroach upon the precincts of local legislation. Already more than one authoritative decision of the local High Court have declared that Act X of 1859 and Act VIII of 1869 (B. C.) are not applicable to lands other than agricultural or horticultural, and constituted as things are at present, besides a few stray principles of equity and natural justice, there is no law in existence governing rights to and interests in lands of other descriptions, and the consequence is that courts are obliged to substitute their arbitrary caprice in the determination of complications arising out of those rights. This anomalous state of things should not be tolerated now that we are engaged in giving to the country a Code of substantive laws, regulating the transfer of property.

I shall note some of the salient points on which a statutory declaration is at once called for.

1. Whether in respect to lands other than agricultural or horticultural, the tenant should have right of occupancy after 12

years possession, supposing the acquisition of such rights is not barred by the terms of any contract subsisting ?

The legislature should consider whether the country has advanced to that extent, as would admit of the conversion of the *status* of the Indian tenant into that of an English tenant, or whether the principle of protection enjoyed by the tenant under Sec. 6 act X of 1859 should be extended to all tenants alike.

2. Whether in respect to lands not agricultural or horticultural, the landlord should have the right to enhance the existing rent ? If so, whether competition or custom should govern claims for enhancement ? If the landlord is to have enhancement according to the customary rates, what procedure is to be adopted in the determination of the rate of enhancement ?

Akin to this subject, that of equitable estoppels will have to be considered. I mean equitable estoppels as affecting the right to enhancement. Whether for instance a landlord suffering permanent works to be raised by the tenant on his holding, will not be precluded from obtaining enhancement ?

3. What particular procedure is to be adopted in the case of suits for the tenant's ejection, and what preliminaries the landlord is required to go through, should be defined.

Passing from this to the matter of distraint, the Bill should state how far the rent of lands other than agricultural or horticultural should be a charge on the messuages and appurtenances standing thereupon.

The Bill should make provision for the deposit of rent in court before suit in the manner analogous to those in Secs. 46 and 47 Act VIII of 1869 (B. C.) and thereby prevent the institution of frivolous and unnecessary suits for rent.

The legislature should here consider whether the landlord should have summary powers of eviction enjoyed by the English landlords without instituting actions for the same in courts of justice.

In the decision of rent-cases, the courts experience one great difficulty, whether a particular party is another's tenant, on account of there being no definite law relating to the registration



of transfer of sub-holdings. The case-law bearing upon this is conflicting, while some judges have held that registration of transfer is a *sine qua non* to give the transferee as against the landlord, others have held *contra*. This should be thought upon.

Analogous to the question of registration is that of attornment of rent. What constitutes legal attornment should be defined.

The question of the rights of undivided shareholders, and the right of one of them to sue for the rent, should get a place in the draft law.

The Bill should define what relinquishment is, and under what circumstances a holding would become relinquishable, and the legal sequences of relinquishment ; also when abatement of rent would be an appropriate relief to the tenant to pray for.

---

## SONNET.

### IN SUMMER.

At noon I range equipped with scrip and crook,  
 The holt for nuts, or con reclined at ease,  
 In the cool shadow of gigantic trees,  
 Haunted for ages by the social rook,  
 The legends strange of Sponser's tuneful book,  
 Or mark the soaring hawk by slow degrees,  
 Melt in the cloudless blue, or watch the bees  
 Discourse and labor in their chosen nook :  
 Or, if the ardent south breathe fervid heat,  
 The swimmer's art my limbs with joy essay,  
 Where bending willows o'er the brooklet meet,  
 And rapid swirls clean beds of grit betray,  
 And salooks sweet their crimson foreheads show,  
 Mid pliant canes with plumes like virgin snow.

D.

## NEAR SEONI.

Sweet brook ! with thy exhaustless store,  
 Of cool translucent water,  
 Which Baphins for libations pour,  
 When altars reek with slaughter,  
 Dost thou not typify the life,  
 Of saints devout and lowly,  
 Whose course undimmed by stains or strife,  
 Is tranquil, bright, and holy ?

D.

## DIARY OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

*January 22nd.* It does not appear that Gazi Ahmed Muktar is in disgrace. According to the telegrams received yesterday it appears that he has been appointed Commander of the Turkish line of defence at Constantinople which is at present the most important post in the Turkish empire. In the war from the beginning the only two Turkish Generals that did any thing are Osman Pasha and Ahmed Muktar.

Suleiman Pasha, who attacked the Russians between Tatar Bazardehik and Philipopolis and was defeated, has not been able to take up any strong position, but is flying to the Rhodope mountains which lie considerably to the west of Constantinople.

*23rd.* It has been justly remarked that the present war is a war of surprises. Who could have believed that the Turks would give up Adrianople without a blow ? But they have done so. Reuter telegraphs—"The Russians have occupied Adrianople. There is a perfect panic in Roumelia among the inhabitants, and the distress prevailing is described as appalling." The Turkish troops seem to be thoroughly demoralized ; they are running away.

*24th.* We hear to-day details of the engagement between Gourko and Suleiman. The latter having lost 7,000 troops and

49 guns, ran away to the Rhodope Mountains. He is now at Kavala on the coast. There is a panic at Gallipoli as the Russians are expected there.

25th. It is semi-officially denied that the Russians purpose going to Gallipoli. They don't mean to go there, unless Sulaiman concentrates his army there and threatens the Russian flank.

28th. England narrowly escaped going to war. It seems that the British fleet was ordered to enter the Dardanelles and land troops at Gallipoli for its defence against the Russians. On this the earls of Derby and Carnarvon resigned. Whether in consequence of these resignations, or in consequence of the Russians declaring that they would not break neutrality, or for some other cause, orders were sent to the fleet not to enter the Dardanelles. After this the earl of Derby was prevailed upon to withdraw his resignation, though the earl of Carnarvon remained recalcitrant.

30th. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved in the House of Commons on the 28th that the sum of six millions pounds sterling should be voted for meeting the expenses of war, if it should be found necessary to declare war against Russia. The debate was adjourned to Thursday next the 31st instant. Sir Stafford Northcote stated that the conditions of the peace required by Russia were as follows : (1) that the whole of the Bulgarian nation shall form an autonomous tributary principality under a Christian ruler to be appointed by Russia ; (2) that Roumania, Servia and Montenegro be made independent with enlarged borders ; (3) that Bosnia and Herzegovina have administrative autonomy ; (4) that Turkey should indemnify to Russia the expenses of the war, though it is not certain in what form this indemnity should be paid,—it may be either a pecuniary one, or cession of territory, or some arrangement regarding the protection of Russian interests in the Straits of the Dardanelles. If these are the conditions required by Russia, I think the demands of the Czar

are wonderfully moderate. But I am not inclined to believe that these are the only conditions ; there must be other conditions which are now kept secret, for I cannot believe that Russia will be satisfied with these conditions after putting forth such extraordinary exertions. Sir Stafford Northcote thought that these conditions " would destroy the key-stone of south-east Europe, and moreover would affect European and British interests." It is impossible to understand what is meant by the destruction of the " key-stone of south-east Europe." Is Turkey the " key-stone "? But Turkey is not destroyed by the condition ; its territories are only diminished. Are the Straits of the Dardanelles the " key-stone "? But we do not see on what principles of equity Russia is to be debarred the Straits when most of the territories on the shores of the Black Sea belong to that power. To preclude Russia from the Straits is, in my humble opinion, to deprive her of a just right. Neither do I understand how British interests are affected by any one of those conditions. It is intelligible only on this supposition that any increase of power by Russia affects British interests. This is nothing else but a new form of the old disease of Russophobia with which so many English statesmen are unhappily afflicted.

*February 1st.* The Russians in Bulgairia have occupied Osman Bazar and Rasgrad, the Turks retreating to the fortresses Rustchuk, Schumla and Varna. In Roumelia they have occupied Kirkilissa, and the vanguard of the Russian army has reached Tehorlu, fifty miles distant from Constantinople.

*2nd.* On the 31th ultimo Mr. Forster moved in the House of Commons an amendment to Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, to the effect that the extra grant of six millions of pounds sterling be refused. The debate has been adjourned. Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, said that the demand of six millions was not necessarily for warlike purposes, but it is as well to have the money in hand as England cannot consent to a separate treaty between Russia and Turkey in which British interests should be jeopardized.

4th. News comes from Constantinople to the effect that the Russians are advancing on that city in three columns, and from St. Petersburg to the effect that Prince Gortschakoff has suppressed an article of peace conditions which relates to the passage of the Dardanelles, the Russians wishing to refer that matter to the European powers for decision.

The Greeks apparently have declared war against Turkey, ten thousand troops having been ordered to cross the frontier. It is said that they intend to occupy the provinces of Epirus, Macedonia and Thessaly for the purpose of maintaining order and preventing the massacre of Christians.

The latest news is, that the preliminary protocol of the armistice has been signed, and hostilities are suspended. From this I do not conclude that the war is at an end. Russia may be consenting to an armistice, for aught I can tell, merely to gain time for the arrival on the scene of action of 250,000 fresh troops which the Czar has ordered.

A. SON OF MARS.

## THE LATE DR. DUFF.

[As we were going to press we heard with the deepest sorrow of the death in England of the Rev. Alexander Duff, D. D., L L. D. On hearing the mournful news we involuntarily exclaimed in the words of the poet—

“Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet’s silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill.”

Alexander Duff was to us personally more than a father. We owe to him, under God, the formation of our intellectual character, the development of our spiritual being, and any longings and aspirations after any thing good, true or beautiful, of which we are conscious. We owe him, therefore, a debt immense of endless gratitude. We hope to express our sense of obligation to him on some future occasion. At this moment deep grief enchains our tongue; we therefore reproduce below the sentiments expressed by us, nearly fifteen years ago, at a public meeting of his pupils held in honour of their revered teacher who was about to leave the shores of India for ever. *Ed. B. M.*]

“MR. CHAIRMAN,—It is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that I rise to second the Resolution which has been so ably moved. If ever, Sir, I mourned over my feeble powers of utterance and the infelicity of my diction—if ever I earnestly desired to be eloquent, I do so on the present occasion. It is an established rule in rhetoric that the language of a piece of panegyric should partake somewhat of the character of the object eulogized. If the object be one of beauty, the language which describes it should also be beautiful; if the object be one of dignity, the phraseology should also be dignified. How then can I hope, Sir, to pronounce a fitting

eulogium on a man, whose mind is of the highest order, whose heart is of the largest capacity, and whose life has been a life of the widest philanthropy? In order to be able to do full justice to the varied excellencies of the character of Alexander Duff, I should require the eloquence of Alexander Duff himself. But, Sir, there is this consolation for me that, however poor I may be in expression, the subject on which I am to speak is invested in the minds of the audience with peculiar interest,—that interest, I am sure, will make ample amends for any poverty of expression.

This is not the time, Sir, to take a review of Dr. Duff's life. God grant that his valuable life may yet be prolonged many years, and that he may be the honoured instrument of still more promoting God's glory and doing good to his fellowmen. But I may be permitted to take a brief review of Dr. Duff's Indian career which is about to close. The Indian career of Dr. Duff may be divided into three periods. The first period extends from the year 1830, on the 27th May of which—as you have already heard this evening—he landed in Calcutta, to 1834 when, wearied by gigantic labours and prostrated by grim disease, he left these shores for the more bracing climate of his native land. The second period extends from 1840, the year of his return to India, to the year 1850, when he again left India, not so much on account of ill-health as for the purpose of rousing the Missionary spirit of the Churches of Britain, and for taking part in those discussions and deliberations, which were shortly to come on in connection with the renewal of the Indian Charter of the Court of Directors. And the third period extends from the year 1856, when he again returned to India, to the present date.

Of the first period of Dr. Duff's Indian career I have no personal experience, though you, Mr. Chairman, and the mover of this Resolution, must have vivid reminiscences of those days. But that period was perhaps the most important period of Dr. Duff's Indian career. It was the seed-time of what afterwards proved to be a splendid harvest. To-day, Sir, is the 2nd of October 1863. Twelve days hence exactly thirty-four years ago; that is on the 14th of October 1829, Dr. Duff left Portsmouth in the *Lady Holland*, East-India-man. Ever since that day the one idea that took possession of his mind—the one idea that formed the subject of his day dreams and his night visions, was the promotion of the welfare of the people of India. Shortly after his arrival, on Tuesday the 13th day of July 1830, Dr. Duff laid the foundation of the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, an Institution the progress of which was for many years identified with the progress of education in Bengal. Many people establish schools,—perhaps every month witnesses the establishment of a new school in Bengal—but the establishment of the General Assembly's Institution by Dr. Duff was a great event in the educational history of the country. The *Hindoo College* had certainly been founded several years

before, yet the founding of Dr. Duff's Institution formed a new era in the history of education in Bengal. It was founded on a new system. I do not allude to the teaching of the Bible, though that certainly was the predominating feature of the Institution; but the very system of secular education adopted by Dr. Duff was quite a new one at least in India. It was the *intellectual* system as opposed to what I may call the *mechanical* system of education. In Dr. Duff's system of education, his object was not to cram the mind with a farrago of facts only unconnected, which lay like useless lumber in the brain; but his object was to develop the powers and susceptibilities of the mind, to awaken the faculties of observation and reflection, to "teach the young idea to shoot," to train up the emotions, the affections—the active powers of the soul; in a word, to educate the whole man. This system of Dr. Duff was, as I have already said, quite a new thing in Calcutta—it aroused attention; numbers of visitors every now and then crowded to the General Assembly's Institution to witness the working of this new system; the result was, that Dr. Duff's system was imitated in all the schools then existing in the country. Some people may think that I am exaggerating the importance of the establishment of Dr. Duff's school. Not a bit of it. I appeal to you, Sir, whether your recollections, of what you heard and saw in those days, do not confirm the truth of my statements. But I have another testimony to appeal to. I have the testimony of no less a person than the present Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer—Sir Charles Trevelyan. In an address, in those days, to the friends of education in India, Sir Charles made use of the following words:—"How numerous are the instances in which visitors to the General Assembly's celebrated Academy have caught the spirit of the plan; and been induced, on their return to their respective districts, to form the nucleus of similar Institutions!"

Of the history of the Institution, in which this new system of education was adopted, and of the good it has effected, I need not speak at large. The Institution was opened, I believe, with 5 pupils, and it has now on its roll 1,500. The Institution was opened in a humble house, the accommodation of which was increased by a thatched *atchala*, it has at present its local habitation in this magnificent edifice in which we are now assembled—an edifice, every brick of which was procured by the exertions of Dr. Duff. And as to the good this Institution has done, not to speak of other results, tell me, Sir, if you can, the number of young men educated within these walls and sent into the world. The name of Dr. Duff's pupils is truly "Legion," for they are many. They are scattered in all parts of the country, usefully and honestly employed, from Debrooghur in Assam to Peshawur in the Punjab, and from the foot of the Himalayas to the foot of the Vindhya mountains.



But the establishment of the General Assembly's Institution is not the only important work performed by Dr. Duff during the first period of his Indian career. If the time permitted, I might speak of the services rendered by him to the cause of English education as opposed to the views of the Orientalists, who maintained that Sanskrit and Arabic and Persian should form the media whereby to communicate to the people of India the knowledge of the West. In rendering the service of which I now speak, Dr. Duff found himself in the company of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Lord Macaulay; the result of which services was the celebrated educational Minute of Lord William Bentinck, dated 7th March 1835, in which the essential importance of English education was recognized, and which, indeed, may be regarded as the commencement of that interest which the Government takes in English education. I might also speak of the invaluable service rendered by Dr. Duff in giving a healthy direction to the minds of those young men who, in consequence of their English education, forsook the faith of their ancestors, and betook themselves to infidelity. Dr. Duff was the first to stem that tide of infidelity. He stood as the champion of true religion, and showed its harmony with high culture and true science. He stood between the living and the dead—and the plague was stayed, at least in those days. But, Sir, I will not, on the present occasion, enlarge on these services of Dr. Duff, as I am not now speaking of Dr. Duff as a Missionary but as an educator.

I now come, Sir, to the second period of Dr. Duff's Indian career which extends, as I have already said, from the year 1840 to the year 1850. Dr. Duff had left India in 1834 more dead than alive. He now came back like a giant refreshed. During the five years of his sojourn in his native land he had done a most important work. He had roused, as never before it was roused, the Missionary spirit of his mother Church. He had by those "noble bursts of enthusiastic appeal," some of which are in print, "made grey-headed pastors weep like children and dissolved half the Assembly in tears." Had he remained in Scotland, the highest preferments in the National Church would have been thrust upon him. But Alexander Duff was a man of another stamp; he had elected India as the land of his adoption. And he had resolved to devote his life to the welfare of its people. He therefore came back to the field of his labours. It was at this time, Sir, that my personal acquaintance with Dr. Duff commenced. I had seen him once, I believe, in my childhood, but I have no distinct recollection of the sight. On the second day after his arrival in Calcutta, he came to the Institution. Never, Sir, shall I forget that day. Never shall be effaced from my mind the impression I then received of the illustrious man, the great philanthropist, the Father of English education in Bengal, and the Prince of Indian Missionaries. We

all turned out of our class-rooms to catch a glimpse of the wonderful man. And there, Sir, he stood as the very impersonation of marvellous energy, of high intelligence and of moral grandeur. As he stood, even when he did not speak a word, his body was continually moving. He could not remain one moment at perfect rest. He either swayed his body, or he shrugged his shoulders, or he waved his hand, or he stamped the ground with his feet. He seemed to me to be a living illustration of what is called perpetual motion in mechanics. He seemed to me to be one of those fiery coursers, some specimens of which we sometimes meet with in the Indian cavalry, and which can never remain with their riders at rest for a single moment. And when Dr. Duff spoke even a few words, with what energy he uttered them! Each word came whizzing like a cannon ball—a regular 68 pounder,—or rather it seemed to be a thunder-bolt hurled from high heaven. This, Sir, was my impression at the time. I had seen nothing like it—I had heard nothing like it. Dr. Duff seemed so unlike other men. In the language of the poet—"like a star, he dwelt apart."

During this second period of Dr. Duff's career he consolidated the Institution which he had founded. He divided it into two departments, the College and the Preparatory School. During most years of this period I was in Dr. Duff's class. Every one that has been a pupil of the great Doctor must admit that he is an extraordinary teacher. Having sat at his feet for about 8 or 9 years, I may be excused if I say that I feel I am competent to speak of his qualifications as a teacher. My other teachers has high qualifications, but Dr. Duff surpassed them all. The sainted Macdonald, now in glory, edified me by his practical religious instructions, breathing of heaven and of heavenly things; the meek and gentle Ewart poured forth as from a vast treasure-house the riches of historic knowledge; the ingenious and hard-headed Thomas Smith solved for me many an intricate mathematical problem; the accomplished and learned Mackay directed my eyes to the stars and revealed to me the mysteries of the stellar universe—all these were great and good men—admirable teachers; but Dr. Duff surpassed them all. How shall I describe Dr. Duff in the class room? How shall I characterize his teaching? What stores of information! what variety of illustration! what acuteness of reasoning! what profundity of thought! what depth of argument! what powers of persuasion! what magic eloquence!

I shall conclude this second period of Dr. Duff's educational career by remarking that, at this time, he penned those celebrated *Letters to Lord Auckland*, in which he exposed with great force of thought and mastery of language the folly of excluding ethics and religion from the Government system of education. The effect of those letters is visible in the altered tone of Government Colleges.

The third period of Dr. Duff's career will not detain me long. His educational labours have during this period been chiefly connected with the university. But I need not dwell on them, as every body here present knows them.

It is the remark, Sir, of a profound thinker, that there are three sorts of greatness suited to three different orders of mind. There is sensual greatness, which is the greatness of kings and conquerors ; there is intellectual greatness, the greatness of men of genius ; and there is moral greatness, the greatness of public benefactors, of philanthropists and of saints. There are heroes of the sensual world, heroes of the intellectual world, and heroes of the moral world. Dr. Duff, Sir, is a HERO of the moral world. Dr. Duff might have attained to greatness in any sphere of life. But he chose that better part which should never be taken away. He chose to dedicate his life not to purposes of self-aggrandisement but to make his fellow-men happy. And Dr. Duff will have his reward. The millions of the population of Bengal shall bless his name to the latest generations. And Dr. Duff himself when he retires from the scene of his Indian labours shall have the satisfaction—"the purest allotted to mortal man"—of having contributed to the improvement and the happiness of his fellow-men."





# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

---

MARCH 1878.

---

BIANCA.

. OR

THE YOUNG SPANISH MAIDEN.

CHAPTER V.

He entered the room without stopping, making a sign to Lord Moore to stay near the door, out of sight. He went up to the couch. "Well child," said he kneeling beside her and placing his hand on her shoulder; she turned her brown eyes towards him; there was a fitful, bright, wild light in them but she recognised him;—"C'est toi, mon père"—said she, smiling, such a strange, weird, little smile! "Tiens!" said she, wandering a little; "j'avais commis quelque faute, n'est-ce pas? Qu'était-ce? Je ne m'en souviens pas. Qu'avais fait, mon père?" "Rien, mon enfant, rien!" She looked at him puzzled. Then closed her eyes and remained quiet. "Child!" She opened her eyes. "Would you like to see him, my darling; would you like to see Lord Moore?" "Ah! Chut! Hush! Do not name him; the wound is sore yet father, very sore. O God! I am so cold!" She went on, after a pause, her eyes dilated, and fixed toward, the window. "It's all white with snow,—and she is so delicate; why should she lie under the earth with nothing between her and the snow but a thin plank of oak!" She half rose; "I am now like you Inez dear! Oh! that I were lying cold and still beside you under the snow!" She lay back again; then suddenly with a piteous cry;—"Don't do it again, my lord, don't. Father is so angry." She was greatly fond of poetry, and in her delirium she uttered stray verses applying them to herself. "Father,

it was not wrong ; I love him father ; he is "my lion and my noble lord"—"the god of my life !" Her eyes fell on her father ; "Oh where is he ? He was sitting here a minute ago, and now there's only father." She closed her eyes again ; Garcia beckoned to Lord Moore to come in ; he entered and stood near the couch, silent and pale. Garcia had buried his face among the shawls ; presently he raised his head and pressed the brown little hand of Bianca against his cheek ;—"How hot her hand is !" He muttered. She opened her eyes and saw Lord Moore ;—"How pale you are, my lord." He dropped on his knee beside her ;—"How pale you are,"—she said again ;—"It cannot be, it cannot be !" Then she murmured in a soft clear voice,

Ask me no more, the moon may draw the sea,  
The clouds may stoop from heaven and take the shape  
From fold to fold of mountain or of cape,  
Yet ah ! too fond when have I answered thee—  
Ask me no more !

Ask me no more ; thy fate and mine are sealed  
Alas ! my lord,—so it is—listen ! she said sadly.

I strove against the stream and all in vain  
Let the great river bear me to the main :  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield  
Ask me no more !"

"Inez !" She exclaimed, "did you love Ingram as much as I do my lord ? yes ? You were sometimes sad here, Inez. I know you were. But now you are happy dear. I should like to be with you sister." She sighed. "Inez," she went on lower, "he kissed me Inez ; was it so very wrong ? Father is angry, Inez ; Ingram used to kiss you sister, and father was not angry with you ; I always thought he loved you best"—sadly. "O sister ; stay one minute longer, then I'll follow you ; one moment ;"—She stopped, then went on again. "Sister ! His kiss was so sweet, so strange the touch of his lips made the blood flow ruddier and stronger in my veins. 'Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain—

And sweet is death who puts an end to pain.' ” She lay quiet but with her eyes open ; there was a hot feverish flush on her brown cheek. She was looking stedfastly at lord Moore : he bent down as if to kiss her ; “No, don't,” thrusting him away fiercely. “It's a sin, a sin I tell you ; and father is angry, and so is perhaps God ; ——oh ! I shall never be happy again !” And she turned her face to the pillow.

Lord Moore spoke. “You must send for the doctor ; shall I go ?” “Yes, yes, yes !” Said the distracted father.

# CHAPTER VI.

Lady Moore and Maggie were in the drawingroom, chatting, and busy with embroidery. “It's near eight o'clock and Henry hasn't come back yet from Mr. Garcia's, what can be the matter with him ?” “He is in love, my dear.” Said Lady Moore coldly. “Henry in love ! And with whom, mamma ?” “With that Spanish girl.” “With Bianca ! Oh ! how nice to have Bianca for a sister !” “I don't agree with you, Margaret ; I should not like to have her as a daughter-in-law.” “Why, mamma ! I thought you liked Bianca ” “One can like a girl without wishing to have her as a daughter-in-law. Bianca may be a Spanish gipsy, for aught I know.” “But you used to praise her graceful ways and manner.” “I always said she was a wild girl.” “Yes, but you said there was a natural grace in her that was quiet charming.” “I have changed my opinion now. She is not at all like what an English young lady ought to be.” “No ! I suppose not ! Fancy a Miss De Wilton with a pair of pistols under her outdoor jacket.” And Maggie laughed at the idea. “But mamma, if Henry marries her, we can polish her up in a few days, and make her a little more English !” “Try it ! She is as proud as if she were Queen of Spain. She won't submit to being polished up. She isn't pretty ; I sometimes fancy she has bewitched Henry !” “O mamma ! How vexed you look ! Don't you really like her then ?” “I would have liked her well enough had she left my son alone.” “I never suspected that she loved Henry.” Said Maggie musingly. “No, I dare say



not ; she kept it close ; but I saw through her artifices." " Oh there's Henry ! I must go and ask him." " Why," she added, " he is gone straight to the stables." My lady looked out of the window. " He hasn't succeeded after all ; perhaps he means to leave the country. I shall never forgive her if he does." She added, between her teeth. Maggie had run downstairs. She found her brother busy in helping the groom to saddle the ' Emperor ' his favorite horse. " Henry," she said tripping up to him, " what did Bianca say ?" He turned round ; she was frightened by his set, pale face. " O Henry ! What is the matter ?" " She is dying Maggie." " Who ? Bianca ? Oh has there been an accident ?" Her brother was already on the saddle ; he gave an impatient cut with his whip on the horse's shouldier ; the spirited animal reared, his forefeet poised high up in the air ; he had never received a touch of the whip ; another sharp cut across the shoulder, and they darted away at full gallop. Maggie turned to the groom ; " What is the matter, Sykes ?" " Dunno, miss ; he came here not five minutes hago, and hordered the Hemperor to be saddled." Maggie went upstairs to her mother. " Mamma, Bianca is very ill ; oh mamma ! she is dying perhaps, and we were talking lightly about her, not five minutes ago !" And the tears stood in Maggie's blue eyes. " I must go," she said, going out to bring her hat and cloak. " No, you shall not, Margaret ; stay where you are." The girl came obediently and sat down near her mother. A servant brought a card ; " It's Mr. Owen ; shew him upstairs, John ; Maggie, wipe your eyes and compose yourself" Maggie *had* composed herself already. She was a great favorite of Mr. Owen, and she was proud of that honour. He sat down near her, and began to talk with her mother, now and then, addressing a few words to her in a low confidential voice. He was a man of about thirtyeight or forty. Of the middle height ; black hair, on which he prided himself a good deal, brushed away carefully and yet with a shew of negligence from the low brow ; a nose rather snubby and flat ; thick sensual lips covered by a black moustache ; and grey wicked eyes. He was esteemed very rich ; and had recently come in—shire with his

family ; his wife was an universal favorite ; she pleased every body with her quiet gentle manners, and her sweet pretty face. His manner was of the most pleasing kind ; a little too familiar with ladies, some thought him, but generally he was liked ; he was so affable, so gentlemanly ! my lady said,—and my lady's passport was enough to open to him all the respectable houses of the County, except that of Mr. Garcia. People wondered a little at this ; but the Garcias lived so quietly ; never mixed with any body since Miss Inez Garcia's death. So after a little tittle-tattle now and anon, the subject was dropped by general consent everywhere, and Mr. Owen had free "entrée" to every house. "He is so clever !" my lady would say, "knew everything ! And seems to have travelled through all the world." He was attentive to Margaret, and indeed to every young lady ; he was fatherly with them ; the very old ladies he treated with a deference, that charmed them all. He would whisper the most trivial things in a manner so confidential, to a young lady, that lookers-on would think he was very intimate with her, and that they were plotting treason against some body else. Did Miss So-and-so want some monograms for her album ; he moved heaven and earth to procure them, and then he would hand them to her in the most bewitching manner, and only laugh gaily at her guesses as to where he could get so many monograms ; he must have a great many correspondents, and dukes, lords and knights too, as the lions rampant, the eagles soaring, the stags couchant, and the mottoes showed ! He used to send for them from Rodrigues and Sons, Piccadilly, with a money order enclosed in his letter ! And then he was so fond of and kind with the little girls ; he was quite a favorite with children. Oh he was a charming man !

When Lord Moore entered the sick room with Dr. Chambers, Bianca was speaking hurriedly ; she did not hear the sound of the opening door, and went on incoherently. "Pussy kiss this cross," holding out the cross which hung from her neck by a blue ribbon, "Cela te portera bonheur." "Poor Pussy, your little Kitty has been given away ; you are sorry, so am I Puss ; that's right Pussy, kiss the cross ; He says that a sparrow does

not fall to the ground without His knowledge ; surely He will pity you Puss, and make you soon forget your little one." She kissed the cross ;—"There I have kissed it too ! and I have prayed for you, Puss ; Kitty will be happy, and contented in her new home."

Dr. Chambers came towards her. "Well, Miss Garcia,\* what *are* you talking about ?" Said he, with a kindly smile, feeling her pulse at the same time. "Hundred and seventy" he muttered, with his eye on his watch—"and her skin is burning hot" he added afterwards, passing his hand over the forehead where the blue veins rose and swelled as if they would burst. "Quiet, and a soothing medicine,—Bromide of Potassium in large doses" he said to Himself ; "how long has she been ill ?" aloud and distinctly, turning to Garcia. "Not four hours yet." "She must have been greatly excited to be thus delirious. What excited her !" Garcia did not reply. "Ah well !" Said Dr. Chambers after a silence, "you must keep her very quiet, and give her this every hour till she becomes calm." He prescribed and then went away ; Lord Moore went out too, and ten minutes after came back with the medicine. Her father made her drink one dose. She lay pretty quiet after that, sometimes only she uttered one or two incoherent sentences. One hour passed and another dose was given. That had more effect, she became drowsy. Lord Moore rose. It was past ten P. M. "I must go now !" he said in a low voice ; he went softly to the couch, stooped down and kissed the flushed, feverish cheek ;—"Another Will," she murmured sleepily, and then added very low indeed "for Montague's sake." He kissed her again, and silently wringing the hand of Mr. Garcia galloped home. He went to his study ; his mother was waiting there for him. He came and leant against the mantly-shelf, his face pale and gloomy. "Well ?" said Lady Moore, after a long silence, seeing he did not speak. "She is dying mother." He said bitterly. "Perhaps that is the best thing she could do, put herself out of my son's way !" She spoke harshly ; Lord Moore's despair even goaded her to speak thus. She hated the girl for being the cause of her son's es-

trangement from her, his own mother. Why should that girl stand between her son and his family, his ambition, his happiness? Lord Moore buried his face in his hands, without replying. "God have mercy upon me and spare her." He cried, from the bottom of his heart. Lady Moore stayed some minutes more, then went out, softly. His grief frightened her into awe, if not into sympathy.

## THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

### XVII. THE ORIGIN OF RUBIES.

[Recited by Baburali, a Muhammadan of Santipore in the district of Nadiya, on the 31st of January 1878.]

There was a certain king who died leaving four sons behind him with his queen. The queen was passionately fond of the youngest of the princes. She gave him the best robes, the best horses, the best food and the best furniture. The other three princes became exceedingly jealous of their youngest brother, and conspiring against him and their mother, made them live in a separate house, and took possession of the estate. Owing to over-indulgence, the youngest prince had become very wilful. He never listened to any one, not even to his mother, but had his own way in every thing. One day he went with his mother to bathe in the river. A large boat was riding there at anchor. None of the boat-men were in it. The prince went into the boat, and told his mother to come into it. His mother besought him to get down from the boat, as it did not belong to him. But the prince said, "No, mother, I am not coming down; I mean to go on a voyage, and if you wish to come with me, then delay not but come up at once, or I shall be off in a trice." The queen besought the prince to do no such thing, but to come down instantly. But the prince gave no heed to what she said, and began to take up the anchor. The queen went up into the boat in great haste; and the moment she was on board, the boat started, and falling into the current passed on swiftly like an

arrow. The boat went on and on till it reached the sea. After it had gone many furlongs into the open sea, the boat came near a whirlpool, where the prince saw a great many rubies of monstrous size floating on the waters. Such large rubies no one had ever seen, each being in value equal to the wealth of seven kings. The prince caught hold of half a dozen of those rubies, and put them on board. His mother said, "Darling, don't take up those red balls; they must belong to some body who has been shipwrecked, and we may be taken up as thieves." At the repeated entreaties of his mother the prince threw them into the sea, keeping only one tied up in his clothes. The boat then drifted towards the coast, and the queen and the prince arrived at a certain port where they landed.

The port where they landed was not a small place; it was a large city, the capital of a great king. Not far from the palace, the queen and her son hired a hut where they lived. As the prince was yet a boy, he was fond of playing at marbles. When the children of the king came out to play on a lawn before the palace, our young prince joined them. He had no marbles, but he played with the ruby which he had in his possession. The ruby was so hard that it broke every taw against which it struck. The daughter of the king, who used to watch the games from a balcony of the palace, was astonished to see a brilliant red ball in the hand of the strange lad, and wanted to take possession of it. She told her father that a boy of the street had an uncommonly bright stone in his possession which she must have, or else she would starve herself to death. The king ordered his servants to bring to him the lad with the precious stone. When the boy was brought, the king wondered at the largeness and brilliancy of the ruby. He had never seen anything like it. He doubted whether any king of any country in the world possessed so great a treasure. He asked the lad where he had got it. The lad replied that he got it from the sea. The king offered a thousand Rupees for the ruby, and the lad not knowing its value readily parted with it for that sum. He went with the money to his mother who was not a little frightened, thinking that her

son had stolen the money from some rich man's house. She became quiet, however; on being assured that the money was given to him by the king in exchange for the red ball which he had picked up in the sea.

The king's daughter on getting the ruby put it in her hair, and standing before her pet parrot said to the bird, "O my darling parrot, don't I look very beautiful with this ruby in my hair? The parrot replied "Beautiful! you look quite hideous with it! What princess ever puts only one ruby in her hair? It would be somewhat feasible if you had two at least." Stung with shame at the reproach cast at her teeth by the parrot, the princess went into the grief-chamber of the palace, and would neither eat nor drink. The king was not a little concerned when he heard that his daughter had gone into the grief-chamber. He went to her and asked her the cause of her grief. The princess told the king what her pet parrot had said, and added, "Father, if you do not procure for me another ruby like this, I'll put an end to my life by mine own hands." The king was overwhelmed with grief. Where was he to get another ruby like it? He doubted whether another like it could be found in the whole world. He ordered the lad who had sold the ruby to be brought into his presence. "Have you, young man," asked the king, "another ruby like the one you sold me?" The lad replied, "No, I have not got. Why, do you want another? I can give you lots, if you wish to have them. They are to be found in a whirlpool in the sea, far, far, away. I can go and fetch some for you." Amazed at the lad's reply, the king offered rich rewards for procuring only another ruby of the same sort.

The lad went home and said to his mother that he must go to sea again to fetch some rubies for the king. The woman was quite frightened at the idea, and begged him not to go. But the lad was resolved on going, and nothing could prevent him from carrying out his purpose. He accordingly went alone on board that same vessel which had brought him and his mother, and set sail. He reached the whirlpool, from near which he had formerly picked up the rubies. This time, however, he determined to go

to the exact spot whence the rubies were coming out. He went to the centre of the whirlpool where he saw a gap reaching to the bottom of the ocean. He dived into it, leaving his boat to wheel round the whirlpool. When he reached the bottom of the ocean he saw there a beautiful palace. He went inside. In the central room of the palace there was the god Siva, with his eyes closed, and absorbed apparently in intense meditation. A few feet above Siva's head was a platform on which lay a young lady of exquisite beauty. The prince went to the platform and saw that the head of the lady was separated from her body. Horrified at the sight, he did not know what to make of it. He saw a stream of blood trickling from the severed head, falling upon the matted head of Siva, and running into the ocean in the form of rubies. After a little two small rods, one of silver and one of gold, which were lying near the head of the lady, attracted his eyes. As he took up the rods in his hands, the golden rod accidentally fell upon the head, on which the head immediately joined itself to the body, and the lady got up. Astonished at the sight of a human being, the lady asked the prince who he was and how he had got there. After hearing the story of the prince's adventures, the lady said, "Unhappy young man, depart instantly from this place; for when Siva finishes his meditations he will turn you to ashes by a single glance of his eyes." The young man, however, would not go except in her company, as he was over head and ears in love with the beautiful lady. At last they both contrived to run away from the palace, and coming up to the surface of the ocean, they climbed into the boat near the centre of the whirlpool, and sailed away towards land, having previously laden the vessel with a cargo of rubies. The wonder of the prince's mother at seeing the beautiful damsel may be well imagined. Early next morning the prince sent a basonfull of big rubies through a servant. The king was astonished beyond measure. His daughter on getting the rubies resolved on marrying the wonderful lad who had made a present of them to her. Though the prince had a wife, whom he had brought up from the depths of the ocean, he consented to have a second wife. They

were accordingly married, and lived happily for years begetting sons and daughters.

Here my story endeth,  
The Natiya-thorn withereth, &c.

## A TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER IV.

The day after Nandalal's visit at Nilkanta's house, Nilkanta and Ananda Mohan were at Nilkanta's *chandimandap* in the afternoon. Nilkantha said to his friend, "what do you think of my plan regarding my niece Kumi? She is now in her full youth, and has commenced to play pranks natural to her sex at her time of life. She has been a widow these five years. Being the child of a first class koolin, she has been wholly dependent on me from her infancy. You must not think that I grudge to support her as I have done so many years. But I fear much that, if she were to go on as she is doing at present, and having no mother to control her wayward freaks, she might bring disgrace on me and on my family. I wish that remarriage of widows were allowed among us. But it is useless to think of the defects of our social system. Though you and I have very little respect for it, yet we must abide by its rules."

"Are you sure that there are good chances of your plan being successful?" "I am sure it will prove as good as if all my wishes were fulfilled in the matter. I spoke to the girl after she had seen Nandalal. And she is no way averse to become a Christian to get such a husband. I have also spoken to my wife, and she does not much object to my plan. Now the question is, how to get her to be a Christian in such a way as to make it appear that it was all her own doing, and that I was no way to be blamed for it. She knows to read and write Bengali remarkably well, and has



read a number of books. It will be, I think, easy to get for her some Christian books in Bengali."

"All this is quite feasible, as it seems to me. But will Nandalal think of marrying such a girl, I mean a girl who left the protection of her friends, and went to a Missionary to be a Christian. Her motives will be suspected even by the Missionary."

"No doubt her motives will be suspected by the Missionary. But this will not be the first of such cases. I have known three or four cases of young Hindu widows taking shelter with Missionaries, and becoming Christians, and then getting married to respectable young men. As for Nandalal's not taking a fancy to her, I do not fear much for that. A young man like him cannot possibly remain indifferent to such a handsome young woman. Besides, if he should prove an exception to the rule, there might be many others amongst the Christians, to marry her. And I shall try to interest Nandalal in her case by asking him to give some suitable books to her. Consider that if we succeed in getting Nandalal to marry her, she will prove an unfailing friend to us in serving our interests with Nandalal. I have reason to think that Nandalal is dissatisfied with his zemindari servants, who are, I have come to know, perfect rogues. And if we can insinuate ourselves into his favor so as to get the higher employments under him, we shall be delivered from our present miserable state of poverty. All these considerations led me to think of this plan. And I was successful in bringing Nandalal to my house. My principal object in bringing him here was to let the girl see him for herself. And I am glad she is perfectly satisfied with the idea of marrying him. Had it been prudent and possible I would have tried to bring about a meeting between them. But this is not to be thought of."

"Your plan after all is not so bad as I took it to be from hearing the little you thought fit to tell me about it the other day. It will, I think, be better to say something to Nandalal about your plan regarding your niece, in such a way that he may not suspect any sinister motive on your part."

"You are quite right in saying this. To-morrow morning,

or even this evening I shall see Nandalal on the subject. You needn't accompany me, as it is necessary for the success of my plan that you should appear perfectly ignorant of all this."

That very evening Nilkantha presented himself at Nandalal's house, and told him very confidentially that he had a young widow niece, whom he would have gladly got remarried, if the Hindu social customs had permitted it, but as that was not possible he thought it best to keep her from the evils of this world by fanning her tendency to become a Christian. "A young woman of the Kayastha caste," he continued, "and a great friend of my niece, became a Christian last year. And she holds correspondence with my niece, hence the latter has a hankering after becoming a Christian. No doubt the motive of such converts is primarily to get remarried. Far from finding fault with them I would encourage them in such things as much as would be consistent with my profession as a Hindu. You of course I am sure will fully understand my motives. I would request you to let me have one or two suitable books for my niece. She knows to read and write the Bengali language, and has asked me to get for her some books from you." Nandalal seemed to take some interest in Nilkantha's confidential communication regarding his niece, and gave him a Bengali New Testament and a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bengali. Nilkantha secretly conveyed these books to his niece. They were quite new to her, and she read them at her leisure diligently. In a few days Nilkantha perceived that she had read the books to some purpose. And he informed Nandalal that she was quite ready to become a Christian, and requested him to give her a letter of introduction to his Missionary friend Baboo Jadunath Ganguly. In the simplicity of his heart he gave the letter of introduction, not mentioning the name of her uncle.

The next time he paid his weekly visit to his Missionary friend the latter received him as usual, but with a sly smile said, "So Nandalal you have been playing the Missionary with young ladies." When he was introduced to the interesting catechumen, Nandalal was struck with her beauty, and was charmed

with her sensible talk. The more he saw her and talked with her the more he was attracted to her. Kumi or rather Kumudini also lost no opportunity in showing off her charms before him.

Under Mr. Ganguly, Kumudini made rapid progress in obtaining sound Christian knowledge, and in a fortnight Mr. Ganguly received her into the church of Christ by the rite of baptism. She had made also rapid progress in winning the heart of Nandalal. And Nandalal was so charmed with her that he did not think it necessary to make any enquiries regarding her antecedents. He was well acquainted with the fact that the baneful customs of early marriage and polygamous kulinism, still prevalent amongst the Hindus, especially amongst the brahmans, have produced a host of young widows, many of whom forsake their homes and swell the ranks of the fallen women in towns. He had learnt from Nilkantha that Kumudini, when a girl of 7, had been married to a man, who might have been her grandfather in age, and who had already got a dozen of uncared for wives; and that before she had attained her tenth year, she had become a widow. He had also been informed that she had lost her father before her birth, and that two years previously to her appearance before Mr. Ganguly, her mother had died of snake-bite. Beyond this he knew little or nothing of her previous life, still he was drawn towards her by the greatest of attractions, love. Ganguly perceiving this was sincerely glad and brought about their marriage as soon as was convenient, and Nandalal soon became happy in the possession of a charming wife. He necessarily gave up much of his studious and recluse habits. And it became one of his pleasant duties to impart to his wife a proper education. She was also not backward in seconding his efforts for her improvement. Naturally endowed with great intelligence she soon picked up a sufficient general knowledge, which enabled her to mix in society with credit. Nandalal considered himself a happy man. His wife was devoted to him, and he was devoted to her. Connubial happiness could hardly go further. There was no clashing of tastes, aims, sentiments and dispositions. The wife gracefully acquiesced in all the wishes of her husband.

During all this time, Nilkantha and his friend Anandamohan frequently visited Nandalal, and received many little presents both from him and his wife. Anandamohan, when alone with Nilkantha, used to admire the latter's tact and sagacity. When returning home from one of their visits to Nandalal, Anandamohan said, "Nilkantha what a masterpiece of humanity you are ! I am really astonished at your wonderful shrewdness in bringing about apparently the most unlikely of things. Who ever could have thought that Kumi would have become a Christian, and married a rich zemindar ? Bravo to your successfully calculating wit, my friend ! I am now expecting that you will be the virtual manager of Nandalal's property, and I shall be your lieutenant. Your plan regarding your niece has been fully realized. At the time we were concocting it, I had some doubts of its success ; but now I see you were wiser than I."

"Be assured my friend that the success of my plans will benefit both of us. You have, I believe, got solid reasons to trust in my assurance. If I succeed in becoming Nandalal's *Naiib*, be sure you will be the first gomastah under me. But now the boy is taken up with Kumi, and pays very little attention to his property. He is however a good lad, and will soon awake to his interest. I am really sorry that these roguish servants of his are defrauding him right and left. One of these days I shall give him, a hint to find out their dishonesty."

"I doubt not in the least that you will be true to your word to me. You are perhaps the only and undoubtedly the best friend I have in the world. I shall be most happy to serve any master under you. Nandalal is really a good lad, I should be sorry to injure him in the least. If I be over a servant under him, it would be my earnest endeavour to serve him faithfully and never to defraud him of a single cowrie."

After Nandalal had been married about a couple of months, a rich unprincipled young Hindu of the town by name Krishna Chandra Datta commenced visiting him. He had heard of the extraordinary beauty and wit of Nandalal's wife, and knowing that a native Christian did not generally keep up the zenana

seclusion in his house, he called on Nandalal one afternoon. Nandalal received him with frank cordiality, as they were distant cousins, and had known each other when at school. It never entered Nandalal's head to suspect that Krishna Chandra Dutta had any other motive in visiting him than that of renewing their school day acquaintance.

For a few days Krishna Chandra repeated his visit day after day; and showed in his talk and behaviour as if he had been charmed with Nandalal and his fund of bookish lore, while in reality he had been charmed with Nandalal's wife, for he had been duly introduced to the charming Kumudini on the very first day of his visit. Now and then he invited Nandalal to dinner parties at his garden house, and there would conduct himself and make his other guests conduct themselves in such a way as not to give any offence to a sincere Christian like Nandalal. In a short time Nandalal became very much attached to Krishna Chandra, who on his part was not slow or backward in showing apparently a deeper, though in truth a perfectly hollow, friendship for Nandalal. Kumudini also liked the new friend of her husband, and mixed in his company freely and without the slightest feeling of shyness or reserve.

Nandalal was quite ignorant of his friend's real character. Had he known it, he would have received his overtures of friendship with contempt, and he would never have introduced him to the *sanctum sanctorum* of his family circle.

Early one morning Nandalal was walking in his garden by himself, when one of his servants brought before him an unknown peasant-like man. The latter handed a letter to him. Looking at the handwriting of the superscription he became almost stunned for it was the writing of his wife Nrityakali. He mechanically tore open the cover and found that his Hindu wife, whom he had believed to be dead, was alive, and was anxious to join him on the very first opportunity she could get to effect her purpose. He felt grieved for Kumudini, whom he tenderly loved, as the existence of his first wife made his second marriage null and void., In the torment of his heart he only looked towards Heaven

and inwardly cried "Father, thy will be done." He directed his servant to see that the bearer of the letter had all his wants supplied, and to have a horse ready for him. He then entered his house, and changing his dress came out again for a ride to his friend Revd. Mr. Ganguly. Reaching Ganguly's house he found Ganguly and family taking tea. He joined them. Ganguly was a little surprised at the unexpected appearance of Nandalal, and thought that something was wrong with him or his wife. Immediately after tea he took Nandalal to his study, and asked him the reason of his sudden appearance, and his rather sorrowful face. Nandalal without uttering a word in reply handed to him the letter he had received in the morning. Jadunath after reading the letter through, said, "Are you sure that this is your wife's handwriting." "I am perfectly sure of it, for I taught her to read and write, and I know well her hand-writing and manner of writing to me. I only wonder that she could find no earlier opportunity of apprising me of her existence, then I would not have been led to do a foul wrong to Kumudini."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Nandalal, that I in a manner led you to contract a second marriage, though I was far from being satisfied that your first wife had been dead, even when several witnesses swore before the Magistrate of—that she died and that her dead body was burnt in their presence on such a date. However, I or you have not done any wrong knowingly. Still you are in a sad predicament. Your second marriage is of course null and void when your first wife is alive. It will be a great shock to poor Kumudini; she appeared to be quite devoted to you so far as I could see. And you were quite happy with her. Now, some provision must be made for her, for you cannot possibly live with her any more as your wife. Have you shown her this letter?"

"No. I did not think it proper to break such news to her before I had seen you. It is impossible for me to describe the feelings of grief that fill my heart for her. I do not grieve for myself, I only grieve for her. I loved my first wife well, and I was heartily sorry for her loss. But I forgot her loss in the

possession of Kumi, who has been, I must say, the most devoted of wives to me. Since I married her I have spent a life of real happiness. Now, with what heart shall I bid her adieu for ever? I am ready to make the amplest provision for her maintenance and comfort that my circumstances will allow."

"You better remain here to-day, and tomorrow morning we both will go over to your house, and I shall try to compose and soothe the feelings of poor Kumudini after communicating this dreadful news to her, and then I shall bring her away to remain in my house for the present."

Nandalal felt greatly relieved in his mind by the kind sympathy and kindly proffered help of his friend. He acted according to his advice and stopped with him that day. Early next morning the two friends rode to Nandalal's house. On reaching the house they found it deserted by Kumudini. This was a fresh cause of trouble to Nandalal. From his servants he learnt that in the middle of the previous day Krishna Chandra Datta had visited the lady of the house, and that towards evening a set of bearers with a *palki* had come, and the lady saying to the servants that she was going to the Missionary's house where she was expected, went away in the Palki. A pang shot through Nandalal's heart, for he now perceived that his pretended friend Krishna Chandra Datta was a scoundrel, and that he had enticed away Kumudini. And he soon found out that Kumudini had departed with all her jewellery and all the money that was in the house. All this made Nandalal extremely sorry that he had ever been led to marry such a woman, and to trust in her virtue so much. And he blamed himself much for having received such a villain as Krishna Chandra Datta into the *sanctum sanctorum* of his family circle. Revd. Mr. Ganguly felt extremely sorry for the troubles of poor Nandalal, for he, since Nandalal's baptism, had considered him as one of his children. He took hold of Nandalal's hand and said, "My dear friend, I am extremely grieved that you, in your time of life, should experience so many sore trials. But be sure that everything that has happened to you had been foreordained by the great Author of our life, and fully trust in

His mercy and love, and all your troubles will surely work to your everlasting good. Remember that consoling passage of Holy Writ, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' "You should not torture your mind any more about the unworthy and worthless woman who has proved so faithless and dishonest. She was a hypocrite in her religious professions and worthless in character, though for a time she conducted herself as a sincere disciple of Christ, as a thoroughly devoted wife to you. I am sure she will come to grief very soon. You come and spend a few days with us. And as the long vacation of my schools is approaching, I shall feel very happy to have your company in a preaching tour I intend making during the holidays."

"You are quite right," Nandalal said, "in asking me not to allow my mind to be troubled any more about the woman, whom through ignorance of her real character I had received and honored as my wife. And although I feel sorely in my heart the villainous conduct of Krishna Chandra Datta, and although I would very much like to have him punished for it, yet knowing from sad experience the character of the courts and the harassing trials of a lawsuit, besides realizing the fact that she was not a legal wife to me I am content to leave the punishment of the wrongdoer in the hands of Him to whom belongeth vengeance. For the peace of my mind I think I cannot do better than accept your kind invitation and spend a few days at your house, and then accompany you in your intended preaching tour. I shall only come here for a few days before we start on the tour, and make proper arrangements for the management of my Zemindari, because I have found out that my present servants cheat me, as much as it is in their power to do so, and I must get better men to serve me. It is a pity that I cannot get any honest and properly qualified Christian to become my Naib."

After this Mr. Ganguly and Nandalal took some refreshments and returned together to Ganguly's house.



## THE RUINS OF THE OLD WORLD,

### READ AS MILE-STONES OF CIVILISATION.

The history of ancient civilisation is a very instructive lesson to learn, and no less interesting than it is useful to us. The seats of that civilisation were the south of Asia and a small portion of Africa, for the Greeks and Romans only brought up its rear. Asia was the cradle of mankind, the place to which their origin is usually traced, and where every phase of their advancement, religion included, was developed. A world in herself she has every variety of production and every variety of climate, together with the greatest facilities for internal communication. The standpoints of civilisation were the banks of her great rivers, namely, of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Indus and the Ganges, the Hoang-Ho and the Yangtse-Kiang, which made the countries about them easily accessible. Alongside of these rivers arose the capitals of the world, and from these centres were diffused a knowledge of literature and the arts. Similarly, civilisation in Africa was born and nurtured on the banks of the Nile, whence it radiated northward to Greece and Rome.

In a great measure civilisation is but the result of natural advantages. The wild steppes of Central Asia could not be, and were not, very favourable to it; still less the cold bleak countries further to the north. This was also the position of the immense bulk of Africa, and, so far as the first ages were concerned, of almost the whole of Europe. The two latter divisions of the world and the north of Asia were, in fact, virtually unknown to the ancients, and Central Asia was only known as the abode of nomad tribes that formed nations of conquerors, among whom there was no civilisation except after their settlement and intermixture with the races in the south. Horde after horde of these conquerors were periodically absorbed, civilised, and enervated by the south, and the records of their fightings form the staple matter of general history. With such history however we have no concern

at present. There is a better phase of history revealed in the monuments which were erected in the centres of civilisation, which we are anxious to understand. We learn from those monuments, and from them only, the institutions and laws, the religions, manners, and customs, of the remotest generations of our race. A single building enables us, in most cases, to decide correctly what degree of civilisation was attained by the country in which it was erected, while a succession of buildings explains more fully the progress of that civilisation, almost stage by stage; and it is in this light that we wish to review them. A technical description of buildings, unaided by plans and sections, may not qualify the reader to grasp the subject laid before him with scientific precision; but it will still suffice to give him a general knowledge of it, and that is all we aim at. With materials apparently no better than clay and bitumen, Babylon, the marvel of the old world, was raised, and we are anxious to appreciate that fact in its integrity, not only as respects Babylon, but all the other great centres of the past.

Civilisation is not solely the product of modern times, as is often unreflectingly asserted. There were great nations in the world, with a high order of refinement, before our era, and the greatness and civilisation of our day have only been correlatively derived from them. We are apt to consider antiquity as an isolated stage, unconnected with the mass of subsequent records; but in reality all the cycles of historical evolution are linked together, and the present is simply the result of a succession of phases and blended influences. The Greek and Roman powers were the result of the Assyrian and Egyptian powers that had preceded them. Without Egypt and Assyria, without Persia and India, there would have been no Greece or Rome, and without Greece and Rome no England, no France, and no America. We are anxious to understand this truth in its fulness, and to explain it. Assyria, Egypt, Persia, India, and China acted and re-acted upon each other from our earliest knowledge of them, and, in the flux and re-flux of progressive development, they imparted and experienced influences that helped them all to a parallel

civilisation. How great that civilisation was can only be discovered from the vestiges the ancient cities have left behind them, which speak a language that cannot well be misunderstood.

The improvement of the human race must have been progressive; but the first start in all places appears to have been Heaven-directed, and was probably for that very reason more remarkable than can otherwise be accounted for. If Providence ordered the dispersion of families in the days of Peleg, the reunion of families was brought about a short time after also by the Divine Will, and led to the formation of society and of political confederations. If the first era of our history after the deluge commences with the confusion of languages, the very next era gives us at once the establishment of great monarchies throughout the south of Asia and in the north-east corner of Africa. History has not handed down to us any detailed information in respect to the formation of these monarchies and the improvements they initiated; but there is no question that the art of building was among other benefits one of the first to be acquired. It seems almost to have been known from a period anterior to the deluge, for the very first efforts of man after that visitation were, we read, directed towards the erection of a gigantic tower on the plains of Shinár, from which the inference is that he knew how to build before that era. Our very first acquaintance with the old world exhibits to us an enterprising race busily employed in erecting stupendous walls and embankments, excavating sepulchral chambers in the bosoms of mountains, and piling stones of immense magnitude one above another to erect monster palaces and temples. Where stone was available it was plentifully used; where it was not available they lost no time in shaping the materials which were to take the place of stone, and the materials employed of course dictated the form and character of the architecture adopted. How was the knowledge of such appliances acquired? How is the marvel of their application accounted for? One of two inferences is unavoidable, either that the old world was not then in its infancy or adolescence, as our chronology makes out, or that the Assyrians, Egyptians, and

their contemporaries had more manhood and more intelligence conferred on them in those days than we have in ours. We do not reject the first surmise, but attach greater importance to the second, namely, that some four thousand years ago the races that peopled the world, whether known as Genii, giants, or Cyclops, were more inventive, more robust, and more active than the generations which people it at present. The proofs of their labour, patience, and industry are yet before us. Time or barbarity, or both, have deprived us of many of perhaps the very best monuments that they were able to raise; but the specimens left are still sufficient to impress us with a high sense of their knowledge and power. We behold astonished the difficulties they mastered, the amount of work they got through; and try to account for their success by extraneous suppositions. But what we hold to be so uncommon was perhaps not very extraordinary to them. The pyramids of Egypt and the towers of Babylon, the cave-temples of Salsotto and Ellorá, and the Great Wall of China, probably came off as easily from their hands as St. Peter's and St. Paul's have done from ours.

It was a race of giants then, that erected the fabrics whose ruins we admire. What was the extent of knowledge among them that those ruins attest? If they establish anything they establish clearly that the invention and improvement of the arts were among the first and happiest fruits of the institution of Government, and that the nations which were earliest formed into regular states also made the greatest number of discoveries. We have heard it repeatedly asserted that house-building is no proof of civilisation and intelligence, as if it were possible to erect any extensive building in furtherance of a purpose without a knowledge of many arts. The great fallacy is to regard house-building as handicraft only. We should never forget that even the rudest specimen of a house requires a design. The first hut of the savage is made of rushes and clay, and represents the crude development of his intellect. When the desire to improve his residence arises it is certain evidence of a further development of the mind. If the buildings of the past, which we see but in

fragments only, indicate a design and the fulfilment of that design ; if they were made to answer a purpose and did answer that purpose to the extent intended ; if the parts were so arranged as to be good-looking without being inconsistent to their proper uses ; if the ornaments with which they were decorated were not inappropriate and did not fail to please ; the evidences of constructive skill and a cultivated mind become too apparent to be denied. House-building is besides an useful art, quite as much as ship-building or weaving, and to that extent at least the proof of civilisation is manifest.

The vast buildings of the past indicate great manual power. The halls at Kárnak, the Buddha temples in India, the sepulchral mounds of Etruria, are all massive buildings the largeness of which almost strikes us with surprise ; but their largeness, it occurs to us, is a proof not of manual power only but of an extensive knowledge of mechanics, nor of mechanics alone but of geometry, arithmetic, and the exact sciences generally. The stones used in Thebes and Persepolis are so astoundingly large in size that it is not understood at present how they were moved about and raised. No mechanical expedients now known would enable us to place them in the positions they occupy. This, as we have ourselves suggested, is doubtless a proof partly of the prodigious strength and activity of the ancients, but it is assuredly a proof also of great mechanical skill, and of a knowledge of those sciences without which that skill could not have been well developed. The plans of the buildings erected exhibit moreover a thorough knowledge of circles, squares, triangles, and tangents ; in Egypt, we find astronomical ceilings ; in Babylon and Nineveh, the traces of libraries ; and the bas-reliefs, sculptures, and paintings met with everywhere are indisputable evidences of genius, taste, and skill. If all these proofs together do not establish a high state of civilisation, we may well deny that there is any civilisation in the world even at the present day. They maintain that architecture is a technic art, the forms of which may be handed down traditionally and its principles practised mechanically. Even this argument would

not tell against the first inventors of the art, who laid down the principles and forms ; but we do not depend on that reasoning only. We appeal from the buildings to the sculptures and paintings we find on them, since neither sculpture nor painting is a mechanical art. Where a high standard of these was attained a high intellectual standard must have preceded to have secured it.

The development of civilisation seems to have been simultaneous in Egypt and Assyria, though Assyria is held to have been the first-peopled country of the world. The facilities in both countries were absolutely the same, consisting of broad rivers and a fertile soil, and were equally availed of, the people naturally taking to industrial occupations. The results also were similar, but necessarily marked by local differences ; for while in one country they built with bricks, in the other they built with stones. Of the architectural remains now seen the Egyptian are necessarily found to be more ancient, for of the first Assyrian period no relics remain. Along with the Egyptian and Assyrian vestiges should rank the Indian and Chinese ruins, if there were any of undoubted antiquity to be seen ; but the dates of the relics extant are extremely doubtful, and we propose therefore to notice them separately in a later portion of our inquiry. The subject does not admit of being chronologically reviewed, for of the old countries the oldest remains are not everywhere extant.

The independent architectural styles with which the old world started were two only, namely, the Egyptian and the Assyrian, the former of which appears to have partially affected the Indian style, while the latter, formed on the banks of the Euphrates, expanded on one side to the Mediterranean shore, and on the other all over Persia. The Indian and the Chinese styles must also have been of about the same age, the former resembling the Egyptian style in some respects, though differing from it widely in others, while the latter was altogether at variance with both. The developments in Persia and Ionia were later, but simultaneous, though Persia, being the conquering power, shot ahead of the other within a short interval. Grecian

art began in the eighth century before Christ, or after the expiration of the dark ages in Greece, the Doric and Corinthian styles being modifications of the Egyptian style, and the Ionic of the Assyrian style. The cycle of ancient arts and civilisation was closed with the name of Rome, the style adopted by which was a conglomeration of all the previous styles.

Of the above styles the two best known among the oldest are the Egyptian and the Assyrian, both of which, essentially distinct in every respect, were worked out independently of each other and of all others. If Babylon was built earlier than Thebes no vestiges of that early age remain, the oldest ruins now seen bearing the name of Nebuchadnezzar engraved on the bricks. As the fact now stands, the ruins of Babylon are less old even than those of Nineveh, for Nineveh was destroyed by the father of Nebuchadnezzar in conjunction with Cyaxares, king of Media, and therefore before the era when Babylon was rebuilt. The architectural style of the two cities appears however to have been very nearly the same, namely, that which has been made familiar to us by the excavations of Botta and Layard. The buildings were all made of bricks, but were remarkable for their majesty, greatness of design, and barbaric splendour, in which respects at least no edifices of later periods were ever able to excel them. They were generally one-storied, though some of them in Babylon may have been higher, and were built on platforms or hills of clay faced with stone, to give them a fictitious elevation. The architects had the skill to adapt the form of structure to the materials available to them. The art of preparing lime was known, also the mixing of lime with river-sand, for several buildings were plastered, and so well plastered that the coatings cannot even now be taken off from the fragments on which they are seen. Forests did not abound in the country, and it was necessarily difficult to procure wood, and hence vaulting was largely resorted to, the vault being made of bricks. Vaulting was also understood, we find, in Mycenæ and Etruria some twelve centuries before Christ. The principle of the common arch too was known in Assyria, Egypt, Persia, and elsewhere, and so well understood

that the arch was never made use of when it could be dispensed with, for the ancients knew what we do not generally know even now, that the introduction of arches in a building only gives rise to complicity and confusion, and by forcing a perpetual strain or pressure on it eventually hastens its destruction.

Egypt presents a style of building very different from the Assyrian, the chief feature of it being that it was worked out in stone. Stability was what the Egyptians sought for, and eternity is stamped on the very ruins they have left behind them. The buildings in Egypt were palace-temples, and so also were those in Nineveh, with this broad distinction between them, that in Egypt the temple element was predominant, and in Nineveh the palace element. The architectural style of Egypt was necessarily mainly adapted to the temple form, and was so true and appropriate that it was adopted by Greece and Rome, the principal buildings in which were also temples. It is doubtful if any of the styles borrowed from the Egyptian style was an improvement. There was a greater parade of constructive skill about the later styles, but not the same amount of solidity and repose as in the former. What was wanting in the Egyptian style was a knowledge of proportions, and this was wanting because the Egyptians did not seek for beauty. They built for eternity, and beauty and proportion were forced to make room for strength: and that they attained what they sought for is evident, for the ruins of Thebes exist, after having witnessed the rise and downfall of Tyre, Persepolis, Athens, and Rome. This was the object the nation had struggled for. They transported heavy clods of granite from place to place, squared them with the greatest precision, smoothed and polished them as they have never been better smoothed and polished anywhere else, and set them up with an artistic exactness which has scarcely been rivalled. Their sculptures were perfect, as perfect almost as any in our day; their hieroglyphics were grandly cut and coloured; and their large avenues of sphinxes, rams, and other colossal figures gave to their edifices an exclusive peculiarity. But the buildings, as we see them, represent a halt. Their framers had reached a degree of



civilisation beyond which there was no progress for them; and to halt was to die.

The other antique styles were the Indian and the Chinese, the Etrurian and the Mexican. The Indian style was inferior in manliness of view and loftiness of aspiration as compared with the Egyptian and Assyrian styles, but was unrivalled for patient elaboration of details, and was always worked out with elegance and care. The development of temple building in India was greater even than in Egypt, and all the buildings now seen are excellent specimens of indefatigable labour; but they represent a much later age than the Egyptian, for of early India no specimens remain. The Chinese style was at all times very unlike that of any other people, and bears such a peculiar character that it cannot be classified with any other; nor is there much of art in it to value or appreciate. The style of Etruria was Cyclopean, but no vestiges exist of it at present, except of some sepulchres, tumuli, and canals. The Mexican style was rude but striking, and had a great resemblance to the Egyptian and Indian styles, as the Peruvian style had to the Etruscan, the result in both cases being apparently fortuitous.

The architectural style of the Assyrians culminated in Persepolis, and was also represented in Susá and Ecbátaná, but *minus* the temple element, of which we see no trace in Persia. It also travelled to the Ionian coast; but the Greeks in adopting it for their own country modified it by fusing the Egyptian style with it, after divesting both the styles of their vastness, which the Greeks did not appreciate. A new feature of refinement and beauty was now introduced, and is traceable both at Persepolis and Athens, at the latter place more than anywhere else. The beauty of Greek architecture rests almost exclusively in its simplicity, knowledge of proportions, repose, and harmony. The Romans introduced a more complex and ambitious style, emulating the vastness of Egypt on the one hand and the artistic grace of Greece on the other, without attaining either fully, but still producing a marvellous compound which can never be sufficiently admired. The ages of Pericles and Alexander were the

great epochs of Grecian knowledge and skill ; while the Roman epoch commenced with the reign of Augustus and was prolonged to that of the Antonines. Within this latter period the Syrian cities, Baálbeck and Pálmyrá, were either rebuilt or restored, and the buildings in them are found to be partly of the Ionian and partly of the Roman style. After the Roman period come the Christian and Saracenic styles, to which we shall not refer. The ancient world perished with Rome, and we need count no landmarks of civilisation beyond the Roman age.

The general character of architecture throughout the ancient world was uniform, though not precisely the same, the principal buildings erected everywhere being either palaces and temples, or temple-palaces, the last the necessary result of the union of the two offices of king and priest. With the establishment of monarchies the establishment of a solemn and public worship seems to have been coeval ; and the construction of the temples and palaces necessarily went together. The religious feelings of the peoples had in fact developed even before the establishment of civil society among them, and civil society only gave those feelings a fixed and uniform shape to prevent differences of opinion which otherwise would, in that age, have been extremely embarrassing. Hence the union of the offices of king and priest in particular places, where it was held convenient that the person who communicated the divine will should be the same with the person who gave effect to it. As one of the first acts of the kings was to raise indestructible houses to themselves, it was natural that they should wish simultaneously to honour their divinities by raising to them edifices at least as indestructible as their own ; and where the kings took no separate edifices to themselves, the temple-palaces were, as a matter of course, *par excellence* the best built and most ostentatious. This was the case especially in Egypt, and also in Nineveh, where however, the priestly character being subordinated to that of royalty, the temple was nothing more than an adjunct to the palace. The most prominent, perhaps the only exception to the temple-building rule was Persia, which, cultivating the religion of Zoroaster, had no buildings, or parts of build-

ings, especially set apart for religion. While the other nations worshipped Bel, Nebo, Ammon, Phtháh, or Melcárth in houses made of brick or stone, the Persians worshipped Áhurmuzd in the open air, and the only vestiges in Persia therefore are of palaces and tombs. In all places the palaces and temples are found to have been built on platforms, that is, till we come to the Greek and Roman periods, when they began to be built on rocky eminences, which was also the practice with the Mexicans and the Jains. The temples of the Babylonians had their corners, and those of the Mexicans their sides facing the points of the compass; but the other nations do not appear to have been equally particular in respect to their position, except the Hindus in some parts of India, where the temples and *dúráns* always face either the south or the west. In India, the oldest temples now seen are those cut in the solid rock, which seems to have been peculiar to the country. We have rock-excavations elsewhere also, but generally as chambers either for the living or the dead, with perhaps the exception of the Khásné, or Pharaoh's temple, at Petrá.

After the temples and palaces the most important buildings of the past were the tombs, which were of diverse kinds, including rock-tombs, pyramids, and tumuli. Of the pyramids the only noticeable specimens are those in Egypt, the tomb of Cyrus in Persia being also partly of the same character. The best specimens of tumuli are to be seen in the Troad and in Etruria; while rock-tombs exist in Egypt, Petra, Etruria, Persia, Sidon, and Athens. We have no tombs of any kind in Assyria, which seems to indicate that the Assyrians had not the same veneration for the dead as the other old nations had. In Egypt, the excavated tombs are all found in the neighbourhood of Thebes, and the pyramids are in the neighbourhood of Memphis. The royal tombs in Persia are all rock-cut, with the exception of the tomb of Cyrus above referred to. Pálmyrá has the best specimens of built tombs, some of them being four or five stories high. Etruria exhibits tombs of three kinds; sunk-graves, rock-tombs, and tumuli. All the tombs in Petrá are excavated. The rock-tombs

and temples were necessarily easier made than erected buildings, but are undeniable proofs of great ingenuity and skill, and where the rocks excavated are hard, as in India, they are also proofs of great labour and patience.

Of works of public utility the vestiges are slender, and none are to be seen anywhere except in Egypt, Etruria, and Rome. We read of the lakes and canals of Nitocris in Babylon, but there are no traces of them at present. The Báhr Youssouf in Egypt exists to attest the glories of lake Mœris, which regulated the flowings of the Nile. In Etruria, the remains of the tunnels which drained her swamps and rivers are yet to be seen; and eternal Rome still exhibits the traces of her Cloacá Maximá and her highways and aqueducts. We also see in China the grand Yunlo Canal, which runs a distance of about eight hundred miles, but which, finished by Kublai Khán, can hardly be reckoned among the wonders of the past. Any how, we have evidence enough to show that in the past they did emulate such undertakings as heartily as we do in our day, if not as scientifically also. When we read of such achievements as rivers turned off from their course for the erection of bridges and embankments, and their overflowings controlled by the excavation of canals and lakes that the diverted water might be made use of for irrigation in the drier seasons of the year, we almost doubt if in real professional genius the most ancient architects were very much inferior to our own. The greatest of all modern works, the Suez Canal, was, we read, attempted by Pharoah Necho, in his day, and would doubtless have been accomplished if the mechanical appliances of the age had, in all respects, been equal to those of our own. In respect to workmen, the oldest seem to have been absolutely the most skillful and dexterous, and if superiority over them in developing artistic beauty and elegance was acquired by the Greeks and the Romans, we must not forget that it was only the natural result of greater wealth, a more extensive accumulation of knowledge, and greater facilities of comparison which the Greeks and Romans, as compared with the Egyptians, were able to secure.

Of domestic architecture no certain specimens have come down to us of an earlier date than the era of Pompeii and Herculæum. Of the houses in Babylon and Nineveh we have nothing but imperfect verbal descriptions, those in the former being stated to have been in some cases three and four storied, and in the latter in no case more than two-storied, while the majority of them in both places are supposed to have been one-storied only, the palaces in Nineveh being no higher. Similarly, in Egypt, among the sculptured representations, one is of a private house three stories high, and provided with windows and shutters; but the palace at Medinet-Haboo is two-storied, and the doubtful building at Gournou, which is regarded by some as a first-class private building, is one-storied only. At Persepolis, Athens, and Romo also there are no remains of any private houses, any more than at Babylon and Nineveh. The existing houses in Benáres are found to be five and six storied, and those in the past are believed to have been equally high; while the houses in China, though extremely convenient, are seen to be one-storied and low. The general evidence seems therefore to indicate that in most places, the private houses were built on a much smaller scale and of more perishable materials than the public edifices, and that in exceptional cases only they were three and four storied, or higher still, as in Benáres at present, and in Carthage in the past. We may at the same time take it for granted that where the palaces and temples were so grand, the private houses, if smaller and made of less durable materials, must have been at least tastefully finished and well-decorated.

The opinion last expressed is confirmed by what we see at Pompeii, which exhibits faithfully the private dwellings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the city having been half Grecian but belonging to the Roman age. It does not represent the age of the Parthenon, but the corrupt age when Christ was born, when the Greeks had become thoroughly depraved and the Romans were getting downhill also. Specimens of houses of all classes are here given, perhaps excepting the best, and generally the buildings seen correspond well enough with the descrip-

tions of the Greek and Roman buildings that have come down to us. All these houses are found to have been one-storied. Some of them have stair-cases leading to the roof, and even traces of an upper story, which however contained no apartments fit to live in; and this, we take it, was the general fashion in the past, when height appears to have been reserved for public edifices only. The tower of Babylon, we read, had an elevation of 606 feet, the pyramid of Cheops is 480 high, the Kootub Minár at Delhi 240, the porcelain-tower at Nanking 238, the great pagoda at Tanjoro 200, the column of Antoninus in Rome 176, and the Coliseum 162; but it is doubtful if a single private edifice in any of the places named attained an elevation of forty feet. In Benáres of the present day many of the private houses, in common with the temples in it, are built of stone; but this could not have been the case any where generally in the past, for all traces of the houses would not then have died out.

The cities of the past were of immense size, and the public edifices contained in them were of corresponding dimensions and height, a result usually attributed to the facilities despotism commanded for concentrating all its energies on one single point. There is some truth of course in the assertion that vanquished races were employed by conquerors to erect monuments of their greatness; but that surely is not the whole truth: and the share of truth is still less in the other assertion that the natural subjects of the king were oppressed and forced to humour his vanity. It was not possible for great works like those of Thebes, Babylon, and Persepolis, to be erected under the tyrant's rod; it was not possible for so much of taste and skill to develope under force only. The mind does not unfold its faculties freely under the lash and the cane, and if there ever was a free unfolding of the mind it was in the places named. If the ruins of Thebes and Persepolis had not existed, if the relics of Nineveh had not been rescued from the mounds under which they lay buried, we might have had any say of them we liked; but seeing them before us, can we reasonably maintain that they are no better than heaps of stone or earth raised by slaves? The remains of Thebes were

venerable for their antiquity when Plato lived, and survive to the present day almost in the same state of preservation as then. Who knows how many later generations may yet continue to admire them? Shall we say of such relics that they had no mind to create them, but were merely the works of slavish hands—works that have outlived the most celebrated mind-creations of Greece and Rome?

We are so startled by the evidences given of the advances made by the ancients in the arts and sciences that we are never weary of asking ourselves why there was no further improvement in the ages that followed. We have proofs before us of a degree of knowledge absolutely astounding for the age in which it was developed; but after that development there was a halt. We ask—Wherefore? And does not history fully explain the reason for it? The young world, God-directed, worked on at a rapid rate from the time of the immediate successors of Nimrod to that of Cyrus, from the second to the third historical era, which embraced a period of about fifteen hundred years. The distinct sovereignties of India, China, Assyria, Egypt, and Media exhibit within this period the same startling growth and development, but, China excepted, we find them all shrivelled up together at the era of Cyrus, when the force that impelled them to greatness was lost, spent, or withdrawn. We have not the history of these fifteen hundred years in its fulness before us. We have the names of some sovereigns given to us, and even the correctness of the names to which we were hitherto accustomed is now disputed. But the one indisputable fact remains unaltered, that the uncertain era of fifteen hundred years was abruptly brought to a close by the forced union of all the independent sovereignties into one empire by Cyrus. Do we still ask why the ancient nations did not continue to flourish and develop their energies afterwards? Was it possible for the Egyptians and the Assyrians to go on as before, acquiring new lights and bringing their first discoveries to perfection under the thralldom of a foreign race? Why then have the far-famed productions of India disappeared under the benevolent despotism of the English? It

was no longer the same Assyrians and the same Egyptians now as those who had lived and worked before, who had discovered the arts and sciences they illustrated. The world now passes through another phase to which the older nations were unable to accomodate themselves. We have now the era of Persian greatness unfolded to us, which culminated in the production of Persepolis, but which in duration was exceedingly brief. The tide of conquest moved eastward from Greece, and the Persian Empire was crumpled up and destroyed, which brought to the fore the periods of Grecian and Roman development. We are captivated by the refinement and polish of these last named periods; but the Greeks and Romans invented nothing. What the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Indians had discovered they improved. The work left unfinished before was now completed; but the Greeks and Romans had no new lights of their own to go by. All their lights were the old ones, borrowed from those very nations whom in the pride of their greatness they traduced as barbarians.

The cities of the ancient world were, we have said already, raised of different materials in different countries. Those brick-built have, as a matter of course, crumbled into dust, their sites being barely traceable by the inequalities of the ground where such are yet perceptible; but those built of stone still stand, and are to be seen in their ruins. Babylon, Susá, Ecbátaná, and Memphis, might have been disowned altogether by us as mythical, if Thebes and Persepolis had not survived. The former were built of clay, burnt or unburnt, and have got mixed with the clay under them; the latter were built of the rocks of the earth, of which man's most durable monuments are made, and vindicate their greatness to this day. Their utterances would have been heard with still better effect if all their remains could have been preserved wherē they stood; but this it was not possible to secure. Many of the very best relics have been lost to the countries that owned them, having been either forcibly carried off, or abstracted by covetous hands, to be sold to amateurs in distant lands; and this spoliation has gone on from the days of Rome. Of course, nothing could be thus removed without destroying the general



harmony of the ruins, which necessarily look bald in the absence of their best ornaments. The sacrilege however was not preventable, and in our day at least there is full justification for it. What has been taken away has been appropriated for the study and admiration of connoisseurs, and to be preserved and handed down to future generations, while had they been left where they originally stood they would most likely have been lost under the all-levelling range of the barbarism that reigns over those places at present. Since it was not possible to preserve them on the sites on which they were raised, since to have left them there was so apt to have hastened their destruction, it is better to see them safely stowed in Paris or London than exposed to the fury of the wild Arabs in their native plains.

S.

---

## GRAND FATHER CHHAKESSUR

OR

THE SENTIMENTS OF A KOOLIN BRAHMIN OF THE  
18TH CENTURY.

All creatures that propagate nurse their offspring. Beasts and birds, fishes and reptiles, worms and insects, cheerfully contribute their quota to the general population of the globe. They grudge not the pains and privations of parturition; nor need they be deterred from the performance of the imperative duty by any paltry considerations of expediency. Strangers to serenades and assignations, they defy the prying impertinence of the police, and set the garrulity of tell-tale gypsies quite at naught. They remain faithful to the partners affianced by nature, they covet not other beauties in theatres and masquerades, they seek not clandestine intercourse by means of trapdoors or rope ladders. As knowledge is the strength of the intellect, so innocence is the strength of the soul. It is this innocence which enables the so-called "lower animals" unblushingly to own their young ones,

and to rear them in a manner so as to qualify them for the functions they may have to discharge in after life. The Bull Terrier hankers not after princely dowries. He chooses at pleasure, and, in the fullness of time, leaves the puppy brood in charge of his mate, whose very name stinks at the nostrils of her second cousins, the beau monde of the present age. She is their wet nurse and dry nurse, she suckles them, she hugs them, she caresses them, she medicates them, according to a pharmacopœia exclusively her own. She provides for their future livelihood and safety by needful lessons seldom to be eked out from University courses.

Not so man, rational man, who inaugurates a new regime never dreamt of in the philosophy of the denizens of Paradise. Betrayed by crafty friends and relatives into an unequal match, the dupe discovers, before the honey-moon is over, that the bride elect is too short or too tall, too lean or too fat, in short is nothing like his neighbour's accomplished wife, to whom all attention is thenceforth transferred, and the suit pressed with an ardour and assiduity that would purchase salvation for the most hardened sinner. She smiles! His heaven commences ere the world be past! The felicity of the forbidden fruit, however, is rudely disturbed by a trifling contingency which introduces a third party, and bids the unwelcome visitor to make himself *volens volens* quite at home. Donkey loads of clothes must be in requisition to screen the local plethora, and folios of falsehoods must be fabricated to excuse PADMA'S absense from the approaching festivities at Cooch Behar. Drugs fail to dislodge the intruder. He contests the right of possession till the expiration of the lease, when, what should your eyes behold! An exact epitome of PATER PRO TEM! Query? What will they do with it? Despatch it! Lady Macbeth is made to say :—

“————I have given suck and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my supple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out.”

The force of poetry could no further go. Shakespeare exhausts his genius in attributing the diabolical sentiments to the frantic lady, mad after the sceptre looming at a distance, now that opportunities seem to favor the usurpation. The proximity of the cooling draught serves but to aggravate the thirst of Tantalus. A single plunge of the dagger and she is the anointed queen of the realm ! This one idea haunts her. Ambition swallows up the rest. For the gratification of this morbid passion she would cruelly wrench assunder the ties that link her to the sweet stranger—she would dash the brains out of her own child while it is smiling in her face ! It is impossible for men to realize the hideousness of the fiendish resolve. There is a pleasure in motherly cares which mothers only know. No matron can peruse the passage without horror. What must be her feelings when the fiction turns out to be a *fait accompli* ? When parties recognised by the laws of God and man as the natural guardians of helpless infancy conspire to nip young life in the bud, and that under the most aggravating circumstances. The night is pitchy dark. The cold of the severe winter is intensified by heavy showers of rain. Not a soul is stirring abroad, not a whisper is heard around. All the air a solemn stillness holds prompting the mind to devotion. When your eyes light upon a shrouded figure of feminine garb and stature with something like a bundle at her breast wending her way by stealthy steps towards the other side of the street. Who can she be ? What can be her errand ? It is PADMA ! Her sacred mission is to get rid of her child ! Scantly covered with rags the shivering wretch is deposited by the way side, unprovided with arms, offensive or defensive, and, while warm blood still runs through its veins, the limbs are torn piece meal by hungry dogs and jackals, the victim rending the skies with its cries which PADMA hears and exults that her anxieties are so soon at an end !

The Penal Code provides, and justly provides, for the suppression of enormities like these. But what Code or Procedure provides for the suppression of moral infanticide daily and hourly perpetrated in the very heart of the Christian metropolis, not

by illiterate rustics, strangers to Western civilization, but by Baboos who plume themselves on their high English education, who jabber Shakespeare and Bacon, criticise Hume and Gibbon, and have the whole M. A. course of mathematics, pure and mixed, at their finger's ends. What a vast multitude of fair promising youths are suffered to lead lives of lawlessness by the pernicious indifference of those whose most important duty it is to look after the character of their wards. In their list of weekly engagements there is no item as Family gathering. From day dawn to day dawn again there is not a whisper in the homestead about sociality. The very sound of the word seems to carry a sort of blight with it. All other subjects from MADAM'S tooth powder to MISSY BABA'S nienacs are freely discussed, but sociality is under a universal ban. Whatever leisure can be snatched on week days is devoted to grocer's bills or mercer's debentures; and mock balls and suppers completely absorb the vacations. Stale Xmas cakes and whiskey possess greater attraction than children, and the company of bazar girls, fresh from lock-hospitals on National stages, exercises a more potent charm than any thing in one's own domicile. Like other people I am not disposed ignorantly or maliciously to dobit to what has been euphoniously designated our "God-less" system of education this lamentable miscarriage. Religious neutrality is a political necessity on the part of rulers who have to govern men belonging to different denominations. Institutions, founded exclusively for religious instruction of one class, become a glaring piece of injustice to the rest; and an attempt to teach all the sects their respective creeds cannot fail to become a sham and a mockery. Simultaneously to preach Jupiter and Jove would be to blow hot and cold in the same breath, would prove distasteful alike to Greeks and Romans. No sane man will attach any value whatever to the most elaborate Christian Sermon, delivered by one smoking hot from a mosque after a pathetic *Bismullah* exhortation for seeking salvation through the Prophet. The Onus lies on the shoulders of the scoffers. They must point out some feasible plan by which the liberal policy adopted can be departed from without the perpetration of

some egregious blunder. That time is yet to come when educated English gentlemen will be shaken from their purpose by the senseless howlings of blinded sectarians incapable of grappling with a subject of such gigantic magnitude as TOLERATION, or of their compatriots who fail to discover a homœopathic globule of morality in the whole range of English Classics. With this band of amiable enthusiasts Milton is the high priest of sedition, Raleigh is the Prime minister of lewdness, Bacon is the Captain general of duplicity, and, as for that naughty Billy of Strafford, why, he ought to be burnt in effigy once every day, and that all the year round, for his miserable caricatures of a pair of noble minded ladies, the very patterns of filial anxiety and domestic economy, whose pious rhetoric failed to reduce the retinue of hundred knights where, in their superior judgement, one was one too many. This ungenerous attempt to saddle authors and school masters with the vagaries of the rising generation can after all ill screen the real SIMON PURE, to whom the country is indebted for the inoculation of the poison more deadly than that of all the reptils in land and water put together. The slight impressions made in the school rooms, at the point of the bayonet as it were, are completely effaced by the laxity and license at home, where, barricaded by a skillful array of Class books, Dictionaries and other paraphernalia of deep study, the miniature rogue does as he pleases, and thinks as he likes, without the least molestation from any quarter whatever. Should the urchin manage, by some legerdemain trick or other, to secure a bursary, the immunities, as a matter of course, swell in number and dimensions. Having eyes the parents see not, having ears they hear not, and having understanding they do not understand. Counsel of friends and relatives is laughed to scorn, and criticisms from well meaning neighbours are attributed to envy, jealousy, malice, and all the host of unworthy motives, leaving this paragon of scholarship at full liberty to trample upon all the land-marks of nationality, till, developed into a full bloom Young Bengal, he stalks in the streets, an eye sore, and a standing nuisance.

“Spare the rod and spoil the child.”—Never was a homily

so misapprehended or misapplied. Blood-thirsty butchers have converted it into a text to treat harmless infants as malefactors, to lacerate their lily limbs, and to fill their angelic eyes with tears, forsooth because they fail to construe a sentence, or are guilty of a false metre. Heaven never intended that every one would be a scholar. In fact, a hair-splitting equality in the distribution of genius would have compromised the economy of nature. A JOHNSON is as necessary to society as is a WEDGEWOOD. Perhaps we could better dispense with the *Rasselas* or the *Rambler* than with our tea-cups, or hot-water dishes. Handiwork may be said to be more practically useful to mankind in general than intellectual excellence. Epics do not sweep our chimneys, Essays do not clean our boots, nor do Novels wash our bath rooms. A day labourer moreover of this day is not necessarily a day labourer for ever. Thousands of instances are on record in which a common mechanic has, by dint of application, risen to the highest post in the state; and the revenge of UBERRO abundantly proves that low professions are by no means incompatible with those noble virtues which adorn humanity. Then why this Procrustean test of the mental powers of youths unlike in every other respect? The most profitable show boys exhibited in the streets for apparent similarity of features, will, if minutely examined, manifest, in the formation of their limbs, diversities that escape the notice of ordinary observers. Presumably then there exist in the inner man similiar diversities which, however, in these dog days of philosophising we dare not designate genius without the risk of provoking a hornet's nest about our ears. *Cui bono*, after all even if we could cudgle every Dhobee's donkey into a splendid charger of the Arabian type? Would we not miss our useful beast of burden? Would the world at large be benefited by solutions of problems about devil quadrilles on points of needles, or masticulation by means of glass tubes? Would the tone of society be improved by reviving the liberties of Alcibiades, the mogul proclivities of the Dean of St. Patric, or the higgle-dy-piggle-dy of his brother Padre that lost him the copy right of a Cyclopea? Letters and libertinism are not

certainly natural concomitants. There is no truth in the allegations of modern sceptics, who, to screen their deeds unclean, would fain deduce the one from the other, as an effect from a cause, as motion from force. It must, however, be confessed that conscious superiority, and the consequent isolation, serve to engender in the scholar a spirit of defiance that presents irresistible temptations to willfulness and waywardness. Public opinion, the sole gospel of ninety-nine men out of every hundred, is rendered apocryphal, and the reprobate, like a frail bark, in troubled waters, drifteth as it listeth, without a rudder or a compass. But to return to the subject :—

The Preacher never dreamt in the dream of his dreams that such frightful latitude would be given to his maxim for training betimes tender youths in the path of knowledge and rectitude, that carnage and bloodshed would be resorted to for the due performance of the simplest and most agreeable duty. Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. All that you have to do is to bend the twig. No great matter after all if the thing is systematically done. There is a charm in system that commends itself to the capacity of the most uninformed, and disarms the quibbles of the most indifferent. A sense of right and wrong cannot be instilled into juvenile minds by fits and starts. We cannot play fast and loose with children. Steady enforcement of rules will, independent of their own merit, ever invest itself with a halo of sanctity too solemn to be rudely desecrated by eccentricity which would fain pursue its course through the expanse of life ungoverned by laws centripetal and centrifugal. Interruptions in discipline become the more reprehensible as they are apt to be construed by the unthinking into a sort of privilege leave, during which they may without apprehensions of pains and penalties enjoy life to their heart's content, and indemnify themselves, as it were, for restraint, to which each time they return with a will gradually gravitating to the zero point, till all play and no work becomes the order of the day. As when a goaded mule plants its forelegs in the mire and will not budge an inch though lashed to death, so a child, once spoiled, will never

be reclaimed for education. By education I mean, not lessons in monkey leaps and donkey brays, nor catechisms in a bastard course of catch-penny trumperies, cooked up to order, for rendering transparent boobies totally unfit for useful employments; but a thorough familiarity with standard authors whose writings are calculated to improve the mind and to enlarge the understanding. Poor Dominee has ever been a thorn by the sides of truants, and the laughing stock amongst fools of fashion. Yt it is not every mother's son who can teach young ideas to shoot. Many the ways our heroes take to cramp and crush those ideas.

Far at a distance on an arm'd chair, lo !

With eyes that roll more hideous than o'er

Did roll in famed Kilkenny's fields, or where

'Old KASHY for cremation land assign'd,

ICHA exalted sits,

and hiccoughs at intervals Greek and Latin prefixes and affixes unknown to Greece and Rome, or loses himself in Mazes of Homonyms and Synonyms that put all lexicographers in the civilized world to the blush. Does *syn* signify *similar*? Are "Notorious" and "Famous," "Custom" and "Habit," "Idle" and "Lazy," synonymous terms in any sense whatever? Are there synonymous terms in the English language, or indeed in any other language under the sun? Such however is the stuff crammed down the throats of Bengali lads by hawkers of "Home English" fresh from that holy land where husbands and wives, they say, go together for Honors, and the commonest menials escape graduation by the merest accident. What better then, it may be urged, can we expect from parents who have not, for the last fourteen generations, seen the inside of a school or a College here, there or elsewhere? How can such people grapple with the invulnerable rules of Lindley Murray, or teach to cross the bridge that has scared away multitudes of their long-eared brethren? The plea would have been intelligible if the matriculation curriculum comprehended the alpha and Omega of rational education. If initiation into the mysteries of Keranidom constituted the whole duty of Fathers. If human beings were mere thews



and sinews having not the smallest concern with matters not mediately or immediately connected with grub and grog, the Gog and Magog, of Young Bengal worship. Vast erudition is not necessary to convince youths that a distinct nationality is a badge of honor. That failing to rise to a horse it is much better to remain an ass downright than to herd with that equivocal gentry which are neither the one nor the other. The coolies of China Bazar are fully competent to teach their children that an ape mimicry of foreign manners and customs can only make them ridiculous in the eyes of all men beyond the walls of No. 1 Chowringhee. Cheap indeed must Fathership be if, by an outlay of a few rupees *per mensum* in the shape of schooling fees, could purchase immunity from the obligation of forming the characters of raw youths sent forth to the wide world as apostles to preach common sense, and the paradise of fools regained by a new fledged Cosmos *sans* reason, *sans* rhyme, *sans* every thing.

## SONNET.

*On the fly leaf of Elliot's Horæ Apocalypticæ*

1 Cor 2. 9.

A careworn mourner on the earth the soul,  
 Has no conception of the joys that wait,  
 The ransomed Church beyond the pearly gate,  
 By Life's unfading tree its destined goal;  
 The glorious Future is a mystic scroll,  
 And none of Adam's race, or small or great,  
 May in the torpor of this dim estate,  
 The lofty secrets of its text unroll:  
 E'en to the wise, the words that St. John wrote,  
 (Oh hard obdurate heart unapt to hear,)  
 Sound fainter than the vagrant cuckoo's note  
 Sounds mid the glaciers to the mountaineer,  
 When first the breeze breathes soft from vales remote,  
 And snowdrops pale in sheltered clefts appear.

D.

## SONNET.

'Tis sweet at sea reclined on deck to view,  
The sea birds hover to attain the crest  
Of some lone rock, round which the tranquil breast  
Of ocean glimmers like a shield of blue ;  
Or watch the fisher in his light canoe.  
When Hesperus, ( Eve's eldest born and best,)  
Has lit his circle in the rosy west,  
With swelling sail, afar his course pursue ;  
Or if green isles lie near, where men abide,  
To note such simple signs of rural life,  
As lines of fences amid meadows wide,  
Or lusty herds engaged in playful strife,  
By barn and byre o'er which with rapid flight,  
Dense flocks of pigeons wheel like cloudlets white.

D.





# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1878.

BIANCA.

OR

THE YOUNG SPANISH MAIDEN.

## CHAPTER VII.

Days and weeks the girl lay tossing in her bed of illness. She took very little nourishment ; a doctor from London was sent for ; there were moments when all hope for her life was given up. Garcia wrote to her maternal aunt Dorothy, now Mrs. Cranly, a widow. She was very fond of Bianca, and not only loved but esteemed her highly ; she came at once to nurse her. Bianca would, in her delirium, call back things that happened long ago, when she was a girl. Once, she started up with fierce angry eyes ;—"Laissez-la aller, je vous le répète, ou je vous tue !" And she put up her hands as though in the act of levelling a pistol at somebody ; she dropped her hands presently, with a smile of cool sarcasm, "c'est un poltron, après tout." Then she would go back to her still earlier days ; "Inez je te demande pardon ; j'avais tort de m'emporter comme ça, je crois ce que tu dis !" She would say, penitently. "N'en parlons plus ma sœur." Then she would say ;—"Pauvre sœur ! elle est morte si jeune, si jeune ; pourquoi est-elle morte, elle, si bonne, si belle, —couronnée de l'astre de la nuit."—Then sighing,

"Elle avait tant d'espoir en entrant dans le monde

Orgueilleuse et les yeux baissés."

"C'est moi qui aurait dû mourir."

The father keeping watch night and day, would sometimes get angry with Lord Moore, and reproach him as being the root

of all this. "He is the cause," Garcia would think sitting gloomily by the bed. "Would to God he had never crossed my threshold ! She would have lived contented and happy with her old father, without giving one thought to other love. She would have lived quietly and in calm happiness all the days of her life with me, with never a thought for anybody else ; and now, my solo darling, my last and best, is dying for aught I know ; she is leaving me as the others have done. I shall be very lonely then. I shall die like a rat in a hole without one dear being to close my fading eyes." And Garcia would walk away, and his heart would sink at the thought of all this.

Lord Moore came often daily ; he would enquire below ; he was not allowed to go upstairs now ; Mrs. Cranly took a great fancy to him. She, with her woman's keen eyes, saw how matters stood before Garcia breathed a word ; and she was delighted to have a lord for a relative, even by marriage, only she thought that Bianca was too good for him ; an emperor even, would hardly in her opinion, have been worthy of Bianca. She would talk to Lord Moore by the hour, speaking about Bianca and her pretty ways when a child of between four and six.

Once, when the London doctor even, gave up all hope, Garcia called in Lord Moore. "Vions la voir pour la dernière fois" said he hoarsely. They both entered the dim and darkened room. The dawn was just breaking ; the coming sun, shed a ruddy blush over the elm-tree tops. The bed had been wheeled towards the window. She was lying with her face towards the window, her large brown eyes fixed on the fields beyond. Mrs. Cranly was sitting quietly by the pillow, silently wiping away the tears that flowed down both her own cheeks. Garcia and Lord Moore went by the bed and stood near ; Garcia knelt down at the foot, his hands pressed together in agonised prayer. "Look, father, the sun is rising so beautifully this morning." Said Bianca. "Do you remember Theuriet's description of dawn ?" and she murmured softly :

*"Je m'endors, et là-bas le frissonnant matin*

*Baigne les pampres verts d'une rougeur furtive,*

Et toujours cette odeur amoureuse m'arrive  
Avec le dernier chant d'un rossignol lointain  
Et les premiers cris de la grive. . . ."

"It's a sad story, father, isn't it?" She closed her eyes and fell into a sort of drowsy stupor.

It was on an evening in the latter part of July that Bianca first began to recover. Garcia had been sitting by the bed wrapt in a sad and depressing reverie; buried in his own thoughts he murmured to himself unconsciously,

"Departed the crown of his glory  
No wife and no children to clasp!"

A sob startled him; he turned towards the bed;—"Bianca!"—She turned round, after a moment's delay; she had wiped away the recent tears, but the traces remained. He took her hand in his; "Father;" she said, and her voice trembled; "don't say that; I shall never leave you; I shall always be with you." Her brown eyes were shining lucid and calm through her rising tears. "Will you Bianca?" "Yes, father." There was a silence; Garcia was humbly thanking God for his mercy. "But father, why are you sitting here?" "You have been very ill, Bianca." "Have I? And you have been keeping awake at night. Now that's very wrong, father; you must go to bed." "It's only nine o'clock now, child." "Never mind; how long have I been ill?" "More than a month now, Bianca." "And you have been fretting about me, all this time!" She exclaimed. "That's too bad. Now go to bed, this instant, like a good boy, father! Indeed I shall never sleep if you keep awake." And she tried to sit up. "How weak I am!" She said, and lay down again. "Father; now do go to bed. If you fall ill, who will take care of me?" He was obliged to go away to his own room.

The next morning, very early, when Martha came to Bianca's room, her joy knew no bounds when she saw her young mistress "like her dear own sel' agin." When Garcia entered his daughter's room, he found her, dressed in a neat print dressing-gown; her black hair was brushed away smoothly (she was too weak to be able to bind it) behind her small

ears. She looked very pale and thin, but a quiet happy smile came on her lips when her father entered. "Why! Up and dressed already, Bianca!" He exclaimed. "I was too weak to dress, father, so I put on this dressing-gown." "There is somebody waiting outside to see you." "The doctor?" "Mieux que ça. Somebody who loves you a good deal and whom you love too." "Ah! I have heard it all from Martha, father. It's aunt Dorothy." "Mieux que ça." Said he laughing; the person is much taller than aunt Dorothy, and somewhat dearer, I take it; his name begins with an M." A faint flush came into the pale cheeks. "You have guessed at last, I see" Said Garcia, laughing.—"Come in, Henry." She turned her eyes towards the door. Lord Moore came in, took her hand in his, and stooping down kissed her on the forehead. She glanced up hastily at her father, with a frightened look in her eyes. "Ay, ay; let the lad kiss you, child; there's no harm in it now. Give her another kiss, lad, to reassure her." And he laughed but his eyes were wet. She shrank away so timidly at her father's words, that Lord Moore, only smiled gravely to encourage her. He had her hand in his and he looked at the white thin fingers sadly, as they lay against his own strong ones. "You must be quick and get well, Bianca," said her father, "look Henry is regarding with sorrow your thin little hands; you must pick up flesh, and get strong again." "Yes, father." Then after a pause. "Do you like my lord, now father?" She asked anxiously, "Not a bit, Bianca;" said Garcia, as he placed his hand on Lord Moore's shoulder; who smiled. "But I suppose I must bring myself to like him, since you love him so much, child." She glanced at him and seeing he was jesting, made him sit beside her and took his hand in hers. "Father; you are very good." And the tears came into her eyes. "Now don't cry; or you'll be ill again; I shall go and bring you your breakfast. Henry shall keep you company, till I return; and mind no tears or excitement," and with that he went out. She followed him fondly with her eyes, till he shut the door after him, then she looked at Lord Moore. "Father is very good, my lord." She said simply. "Yes, Bianca." His

gentle tones, for he had not spoken since he entered, his calling her by her Christian name, made her start and flush up. He saw it, and bending down; "Your father has consented Bianca to give you to me; do you consent also to be my wife?" said he softly. She bent her head meekly. She took his hand and pressed her lips on it. That was her only reply. She was too happy to speak. He kissed the bended head solemnly and tenderly. "My beloved wife!" "My noble lord!" This was how they plighted their troth. They did not speak much at first; His hand clasped hers in a strong tender clasp. Presently he broke the silence. "Bianca" (how sweet her name sounded pronounced by his lips) "you must get well very fast: I am anxious to take my bride home to my father's house." He added, smiling. Her heart sank a little. "And my father, my lord,"—said she with an unsteady voice. "He will live with us Bianca." She shook her head sadly. "He will never live with Lady Moore." "But it's not to the old house we are going; my mother and Maggie will live there; we are going to "Montague House" in Wales; your father will stay there with us; I have arranged it all with him; I knew he could not live without his Bianca." And he smiled. "How kind you are, my lord!" "You mustn't call me, my lord, any more, Bianca,"—smiling and passing his hand over her hair;—"What shall I call you, my lord?" "There! you've said it again! But you pronounce it so prettily, that I have hardly the heart to forbid you. But my mother would curl her lip if she heard you call me so, now that we are betrothed; she would say you were "a romantic young chit." "But you are *my* lord now more than ever." She replied with a proud, happy smile. "Henry? Every body calls you Henry!" "Well then the other name,"—smiling; "you like Montague I know." "How do you know that, my lord?" "Why; once while you were delirious you asked Will to kiss you for Montague's sake." "Did I?" And a faint flush came to her cheeks. "Did Will come to see me?" "No; it wasn't Will; it was Will's brother," smiling "who kissed you before he went away, and you asked for another, 'for Montague's sake!'"



The dark blood had suffused her cheeks and forehead ; her eyes were bright and happy.

“ In truth fair Montague, I am too fond.”

Said she laughing, but the tears came to her eyes ; “ I am so happy, that they will come” said she half-ashamed and wiping them away hastily. “ For Montague’s sake then, my lord,” said she with a childish gesture, smiling ; he kissed her on the mouth, nothing loth. When her father came in, she turned to him with a frank yet bashful smile ; “ Lord Moore has told me all, my father.” And she pressed Garcia’s hand in her own. She bade her take her breakfast, and was only half-pleased as she only drank a single cup of tea, and sent away the tray. “ What !” he cried, “ is that what you call a breakfast !” “ Indeed father, I cannot eat any more to-day ; you know that when one is excited, solid food seems to stick in one’s throat.” “ Nonsense ! Then you must not be excited. Rest and proper nourishment are the only things to set you up again !” “ At luncheon, father ; I am not hungry now, and cannot take any thing more at present.”

#### CHAPTER VIII.

“ I cannot think what can be the matter with Henry, he seems quite changed and happy of late.” The speaker was Lady Moore, the listener was Mr. Owen. My lady had a strong regard for his good sense and latterly that feeling had been increased by Mr. Owen’s regularly attending my lady’s weekly prayer-meeting ; for my lady was a ‘*dévôte*.’ “ Depend on it madam, he is in love”—was the laconic answer, then looking around, “ I hope innocent little Miss Margaret is not hidden somewhere.” “ No. She is too far off to be able to hear Mr. Owen. She is gone to see her *dear* friend, Miss Garcia.” There was a pause. “ So Miss Margaret has followed her brother’s example and fallen in love with the gipsy queen !” He laughed a forced hard laugh. My lady wondered at the acuteness of Mr. Owen. “ You seem to know everything, Mr. Owen.” “ I always keep my eyes open, Lady Moore ; and if I may speak out ; I see this

love-affair in a very suspicious light." "How lightly you speak ! Henry is too much set on it, he will end by marrying that girl ;" and my lady sighed. "Is your ladyship averse to the match ?" The question was asked in an eager, anxious manner though Mr. Owen tried hard to appear calm as usual. "Yes" "I shall do anything to help your ladyship, for I do not think it on any account a desirable marriage." "Will you try and help me.?" "With all my heart. I am under deep obligations to your ladyship. Can I ever forget who first lighted up for me the mysteries of this book"—and he solemnly touched a Bible, lying on Lady Moore's work-table. My lady smiled grimly, greatly flattered. Poor Lady Moore ! Not even you, with all your acuteness, were able to penetrate into the heart of Mr. Owen;—if he had one, which is, dear reader, very much to be doubted.

The ladies had just left the table, and Lord Moore was sitting alone with Mr. Owen. The former was peeling a peach carefully and slowly, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. Mr. Owen was sipping champagne and keeping a steady eye on Lord Moore's face. Lord Moore left the peach untasted on his plate, and rising went to the window. "It is a fine night, I think I'll take a walk." Said he. Mr. Owen came behind him and put his hand in a kind elder-brotherly way on my lord's shoulder. "I know where you are going cousin !" Said he laughing, then taking a serious air ; "You'd better take care !" "What do you mean ?" Said Lord Moore, moving further off a little ; Owen's familiar manner irritated him. Mr. Owen shifted his ground, and spoke half-jestingly. "I have seen you lately enter a certain house, and I wondered what could make you so assiduous in your visits. I have found the clue." "You watched me !" "No indeed, how can you say that ?" In a tone of mild reproach. "Who told you then, Mr. Owen ?" "My wife ; She saw a pretty brown-eyed dark-haired damsel in the garden of that certain house, and of course, as a dutiful wife, told me about it." "Do you know the Garcias ?" Mr. Owen smiled ; it was a shrewd smile ; it seemed to imply, "I should not like to have that honour ;" he hoped Lord Moore would see that smile,

but he was disappointed. Then he only said, "No. I should like to know them very much. But is that Miss Garcia, with the dark-brown eyes and the low forehead?" "Yes." "What is her name? Has she no sister or brother?" "No. Bianca is her name." Mr. Owen gave a little start, and looked up at Lord Moore, but he had his eyes fixed beyond, on the yellow fields of corn which looked beautiful under the moon's pale beams, like a rippling sea of gold. "And a very pretty name it is." Then he sighed. "I am afraid your mother will hardly approve of your choice though, when she hears of it." "She knows about it already." "And has given her consent?" with an air of surprised pleasure. "Not yet; and she may be so long in giving it, that I think I shall do without it. I can't wait." "Ah! youth! youth! youth! ever impetuous, never patient." And Mr. Owen sighed again. "Shall we go upstairs Mr. Owen?" "With all my heart." They went into the drawing-room. Maggie was at the piano trilling a merry ditty in her sweet voice. My lady was near the window; she was embroidering. Another lady was sitting beside her on the ottoman. This lady was younger, about thirty years old; her brown, thin, silky hair was brushed away from the broad white forehead, her small mouth with its mobile lips denoted a soft, yielding nature; her dark grey eyes, large, sweet, patient had something sad in them. This was Mrs. Owen. Mr. Owen went to the piano and stood behind Maggie's stool, turning the leaves for her. Lord Moore went and sat beside Mrs. Owen. "I hope little Helen and the baby are quite well, Mrs. Owen?" He asked in his kind manly voice. Mrs. Owen looked up at him gratefully; "Yes, thank you; Helen is very fond of your brother; she is always asking about little Willie." There was a pause. "I suppose Willie is gone to bed?" Asked Mrs. Owen. "Yes; he must be fast asleep long ere now." A second pause. Lord Moore broke the silence. "Do you know the Garcias Mrs. Owen?" He asked carelessly. "Yes—no—yes—at least I used to know them. But we never meet them now." Stammered Mrs. Owen. She had a nervous way of clasping and unclasping her fingers when excited. Lord Moore saw

that the subject somehow distressed her and talked about other things, children principally, for Mrs. Owen was a very fond mother. From time to time Mrs. Owen cast a furtive glance towards the group near the piano, and by and by, her replies and remarks to Lord Moore were given in an absent manner. She was thinking of other things. Maggie was turning over the leaves of a music book, Mr. Owen was bending over her and whispering to her things which made her laugh, and strike him playfully on the arm with her small white hand. "Now, Mr. Owen, you will make me die of laughing." "Mr. Owen! Why will you never call me Cousin or Mark; we are such near relations, sweet coz; now sing me this;" pointing to the well-known song of Ben Jonson "Drink to me only with thine eyes." She began the song, but after the first line stopped; "Now *Cousin*, you must not look at me so, you put me out." He smiled, patted her on the shoulder in a fatherly way, and sat down on a chair. Mrs. Owen rose. "It's near nine o'clock, Mark, shall we go?" "If you like, love; Ah Mary, I know why you wish to go so soon, it's all for the sake of little Helen." Mrs. Owen smiled, a quiet, sad smile it was. They bade good-night to the ladies. Lord Moore accompanied them part of the way. On his way home, he passed the small house of Garcia, and lingered a moment, smoking his cigar thoughtfully. "How quiet all around is!" Said he. "How peaceful, how refreshing the night is!"

A month after, two horses were waiting at the door of Mr. Garcia's house. Beautiful animals they were. A dark bay and a chestnut. The chestnut was saddled for a lady. Presently Bianca came down the steps, followed by Lord Moore. She came and patted both the horses. Garcia was looking on from his study window. "Take care, Bianca, the chestnut seems a little too fiery." "So much the better, father." "She is gentle as a lamb, Bianca, or I would not have trusted you to her." Said Lord Moore, as he stooped down to help her into her saddle. She looked very pretty, on the whole, in her dark blue habit, and her Spanish hat surmounted by a black ostrich feather. Lord Moore sprung on his saddle, and they went off. The first mile they kept

close to each other, side by side, galloping at full speed across open meadows, he smiling and sometimes clasping her hand. She looked a little too slim and pale ; she had not yet quite recovered her strength ; but the exercise and the fresh air soon brought the blood to her cheeks. After a ride of two hours they came back to Moore-House. She placed her small brown hand very lightly on his shoulder as he helped her down. She was just patting the horse when she heard a sudden joyous cry of "Bianca." She turned round, but Willie had hidden himself behind his brother who catching him in his arms, placed him on the saddle. Willie was delighted. "Walk the ho'ss." He said in his royal way. "You hold Will, my lord, and I'll take the bridle ;" said Bianca. They were all three laughing gaily when three equestrians entered the yard. It was Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Margaret. Bianca stopped ; all her merriment died out of her face. Mr. Owen had lighted on the ground and was helping the ladies to dismount. He turned towards Bianca, and bowed with a polite smile on his lips ; "I have the pleasure to speak with Miss Garcia, I believe." Bianca turned her eyes towards him, a scornful smile parted her lips. "We broke off all connection with you Mr. Owen, long ago, I do not wish to renew it." And she walked away. She had barely reached the end of the avenue, when Lord Moore joined her. "Why are you so angry? Don't you know he is my cousin?" "Je ne vous en fais pas mon compliment," in a cool sarcastic voice. "Bianca !" His tender, yet reproachful tone at her cold manner, smote her to the quick. Impetuously she put both her hands into his ; "I was wrong to speak to you so ; will my lord pardon me?" "Pardon you what, my Bianca?" smiling and stooping down to kiss her forehead. She clasped his hand closer, and spoke earnestly ; "My lord, take care of that man ; he is a bold bad man. He mustn't come here often." He smiled at her tone of command. "What do you know against him, Bianca? Many things, eh?" "One thing, my lord," she replied ; "but that is enough." You puzzle me, Bianca, with your severe haughty little face. She shook her head, as if hurt at his somewhat light tone. "Good bye" she said ;—"What going already?" "Yes, I hate

that man, and father and I do not wish to know him, or any of his family any more." Then after a pause. "Mrs. Owen is a distant relative of ours. I wonder she has married him, after all his wicked doings; but she was always gentle, and loved him, bad as he is, with all her faithful, womanly heart." She spoke hurriedly and with a heightened color; Lord Moore understood her. "But perhaps he has turned a new leaf, Bianca; he attends church regularly, and seems very religiously inclined." She smiled, a fine little smile which said a great deal. He accompanied her part of the way; but she sent him back.

# CHAPTER IX.

He was going away. The Crimean war had broken out and England required her sons to do their duty. Lord Moore was a captain in the—th regiment and he was leaving England for Sevastopol.

It was their last day. He was sitting beside her in the garden covered with dead leaves. She held his hand in her small brown one, firmly, tenderly; her eyes fixed on Lord Moore's face. Every lineament of that dear face was being engraved in her heart. He must go, but the parting was hard, very hard. Presently he took off a small ring from his watch-guard, and slid it on her marriage finger. "You will wear that for my sake, darling, and if I never return"—Her downcast eyelids quivered.— \* \* \* \* \*

Note.—The gentle hand then had traced the story thus far,—the hand of Miss Toru Dutt,—left off here. What illness that made the pen drop from the weary fingers! I do not know. I think not. The sketch was a first attempt probably, and abandoned. I am inclined to think so because the novel left in the French language is very much superior indeed to this fragment and is complete. Other fragments there are both in prose and verse but mostly rough hewn and unpolished.

G. C. D.

## SONNET.

*Bligh Sands.*

If thy heart joy to watch the swelling sail,  
 When the dark hull is scarce discerned from land,  
 Or from a cliff, whose base on either hand,  
 Breasts the green swell that harbingers a gale,  
 To hear the curlew's cry, the wild swan's wail,  
 Echoed from reedy isles that skirt the strand,  
 What time at eve, o'er rock and darkening sand,  
 The lonely lighthouse flings its radiance pale ;  
 Or if wide spreading downs thy spirit please,  
 And purple hills o'er which the spires and vanes  
 Of some proud manor rise, half hid by trees,  
 To whose thick branches the sea breeze complains  
 In whispers hoarse, then come, and gaze thy fill,  
 On this bright gem of Turner's matchless skill.

D.

## ON BOARD S. S. RETRIBUTION.

*Off Cape Fiolent.*

With ensigns spread and shotted guns,  
 Where seagulls circle free,  
 For months we roll, and fling at dusk,  
 Red lights on rock and sea.

'Tis ours, to watch with sleepless zeal,  
 Though fierce the north winds blow,  
 The white stoneforts that crown the cliffs,  
 The ships that lurk below.

No cruiser dares dart out in chase,  
 While thus before the bay,  
 We slowly wheel, as wheels in air,  
 The flame-eyed hawk for prey.

A bank of sand looms close astern,  
 Ahead the surf bound coast,  
 Yet unconcerned alone we float,  
 The Eye of England's host.

D.

## ON THE PROSPECTS OF THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF INDIA.

The prosperity of a country implies that state in which the comforts of life are available at pleasure without difficulty. In a rude state of society, the greatest man cannot have at command all those enjoyments, which an ordinary individual can have in a prosperous state. This is owing to the richness of the soil no less than to the activity of the people; for though the earth is the source of all wealth, yet labor is the condition of obtaining it. We must sow and till the soil before we reap the harvest, we must dig the mine before we get the gold, we must dive into the sea before we get the pearl.

India is certainly blessed with abundant natural productions, and from the descriptions of poets and "the wrecks of former pride" it appears that, in ancient times, she was in a state of high prosperity; and among other causes this to a great extent led her sons to indolence and apathy, which are still charged upon them as their characteristics. The folly that necessarily attends indolence, or rather the devil that always tempts the idle, spoiled their faith and generated false beliefs, till they lost their freedom and with it their former grandeur. The penalty has been paid, the correction is still required, and Providence has removed the penal sway, placing them under a rule quite competent to discipline them. They now find their old constitution broken up, and they feel the necessity of a new social organization. They have lost their primitive faith, their power and their wealth; their priests failed to keep the knowledge of truth, then their kings failed to maintain their sovereignty, and at last the wealthy failed to secure their wealth. Poor, helpless and corrupt,



India wants purity of faith, protection and prosperity. The rulers under whom she is destined to be disciplined, offer her the Bible, and it is for God to move her to accept it. They offer her help, security and protection, it is for her to make the best use of the favor with loyal submission ; weak and powerless as she is, she cannot help her rulers even in defending herself against a foreign enemy. They make her soil yield its best productions, and supply her with all the comforts of life imported from their home, but in this she can help herself, and if she feels unable, it is simply because she does not exert herself. The necessity to make this exertion is now felt. The first thing required for this purpose is to improve the present system of education with a view to make it more practically useful ; the next thing required is to impart a systematic education in arts and manufactures to young men ; the third is to bring within the reach and comprehension of the people at large the knowledge of the natural products, arts and manufactures of this country, as well as the arts and manufactures of other countries, where they are best carried out ; and when all the knowledge thus acquired and disseminated is applied to increase the productive resources of the country, to improve the arts and manufactures, and to supply the comforts of life at home and abroad, India may again be said to be in a state of great prosperity.

Our old men are frequently heard to speak of the good old times, when the means of subsistence were cheap, and to complain of the hard times at present, when living is getting more and more expensive. But should we limit our desires to have less wants in order that they may be more easily supplied, or gratify them by increasing the means of supply ? Certainly we ought not to indulge our desires to an inordinate extent ; they ought to be kept within moral bounds ; but in so far as they are innocent and reasonable and lie within those bounds, it is our duty to satisfy them. Instead of resting content with what we have without exertion, we should strive for more. In these days of progress, to remain stationary is out of the question ; if we would not strive, we must lose even what we have. If it be then desir-

able that our countrymen should have proper training in arts and manufactures, and that those which they learn and practise from remote antiquity should be further improved, it is necessary that we rest not till we can by all means gain the object. Let us then see what are the prospects of improving and utilizing the natural productions of our country.

Of all the productions of India, that which has ever been the object of great demand by foreign nations is cotton. It is indigenous in this country, whence it was introduced into Persia and Egypt. It was known to the early Greeks and described by Herodotus as vegetable wool. The Romans are said to have had their supplies of cotton from this country. The cultivation of cotton and its manufactures chiefly invited foreign nations to trade with India, and the skill which Hindu weavers displayed two thousand years ago is still unrivalled even in competition with the British loom. When Gour was left desolate in consequence of pestilence in 1556, the weavers and traders of cotton manufactures in that city spread over several parts of Bengal; some settled at Malda, a large body went over to Dacca, which was long before that time a principal mart in the east of Bengal famed for its muslin; and another body thinking it more profitable to engage in trade than in the manufacture of cotton goods, came down to settle in Satgong, to supply the demands of European merchants. When the English obtained permission to trade in Bengal, these tradesmen removed to Chutanatty, so named from the twist of cotton which they supplied to the English. In consequence of their wealth and influence, and especially of the interest they took in English trade, they succeeded in inviting men of rank and wealth to settle in the town, and they are therefore said to have cut the jungles and founded Calcutta destined in a short time to be the metropolis of the British Indian Empire. Thus "India supplied Great Britain with yarn and cotton goods, long before she furnished a pound of the raw material." It is observed that "the rapid growth and present magnitude of the cotton manufacture are unprecedented phenomena in the history of industry. This manufacture now forms

one of the principal trades carried on in great Britain, affording an advantageous field for the accumulation and employment of millions upon millions of capital. It has contributed in no common degree to raise the British nation to the high and conspicuous place she now occupies. Nor is it too much to say that it was the wealth and energy derived from the cotton manufacture that have given England strength to sustain burdens, which would have crushed any other nation."

The first mill of Richard Arkwright driven by water-power was built in 1771; it was then that India was looked for supply of cotton, but in consequence of the careless manner in which it was collected, it required to be well-cleaned before weaving. India was therefore erroneously believed to be unfavorable for the growth of cotton. The Court of Directors therefore in 1788 called for reports of cotton cultivation with a view to encourage it. In 1790, the substitution of James Watt's steam engine imparted new life to the manufacture of cotton. The demand of cotton now increased and that of cotton manufactures diminished in the English market, consequently the cultivation of cotton chiefly engaged the attention of the English in India. Bourbon seed was tried in 1811, and in 1839 Captain Bayles of the Indian army introduced the American mode of plantation by bringing with him seeds, machines and experienced planters from America. The attention of the Government has long been directed to the experiment of cotton cultivation with exotic seeds and on various descriptions of soil in India. Good cotton is produced all over the country, and it is believed that it is capable of producing cotton of almost any degree of excellence, and to an amount fully sufficient to supply the whole of Europe. The value of the export of only cotton raw from British India is now about one-fourth of the value of total export to foreign countries, and of that the United Kingdom generally imports about two-thirds. On the other hand, the value of cotton goods imported into this country, exceeds that of all other articles put together, and the share which Great Britain gives is the largest, being about four-fifth. Thus in the course of a hundred years, Great Britain

and India have reversed their positions with regard to the demand and supply of cotton manufactures, and it is a matter of shame that the native country of cotton is clothed by one that produces no cotton and has to procure every bale of this article from abroad. The tide of commerce has therefore run more rapidly against the Indians than it ever did against the English.

The skilful artists of Dacca, the simple workmen of other parts of Bengal, who toil patiently and steadily at the loom, as well as the wealthy traders of twist, yarn and piece goods, have all been reduced to poverty and insignificance; and if they do not unite to turn the tide of commerce and recover the position they have lost, they fail to do their duty under the system of caste; and under such circumstances, while they cling to it, they bring it to ruin, and along with it they themselves come to ruin. But the eye of Providence is ever watchful; there is already a good number of cotton mills working in India, and it is expected that these will increase in the course of time, and the advantage will be duly appreciated by the people of this country. Thus a new class of men will take the place of those who in consequence of their birth had the charge of cotton manufactures and trade in India.

Next in importance to cotton as an article of export trade is opium, which is in high demand in China; but the Government has made it a monopoly. It is the secreted juice which the poppy seed yields while growing. The poppy is extensively cultivated in India, but it is never found wild; it is therefore supposed to be an exotic. Opium is however highly useful on account of its medicinal properties, but the encouragement of its trade as an intoxicating drug has often been pronounced extremely immoral.

Next to it in importance in export trade is rice. On this almost entirely depend the lives of our countrymen, and still it is exported annually to the extent of the value of more than five crores of rupees not only for food but for the purposes of art. The frequent occurrence of famine makes the cultivation of rice a subject of deep interest, the problem being to make it independent of the casualties of the season. The solu-

tion of the problem consists in extending works of irrigation for thereby not only is the supply of water rendered convenient, but the soil to a great extent naturally becomes moist and fit for cultivation, the course of water being one of the natural means of that distribution of chemical ingredients which is artificially accomplished by the rotation of crops. The labor devoted to the extension of irrigation works is therefore rightly directed. The policy however of the means used to relieve the sufferings of the people in consequence of famine is open to discussion as regards the principle of free trade. Famine is a disorder which, when it occurs, raises the demand and thereby draws the supply of food on the simple principle of political economy, and it is as politic to refrain from helping the supply, as it is prudent for a doctor not to help nature by medicine simply on the ground that nature is making her efforts in the right direction. It is not necessary however to interfere with the freedom of trade, as the object can be fulfilled by turning the tide of trade by the amendment of the Tariff Act which may be made the proper regulator of maintaining the balance of supplies. The extension of irrigation and a check on exports are the means of preventing famine; but with regard to its causes, the nature of the soil is presumed by some to have deteriorated owing to the neglect of the principle of the rotation of crops and to a large extent of land being cultivated for other productions. The position of the labourers in relation to landholders is also an important point of consideration.

Food and clothing are the principal necessities of life, and India is rich in her productions of rice and cotton; the other articles of food are also abundant. Of the principal cereals, wheat, barley, oats, maize and rice, wheat is next to rice in demand as an article of food; as for millets and pulse, fruits and vegetables, seeds and spices, we have no space even to name them. The demand for sugar has of late highly increased. The Greeks and the Romans obtained sugar at an enormous cost from India. In Europe, it was first used as a medicine, then as a luxury, and now as a necessary. The sugar-cane was introduced into the south of Europe, the Canaries and

the West Indies from this country; the Portuguese planted it in America soon after its discovery; and from Brazil it was introduced into the Barbadoes, which supplied the demands of Great Britain. India was however supposed to be incapable of producing good sugar, till in 1791, Lieutenant J. Paterson contracted to manufacture sugar on the West India method, and succeeded in sending such large quantities from this country that the export from the West Indies might have been stopped but for an increase of demand in Europe. The French now manufacture sugar from beet-root, and in 1876, the failure of the beet-root crop caused a large demand of sugar from India. Here it is manufactured from date palm and sugarcane, the cultivation of which is of as much importance as the manufacture of sugar; and the clumsy press used from the remotest antiquity may be also improved, that there may be less waste not only of the article in the process of preparation, but of time and trouble. The manufactured preparations are molasses, moist sugar and sugarcandy.

Of the articles used for clothing other than cotton, silk may be briefly noted. It is supposed to have been very early introduced from China. There is a large variety of the silk worm, feeding not only on the mulberry but on *peepul* and mango. Of the several species in India, the "Dessell" or the indigenous species of Bengal yield produce four or five times a year. The *tussek* or *Tussar* silk-worms, of which the *moogo*, *teera* and *bonbondu* are the several kinds, yield their produce in rainy weather, and are extensively distributed in all the western forests from Rampore to Midnapore; and the species called *juroo* is said to abound in the districts of Dinagepore and Bhagulpore. There is a species called *arindi* in Assam yielding silk remarkable for durability. Sericulture is said to have engaged the attention of the Rajah of Cashmere.

But the articles of food and clothing are not the only productions which India supplies in abundance; some articles used in the arts are largely produced. The oil extracted from linseed is very useful for painting purposes, the seed is therefore in great demand in Great Britain and the United States, but as it is

cultivated in this country chiefly for the seed and not for the flax, the fibres are inferior to those of European production. Hemp likewise is not cultivated so much for the fibre as for *ganja*.

Indigo is a natural product of India, known from the most ancient times, and now cultivated chiefly by Europeans for its use as an invaluable colouring material. Bengal is the chief seat of this industry.

Jute is also abundantly produced in India, and comes next in importance as an article of export trade of this country. It is however gratifying to observe that there are several jute mills at work in Bengal. The gunny bags and cloth manufactured in these mills find customers not only in the Australian and Asiatic markets, but to a great extent in the United States.

Not to proceed further with the productions of India in the order of their export value, we may observe that the articles required for building purposes are sufficient for the wants of the country, where the ruins of Somnath supplied the materials for the buildings of Ghazni, the ruins of Gour strike the antiquarian with surprise, and Tajmahal still excites the wonder of the traveller.

Gums and resins form a very useful class of articles produced in abundance. Of true gums, the most important are the well-known gum arabic, the acacia catechu used as an astringent and also as a colouring material, and the *buteas fransosa* (পলাশ) which yields the *butea Kino*, remarkable for its tanning properties and chiefly used in the manufacture of leather.

Of gum resins may be mentioned *asafetida*, yielded by the exudation of the plant *ferula asafetida*, indigenous in Multan, the guttapercha-like substance yielded by *caloptris procera* (আকন্দ), the Indian olibanum yielded by the salai tree of India (কুন্দুর) and supposed to be the frankincense of the ancients, and the Indian bdellium (গুগুল). Of resins the *pinus longifolia* (শরল) yields a substance (গন্ধবিরজা) the oil of which is turpentine; the *cedrus deodaru* (কেদু) yields tar, and the *shorea robusta* (শাল) yields *sal resin* (ধূনা).

Of the productions used for light may be mentioned several

kinds of oil, (having other uses besides), such as cocoanut, mustard, rape, castor &c; the petroleum of Burma is made to yield a substance, paraffine, of which candles are made.

Of the productions used as medicine, the attention of the Government is particularly directed to the cultivation of the cinchona, and the cause of the import trade of drugs and medicines not being progressive, is the poverty of the people as well as the cheapness of native drugs. It may however be presumed that if native drugs be substituted for the English *materia medica*, the treatment of diseases in this country will be more efficacious than it has hitherto been; it being evident, that there is better adaptation between the native constitution and native drugs than between it and foreign drugs. The works of Dr. Day and Dutt are therefore valuable contributions to medical science. To return from the digression; it is beyond doubt that India is rich in natural productions, and Dr. Royle is of opinion that the Hindus never neglected cultivation; he gives them credit for the use of the drill plough and the practice of the principle of the rotation of crops as well as for their manufacturing industry. He agrees with Dr. Bancroft in supposing that the Hindus originated the arts of chemistry. Be that as it may, India is not only an agricultural but a manufacturing country; she not only produces most useful articles for food, clothing, building, light, comfort and arts, but her manufacturing industry was most early developed and has been maintained up to the present day in a stationary condition, requiring only an impetus to be set in progress, and the application of machinery to be in a position to compete with the manufacturing nations of Europe. She produces cotton and jute, she ought to be able to work out the manufactures of those articles with the aid of improved machinery and the application of steam power, and supply them at a cheaper rate than it is possible for any country to do. She produces linseed, *til*, rape and other oil seeds, which are exported in large quantities for oil, but she can extract oils out of those several kinds of seeds, and supply the countries which now take the raw material with the oils of those seeds, applying the oilcakes to such



uses as manure, poultice, or food for cattle. She produces indigo lac, gums, the sugarcane and the like, but by skill and industry she can supply better indigo, lac and gums; and manufacture cheaper and better sugar. Thus there is a vast field for manufacturing industry, and the state of her manufactures is by no means discouraging. The prospect of the trade of silk and the manufactures thereof appears to be declining, but by recent experiments silk has been found to be soluble, and this property may be of great use not only in detecting fraud but in turning, to account waste silk, floss, pierced cocoons, &c.

Woollen manufactures, which are best produced in Upper India, especially in Cashmere, have now to compete with those imported from the United Kingdom. The works of embroidery are said to be still unrivalled. "The bulk of gold embroidery is done with *kalubatur* or the common gold thread, a body of silk overwound with a thin flattened wire of gold or silver as the case may be." The rich kind of gold embroidery is called *karchob*, the ordinary kind *karchik*. "On the specimens presented in the Punjab Exhibition, it was observed that in these works, the great patience and extreme delicacy of finger of the workman is exhibited to the utmost. Many of the embroidered specimens must have required the patient minute labour of consecutive months, and the beautiful arrangement of colour and great variety and elegance of design in pattern are very striking."

If we were to review the manufactures of this country we might observe that the Hindus are far from being averse to manufacturing industry, and that they are peculiarly fit for it on account of their patient and painstaking habits, proved in those works of manufacture in which they excel. The cause which prejudicially interferes with it, not to mention the abuse of the system of caste and the loss of freedom, is the ignorance of the superior modern inventions of Europe. The Albert Temple of Science is expected to improve the state of things by supplying that knowledge. This being done, foreign nations may be supplied with the manufactures of those articles,

which they now take in their raw state, and the people of this country may understand that economy which has enriched the western nations, the economy of time, trouble and things. "In Paris the very dead dogs from the Seine are boiled down for tallow, and the skins of the rats in the sewers are converted into kidgloves." It is further observed that "not a bone need be ever thrown aside. The finer kinds are cut into handles, buttons and a thousand other articles: the chips and shavings that result from the manufacture are converted into size or gelatine, sometimes they are burnt for bone-ashes or charred to form the bone-black and bone-brown used as artist's colors; the coarser bones are readily used by the soap boiler, as yielding from their pores or medullary canals a quantity of fat. When the fat is boiled out, there is a large quantity of gelatine, and when that is removed, phosphate of lime remains. The phosphate of lime yields a most excellent manure, and therefore is valuable as it is, otherwise it is treated with sulphuric acid, being mixed in a retort with charcoal, much valued in making water filters and in the processes of sugar refining &c."

How far the most common things may be turned to use, is observed from the experiments made by Dr. Riddel on *caloptis procera* (अकन) or madar. It yields a substance precisely analogous to *gutta percha* which becomes hard when dry, but in any state it becomes flexible in hot water, and thus impressions can be made, and cups and other vessels may be formed of it. It unites with the real *gutta percha*, and the chemical actions of sulphuric, nitric, muriatic and acetic acids, of alcohols and spirit of wine on both these substances are exactly similar. It contains a principle called *mudarine* which coagulates when heated, and again becomes liquid when cold. Paper as well as cloth can be manufactured from this substance. "As a textile fibre it was supposed to be well suited for finer fabrics; as a rope fibre it is found superior to hemp." Dr. Royle says that in his experiments when Peterborough hemp broke at 160 lbs., and Bombay brown hemp bore 190 lbs, madar fibre also bore 190 lbs.

The utilization of the natural products of the country is the

means of increasing its material prosperity ; and this depends upon the application of machinery as well as that of the laws of chemical combination ; the principles of mechanics being the principal basis in the works of machinery, and those of chemistry in the works of art. But in the works of machinery, the properties of heat, the generation of steam, the temper of metals, and all such subjects belong to chemistry ; while in the works of art, the use of instruments and apparatus belongs to mechanics. Hence a College of Practical Science must have two departments, *viz*: the department of machinery and that of the arts and manufactures ; mechanics and chemistry up to a certain standard being common in both. The hammer and the furnace are to be taken up as the alphabet.

It may however be urged that India cannot expect to be a manufacturing country, on the ground that she depends upon foreign supply of the principal articles necessary for machinery, *viz*: coal and iron. But if England with every bale of cotton imported from abroad can clothe the native country of cotton, there is no reason why India will not be able to build her own machinery and engineering works with imported iron and coal. However, she will not be required to depend much upon foreign supplies if her mineral resources are properly developed. It is said that "Bengal coal is now in use to a considerable extent in the province." It was stated by Mr. T. Oldham, Superintendent of the geological survey of India in 1867, "that during the last eight years there has been an aggregate consumption of coal supplied for Bengal alone, and the port of Calcutta, of more than 3,000,000 tons, of which about eight-ninths were raised in India and about one-ninth imported." The Indian supply during the last decade still more increased. With regard to the quality of the coal, however, it is stated that "the very best coal of Indian fields only touches the average of English coal," and consequently "to produce a given heat about one-half more is required of Indian than of good English coal." The Salt range in the Punjab is supposed to abound in coal, but it is stated that it "can never be a permanent source of fuel for the province, either for

the purpose of domestic use or for the railways and manufactories, that are now multiplying around us with the increase of capital and the extension of knowledge." It is therefore observed that "if India ever attains a civilization at all approaching that of Europe, it will undoubtedly grow timber for fuel largely, as is done in all other civilized countries not rich in coal."

It was stated by Dr. David Smith in his report on the coal and iron districts of Bengal, that "the quality of the iron made here would undoubtedly be very superior to that now used in England for rails." "The iron ores of the Punjab are produced along its north-eastern frontier as well as in the lower hills of the Sulamani and Waziri ranges, and those to the south-east of the Bumroo district and to some extent in the Salt range." "Along the Himalayan frontier the principal places of production are the hill states of the Simla district; it is largely produced at Suket and Mundi; and the mines of Kotkhari, Fatehpur and Bhir Bangál of Kangra are famous." The iron from Bhir Bangál mines tested at Manchester is thus reported:—"While the best English iron yielded at a pressure of about 56000 lbs on the square inch, the Kangra iron in the state in which it was sent (it had been forged into 5 feet bars at Madhopore) required a force of 61,300 lbs per square inch to break it, while the same iron hammered at Manchester sustained a pressure of 71,800 lbs per square inch before it gave way. The above results must be deemed highly satisfactory and clearly indicative of the value of iron." Regarding the capabilities of the natives to carry on operations in the manufacture of iron, what Dr. David Smith feels certain of, is that "those natives who engage in the occupation must entirely change their habits and condition; the dress of the European must be adopted, thick shoes and stout flannel clothing; without such protection they would quickly be beaten, they must eat more nourishing food than they now do, and give up their *pujas* and holidays of a week or fortnights duration." It is however also certain that if India attains that degree of improvement in manufactures, which Europe has now reached, and the mineral resources of the country are properly developed, she will not be dependent on England for

supplies of coal, iron, machinery and millwork to that extent to which England is indebted to her for the supply of cotton and other raw materials. This hope is quite reasonable; and the *a priori* assumption that India cannot be a manufacturing country is utterly groundless.

What then is wanting to raise India to a higher stage of prosperity? Some think that there are no capitalists, while others are of opinion that the Hindus have no enterprising spirit. In all countries, as in India, the bulk of the nation is composed of men of moderate means, the number of the rich being everywhere limited. Whatever be the proportion of the wealthy in this country with that in any other, it is certain that there are men who can lay out capital sufficient for opening and conducting manufacturies on a large scale. The want of an enterprising spirit is generally admitted. Both capital and an enterprising spirit must be combined to prompt us to undertake any enterprise; of these two, the latter is of more importance than the former, for men with enterprising spirit can unite into companies and find out some means of raising capital by shares; but no money can generate that spirit. This is however nothing extraordinary. A man who knows well the ways and turns of any course of action undertakes it as easily as he goes out to take a walk, and when he is crowned with success, those who have no such knowledge are apt to admire his spirit. Knowledge applied to use, with prudence and steadiness, to the best advantage, will to ensure success in any undertaking. A blind enterprising spirit is folly, and brings on ruin. Our rich countrymen cannot be blamed for not laying out capital on enterprises of which they do not understand anything. It would be folly to waste their wealth in thus showing their enterprising spirit. Indeed, nothing can be undertaken with certainty of success; but to lay out money in the dark is but to tempt the thieves. We must have light to see where the money is to be laid out, what course it will take, and how it will return with increase. Let us have the knowledge to use it, and we want no enterprising spirit,—our love of gain, our self-interest will suffice to prompt us to do that which is now thought to require a high enter-

prising spirit for its accomplishment. Where can this knowledge be acquired? and how can it be extended? Have we any institutions for these purpose. Let us go to the Albert Temple of Science.

The Albert Temple of Science entertains the prospect of qualifying our young countrymen in mechanical, engineering as well as in agricultural and manufacturing chemistry. It may be suggested that in order to give a thorough practical turn to the pursuits of our countrymen, attention should be directed to the importance of lectures on physical geography, especially with reference to the distribution of natural products; on geology, especially with reference to mining operations; on the history of the progress and present state of the arts, manufactures and commerce; on the principles of political economy, especially with reference to trading or banking corporations and joint-stock companies. The operations of the institution have just begun, and time will shew the results. Its object is not train up some better smiths or better carpenters; it is far higher.

It may be remarked in passing that there is a wide scope for common but very useful training by which all who, through want of means, inclination or ability, fail to advance in the path of learning, may find useful occupations. This object may be gained by an adequate number of technical schools, where the carpenter, the blacksmith, the goldsmith, the potter, the tailor, the book-binder, the shoemaker, each one the best in a locality, may be made to work and take a certain number of apprentices under the care and patronage of some rich or well-to-do persons, on terms profitable to both parties.

To return to the Albert Temple of Science; its object is to convert *quill-driving machines* into active workmen to drive other machines, to arouse free industry, to condemn servile indolence, and to secure that wealth which enriches other nations, while they who have been born in it are getting more and more impoverished. Is there patriotism in the hearts of our countrymen? This can only be proved by the interest it excites in them in the cause of national prosperity. The middle class can prove their patriotism by learning the practical sciences and apply-

ing them to the improvement of arts and manufactures, and the rich can do so by increasing the resources of this noble institution, and by laying out capital for opening manufactories, under proper control and management, whereby the working classes may find useful occupations, and they themselves may grow richer, and the countrymen at large may enjoy greater comforts. This institution, poor and unostentatious as it is in its commencement, is worthy of the patronage of the chiefs and nobles of the land, no less than that of the British Government, and of the British nation at large, not only because the name of the future king of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India is associated with it, but because no other nation in the world better appreciates the value of utilizing natural resources for the comforts of men than the British. We are glad to find that the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal has "determined to establish technical scholarships in connection with selected schools." Satisfied with favor from this quarter, let us appeal to the patriotic feelings of the great landlords, rajahs and chiefs of our own country. Do they not live in magnificent buildings or palaces, adorned with paintings, sculptures and works of art, lighted with chandeliers bright as noonday, and filled with furniture of nice workmanship, the productions of machinery as well as of patient labor and finished taste? They are certainly proud of their possessions indented from various parts of the world, but do they not feel peculiarly happy in looking on those which are produced by their own countrymen? Do they not feel it their duty to qualify them in such a way that they may minister to their comforts? They can easily do so now. Now is the time. The Bengal Government on the subject of technical education testifies, "first that there is a demand for instruction of this description, and secondly that young natives of good family and position are perfectly willing to work with their hands, and receive instruction precisely as European apprentices would. The necessity of providing for the middle classes, the means of adopting some career and some calling in life more calculated to meet their ambition than the limited range of em-

ployment now open to them is daily becoming more thoroughly recognised both by government and native society. It is impossible, however, for government to establish any great number of technical schools throughout the country." For the wealthy and great men of our country, it is not only possible, but it is a matter of duty, to establish technical schools and colleges of practical sciences, bearing a fair proportion to the schools and colleges for the instruction of the general branches of knowledge. It is also their duty to open workshops and manufactories throughout the length and breadth of the land, and thus prove themselves worthy of the high distinction of belonging to the Aryan race.

R. N. BASAK.

## TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER V.

Dwarkanath Mitter, with all his desire and endeavour to cheat Nandalal in the division of the properties, had unwittingly conferred a great benefit on him, by giving him a compact estate. Many estates are so constituted that villages and portions of villages composing them lie sometimes 18 or 20 miles apart. But the estate made over to Nandalal, was one continuous block measuring about 7,000 acres. It was therefore easy for him to inspect it now and then, and the cost of collection was comparatively small.

The rent-roll of the estate amounted to about Rs. 20,000 and its Government revenue was a little more than Rs. 15,000. For the due collection of the rents there was a regular establishment consisting of one naib, three gomastahs and six poons. The naib was superintendent over the others. Though Nandalal had raised the pay\* of his servants to liberal salaries compared to the rates of pay prevalent in contiguous zemindaries for such servants, yet his collection expenses hardly exceeded Rs 1,400 a year.

Not being very expensive in his habits Nandalal was always in circumstances to pay his men regularly every month. Not-



withstanding this unusual advantage, and notwithstanding the good salaries he allowed them, his naib and gomastahs finding him a young and inexperienced man, neglected their work, and tried in all manner of ways to cheat him. But as he was an energetic and intelligent young man, and as he was determined to understand thoroughly his own affairs, they found it rather a difficult thing to carry on their dishonest practices long without detection. Though they were mostly the relatives and dependents of Dwarkanath Mitter, Nandalal had kept them on, finding them employed in his zemindary, and had raised their pay to keep them within the bounds of honesty. He however never trusted in them much as he knew their chief, from bitter experience, to be a thorough rogue. He had made it a part of his duty to examine their accounts periodically. And as he used frequently to go about inspecting his property, and mixing with his respectable tenants, he would be in a position to check those accounts effectually. He had already found out several instances of their chicanery, and had warned them to be careful.

Nandalal was now spending a few days in his own house for the purpose of looking after his estate. One morning, while examining the accounts of collections made by his gomastahs, he found out some new tricks they had played on him. Their account showed that they had not made a proper collection, although he had found in his inspection trips that his tenants were quite content with the rents he had fixed on their holdings, and that they had generally paid up the instalments of rent due by them. He therefore came to the resolution of sweeping away the entire set of his dishonest servants. While he was puzzling himself with thinking what he should do to get a set of more trustworthy servants, Nilkantha and Anandamohan presented themselves before him.

Since the unexpected and disgraceful part played by Kumudini, Nilkantha and Anandamohan had not seen much of Nandalal. Indeed, they had been rather afraid of visiting him as formerly. Besides, as now he generally remained at the house of the Rev. Jadunath Ganguly, they could see very little of him.

But as they heard of his being at his house, and as they had been anxiously expecting something to turn up in their favor, they called on him with some diffidence. Emboldened however by Nandalal's kind reception of them, Nilkantha who was always the spokesman, said, "It seems, Nanda Baboo, that something fresh has occurred to vex you and ruffle your temper. Since Kumi's shameful behaviour towards you, I have been ashamed to appear before you. Would it be adding to your vexation to let us know the cause of your present trouble? It is needless, I think, to assure you that we take a sincere interest in your welfare, and that we would be ready to incur some risk to serve you."

"I thank you for your kindness to me. I have not the slightest objection to let you know the cause of my present vexation, for in truth I am greatly troubled. Perhaps it may be in your power to help me. The truth is, my naiand bogomastahs appear to me to be incorrigible and ungrateful rogues, and I am determined to get rid of the whole set. But I am at a loss how to supply their place with better men."

Nilkantha, from the beginning of his acquaintanceship with Nandalal, had been wishing for some such opportunity to get an employment in his zemindary. He was therefore exceedingly glad that things had come to this long wished for pass, and thanked his stars that a time had come, which was well calculated to fulfil his desires beyond even his most sanguine expectations. The intense delight of his heart for a moment dumbfounded him. It is natural with self-seeking men to be charmed with the imagined appearance of their own good fortune, so as to be wholly unmindful of the misfortunes of others on which their advancement may be based. This was the case with Nilkantha and Anandamohan. They forgot that some of their fellow men would be great sufferers before they could gain what they longed for. They were warming themselves at the fire which was destroying others. At last Nilkantha found words to say to Nandalal that there was no difficulty in getting proper men to serve him. "There are," he continued, "many respectable, though poor, people who would gladly come

and serve you, if they knew that you wanted their services. I for instance, would be thankful to you if I be favored with an appointment. So my friend Anandamohan would be. Now a days it is no easy thing for a respectable man to earn a living. A cooly working in Calcutta and at the railway stations gets more than a respectable man earns working as a mohurir or a gomustah. We sometimes wish that we had not been born in a respectable family, for being so called respectable people, we cannot do many things and cannot live any how. It is no doubt very silly to think that an honest calling can ever bring any disgrace on any one. But for all that we cannot become carpenters, or blacksmiths, or housebuilders, all of whom are thriving famously at present. We cannot even handle the plough and cultivate our own lands. We are no doubt agriculturists, but we are agriculturists in name only. For we keep servants and employ laborers to cultivate our lands, and to tend our cattle; and the consequence is that, we do not get half the profits obtained by actual cultivators. And with all these disadvantages we have to keep up an appearance of respectability in our house, our food, and our dress. If you be pleased to employ us in your zemindary, we can assure you that you won't find any ungratefulness or roguery in us. And as you pay good salaries to your servants there won't be any temptation for us to be dishonest. And I am sure that we shall serve you to the best of our abilities. Both my friend and myself understand zemindary work, and as your estate lies at a short distance from here, there won't be any reason for us, except on serious illness, to neglect our work."

Nandalal knew Nilkantha and Anandamohan to be able and experienced men, in respect of zemindary affairs, and he considered and treated them as attached friends. He was therefore glad that he was in a position to do them some service. At the same time he was conscious that he could hardly expect to get two better men to serve him. He knew them to be honest and respectable men, at least he had never heard anything spoken against their character. And he was inclined on all such considerations to give them a trial. He therefore closed with their

offer, and said, "I shall immediately send for my naib and gomustahs, and receive from them all their accounts, and then turn them out. You," turning to Nilkantha, "shall be my naib, and your presence and help will be necessary when I receive the accounts to-morrow morning. Your friend also may be present; and if he has no objection he can supply the place of one of the gomustahs. And between you, you must find out two other trustworthy and properly qualified persons to take the place of the other two gomustahs: for I am determined to dismiss the entire set. I can't well afford to pay a gomustah more than Rs. 15 a month. My naib gets Rs. 35 a month. And I pay my servants regularly every month. You may keep the existing peons or may appoint some of the likely tenants of the estate."

Both Nilkantha and Anandamohan were overjoyed at this. They were at a loss how to express their thankfulness to Nandalal. They considered him at the time as their greatest benefactor. Anandamohan said, "I do not know, Nanda Baboo, how to thank you for your kindness to us. I am a poor lone man, and my wants are few. I get about Rs. 60 a year from a small landed property left to me by my father. But I find it very difficult to procure the bare necessities of life with Rs 5 a month, which, I believe, the meanest of your servants gets. Being a gomustah in your zemindary, I shall have Rs. 20 a month, an income I have not enjoyed for many a year. I have passed through three periods of my existence, and I do not expect to live long. But as long as I live I shall serve you faithfully. I have no work to do at home, if the place I dwell in can be called by that name, and it will be a delight to me to serve you and earn Rs. 15 a month. May God bless and prosper you for making our old age comfortable for us."

Early next morning Nilkantha and Anandamohan came to Nandalal's house, and found the doomed servants present them with the accounts, and being secure in the good graces of their master, treated with contempt their unfriendly and malicious glances. Soon after Nandalal, with the efficient help of Nilkantha and Anandamohan, examined the accounts of his estate.

Some of the principal tenants of his estate were also present and helped them much in the examination of the accounts. The tenants had very little sympathy for the servants in disgrace as they considered them to be exacting and pitiless. Many petty defalcations committed were found out, and they had hardly a word to say in their defence. The tenants present complained against their extortionate demands, and begged hard of their landlord in their presence to be resolute and to do away with their services. Nandalal was somewhat moved by their entreaties for mercy and forgiveness, but he was determined to dispense with their services. He told them that as they had proved themselves to be dishonest and ungrateful, notwithstanding repeated warnings and pardons, he would be a great simpleton if he kept them on any longer. He therefore dismissed them and told them to consider themselves fortunate that he refrained from prosecuting them for their dishonest dealings with him, or realizing from them the sums they had defalcated.

Nilkantha assumed charge of the Naib's post, and Anandamohun became a Gomustah under him. And they procured two others in whom they could fully trust, to supply the places of the other two Gomustahs. They proved very faithful servants to Nandalal. Within a short time they improved his property much. It appeared that Nandalal used to be extensively robbed by his former servants. And his income increased considerably under the able management of his new servants. They found out several legitimate sources of income in the estate which were perfectly unknown to Nandalal, as his former dishonest servants used to apply them to their own benefit.

This fair chance of having an increased income did not bring any great joy to Nandalal. The impression of his recent troubles was still too fresh and too deep on his heart to allow him to take any sincere measure in any thing. Though a young and healthy man, he had lost all relish for earthly pursuits and earthly enjoyments, and he was leading to all appearance a morose and gloomy life. He was assiduous in the exercises of his religion; but in other matters he seemed to take very little interest. His

property he considered as a gift from God, and as a talent entrusted to him by his Maker. Therefore he felt himself bound to improve it to the best of his abilities, especially as by its improvement he would be in a position to do much good to some of his fellowmen.

The Rev. Mr. Ganguly felt much for Nandalal, and tried much to make him lead a cheerful life. As his own duties permitted he endeavoured to divert his friend's mind, by engaging him in many an innocent amusement, in which Mrs. Ganguly and her children joined. It was Ganguly's earnest endeavour to prevent Nandalal from brooding on his misfortunes. He believed that the troubles and misfortunes which Nandalal has had to experience since he became a Christian, had produced in him a sort of melancholy, which he exerted much to remove. But notwithstanding all Ganguly's efforts, Nandalal, when alone, could not help returning to his morose and gloomy mood. Had his wife joined him at this time, she would no doubt have proved the most effective means of diverting his mind. There was, however, no knowing when she would come to him, or whether she would ever be able to carry out her intention of joining him, strictly guarded as she was by a pitiless father. Jadunath Ganguly thought on this subject many a time and he always found it difficult to invent a feasible plan of effecting his object. He knew very well that it would be worse than useless to seek the help of a court of justice, after the proceedings previously taken in the matter, and their unsuccessful result. He would therefore try to console Nandalal and ask him to wait patiently, adding that God would in His own good time bring her to him. Mrs. Ganguly also used to try in her motherly way to console and comfort Nandalal whom she considered and treated as one of her own children.

The affectionate treatment which Nandalal invariably experienced from Mr. Ganguly and Mrs. Ganguly, formed as it were an oasis in his present desert life. He was sincerely thankful to God that he had such friends to depend upon, and to them for their truly paternal love and affection. Notwithstanding this he

often felt it very delicate to continue as a guest in his friend's house, especially considering the limited means of his friend. Previously when obliged to stop there for a pretty long period, he had once or twice very diffidently requested Ganguly to accept from him monthly some money for his board and lodgings. But Ganguly had been grieved at such a proposal, and had scolded Nandalal for making it. The latter therefore had remained content with making occasional and suitable presents to Mr. and Mrs. Ganguly and their children. Though Mr. Ganguly had often felt it awkward to accept such presents, yet, as he could not have refused them without hurting Nandalal's feelings, he had suffered him to please himself in that way. He had however gladly allowed Nandalal to help him in his many schemes of charity.

Afflictions and misfortunes have invariably the effect of weaning believers from the world and leading them to seek refuge in God alone, while the worldly and unbelieving are led by such visitations of providence to have recourse to the indulgence of their gross appetites for the purpose of drowning in oblivion their sad and tormenting memories. As has already been stated, Nandalal experienced a thorough distaste for all earthly objects, and he was seriously and earnestly thinking of devoting his life and substance, like his friend the Rev. Mr. Ganguly, to the service of his God and Redeemer. He one day communicated his views and intentions to Ganguly, who heartily approved of them, and gave him the benefit of his sage counsel and ripe experience.

The long vacation of Ganguly's schools was now fast approaching, and he was making plans and preparations for his intended preaching tour. Nandalal also entered warmly into all his plans, and helped him in his preparations.

---

## COMTE AS A PHILOSOPHER.

*By A Hindustani.*

In a private religious discussion a gentleman, who kindly assured us that *all* the great men of Europe were marshalled against Christianity, being asked to name one of them, mentioned with miraculous readiness, the name of Auguste Comte. He had not evidently taken the trouble of looking into the nature of the self-contradictory and apparently absurd system of philosophy associated with this man of a versatile but ludicrously misguided genius. He had heard of his great name, and fallen in love with him. "What's in a name?"—asks Shakespeare through the ruby lips of his most lovely female character. "Every thing"—answer hosts of our educated countrymen who parade names of which they know nothing, speak of things of which they are thoroughly ignorant, and criticise books which they have never seen with their eyes. Auguste Comte honored as an Oracle, Auguste Comte loved as a God, by a small company of men, must have been a great man! Who can help falling in love with him! This is the true secret of Comte's popularity among a great many of our educated countrymen; and our decided conviction is, that if the wretched character of the philosophy associated with his name were made manifest to them, they would gladly thrust him out of the niche of reverence which sheer ignorance, and nothing but sheer ignorance has induced them to accord to him.

The achievement of Comte, which has been eulogised in the most flowing style by those who look upon philosophy as a tissue of nonsense, is his classification of the sciences. Whether this classification is correct, as far as it goes, we do not consider ourselves competent to decide. But that it is egregiously incomplete we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming. A classification of the sciences, which proscribes Psychology and Theology, is something like a nomenclature of diseases, which



ignores or presumptuously refuses to take notice of the most complicated, widely spread and fatal maladies which flesh is heir to. Some of his own disciples have taken notice of and properly censured this stupendous error in his system as regards metaphysical speculation. His proscription of psychology is condemned by them, while of course his hatred of theology is held up as an indication of sound judgment and healthy philosophy. But to theological speculation we are ultimately driven by the scientific investigations to which we are invited by their great idol. You affirm that our senses are the only avenues of certain knowledge which it is possible for us to utilize. You maintain that the sole business of science is to observe material phenomena, and classify and register them with reference to their laws of similitude and sequence. You say in the pompous language of science that we can do nothing beyond observing and recording "the co-existences, successions and transmutations of material phenomena," and grouping them under different heads, so to speak, according to the relations indicated in these changes and transformations. But you deliberately, and with culpable obstinacy, ignore certain instincts in me which lead me, as if by a law of necessity, to lift up the veil of material phenomena, and look into the magazine of powers and forces in operation behind. We cannot observe material phenomena and notice the relations of resemblance and succession associated with them, without being instinctively led to think of the occult causes and forces by which their ceaseless changes and transmutations are regulated and governed. These changes and transmutations are variable effects which necessarily, by virtue of what is called the law of our being, lead the mind to the unseen but potent causes, to which they are to be traced. The scientific investigations indicated in the writings of Comte being given, metaphysical or psychological speculation becomes a necessity, just as the correspondence between the lungs in a living animal and the atmosphere being what it is, expiration becomes a necessity. To compel us to be content with the phenomena, and never think of the unseen forces by which they are regulated in their ceaseless

changes and transformations, is something like the hopeless task of placing before us the major and minor premises of a correct syllogism, and then preventing us from deducing the conclusion. Metaphysical speculation, therefore, is in Comte's line of investigation inevitable. \* This the English Comtists have not been slow to notice and indicate. But here they are determined to halt: they will not advance a step further. They carry the line of Comtean investigation from the region of observed phenomena to the magazine of occult forces and unseen causes at work behind their veil. But metaphysical speculation is their *ultima thule*. They forget that the same necessity of reasoning which has brought them a step in advance of the line arbitrarily fixed by their master, to check the impetuous march of scientific investigation, compels them to go another step forward. We cannot look at the phenomena without being instinctively led to think of the unseen forces and powers by which they are regulated:—nor can we contemplate these causes without being led by the law of our being to think of the unseen but omnipotent Arm which weilds and directs and controls them. We cannot think of physical power in its varied manifestations without thinking of the Mind from which it originally emanates;—nor can we think of secondary causes without thinking of the Great First Cause from which they receive their productive or plastic power. We cannot, in short, help-tracing the line of causation behind the objects, which make an impression on the senses, to the Great Being in whom we live and move and have our being. Theological speculation is a necessity in the same sense in which metaphysical speculation is a necessity in Comte's own line of investigation. Given Comtism, we have Mill's metaphysical speculation:—given Comtism *plus* Millism, we have that Theology which like a grisly phantasm drives Comtists of all ages and all countries to their wit's end!

Comte's opposition to the doctrine of efficient causes and to the First Cause is not merely impious but unphilosophical. Nor has it the slightest dash of originality about it. In his antagonism to the doctrine of efficient causes he has been walk-

ing in the footsteps of David Hume, who stoutly refused to recognize a causal relationship between antecedents and their consequents, and who developed the idea of sequence capitalized by him. When we note and register material phenomena, we find that some antecedents are invariably followed by some consequents; and we can not help noticing a causal nexus between the series of events that precedes and the series of events that succeeds. We can not help looking upon the one set of events as not merely accidentally connected with the other, but as exercising a causal influence over or concerned in the production of the other. When we see ice converted into water and water converted into steam by heat, we can not help looking upon heat as the efficient or productive cause of the change wrought in the collocation of the particles in the ice, and that wrought in the collocation of the particles in the water. In this sequence there is not merely a succession of events, but a causal nexus between some intensity of the first and the change wrought in the second, and between a greater intensity in the first and the change wrought in the third. This nexus Hume refused, contrary to all rules of logic and common sense, to recognize; and Auguste Comte has with an air of triumph made the great English sceptic his master. But in this, as in his endeavour to confine scientific investigation to a simple registration of material phenomena, he has declared war against, not merely the principles of sound logic, but the law of our being which instinctively leads us to recognize what Hume obstinately ignored. In Comte's opposition to the doctrine of efficient causes, he has followed David Hume. Whom has he followed in his emphatic denial of the Great First Cause, or rather refusal to have anything to do with the Great First Cause? Why—Satan, the father of liars, who has from the beginning been leading men astray from God.

But Comte not merely opposes efficient causes but declares war against the doctrine also of final causes. He refuses to notice any trace of design in nature, the judicious selection and employment of adequate means to bring about proper ends. He sees only accident in, for instance, the innumerable combinations of

circumstances which perpetuate our lives, in the way in which our feet are made to walk, our hands to handle, our eyes to see, and our brains to accommodate, so to speak, the thinking principle. He sees nothing but the operation of blind chance, the operation of laws equally blind in the regular and solemn revolutions of the stars over our heads, in the constitution of the solid earth underneath our feet, in the vibrations of the air around us, in the production of living germs and those organisms, vegetable and animal, for the maintenance of which the whole system of things in this nether world seems to have been organized, and in the innumerable ways in which nature is acted upon, controlled and modified by the intellectual power and volitional energy of man. And he is a philosopher of the first water ! A man who refuses to see traces of design, a judicious selection and employment of adequate means to bring about or compass important ends in the products of human arts, in an ordinary pen-knife, or spade, not to speak of a clock or a watch, will be simply regarded as a madman ; but a writer who refuses to see traces of design in the marvellous productions of nature is a philosopher ! Genius and madness are closely allied, indeed ! It is impossible patiently to argue with a man who gravely asserts that the ultimate powers of nature, acting of their own accord and without the evidence of intelligence and reason, have evolved this beautiful creation out of a few particles of matter, or one primordial form. When confronted by such a philosopher the best thing one can do is to repeat solemnly the wellknown words of Holy Writ—The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God !

In his denial of efficient and final causes Comte is an imitator, not an original thinker. Hume had with characteristic levity laughed at the one set, while several so called philosophers had laughed at the other set of causes long before he was born. But in his enunciation of his wellknown laws of progression and succession, he may justly claim the distinction and honor ascribed to original thought. His idea that the world has risen, gradually but slowly, from a state of savagery to a high stage of civilisation, is by no means original. The fri-

volous thinker and versatile writer, Jean Jacques Rousseau, had elaborated this idea into philosophical disquisitions and romantic fables. But his rigid application of it to the religious history of the world, and his bold indication of a definite line of ascent, are vagaries for which the world has to thank him, and not any one of his numerous prototypes. His philosophical accuracy becomes evident the moment we state and prove that this idea, however imposing at first sight it may be, is a figment of his head, not only unsupported by, but at war with, the facts of history. It can hardly be proved that even in general matters, in the secular concerns of life the world has been rising gradually but steadily, from the lowest stage of barbarism to the height of civilisation. But this law of progression is by no means applicable to particular nations and races, though with some reservation it may be applied to the general history of progress in the world at large. It can be easily proved that nations have deteriorated and retrograded, come down from a higher to a lower grade of civilisation, rather than ascended from a lower to a higher one. When Christopher Columbus discovered America, he found races, nations and tribes, which had come down from a high stage of advancement to a deplorable condition of backwardness and degradation.

But it may be said that these peoples were then passing through a cycle of retrogression fitted to lift them up to a degree of civilisation higher than that to which they had previously attained. But they never rose from the state of degradation in which the great geographical explorer found them. Their subsequent history was sad indeed. They had passed through the period of youth and progress and that of maturity and glory, and had reached the age, so to speak, of senility and dotage; and instead of recovering their former glory, they simply pined away and died. These remarks are applicable almost in all their entirety to the vigorous peoples who occupied the picturesque regions of ancient Greece and Italy and to the hoary races of modern Asia. Their history is a history of deterioration; of retrogression from a higher to a lower stage of civilization. Many of

these peoples are evidently in a state of decrepitude, and are passing through their present cycle of deterioration to the grave, rather than to a degree of civilisation loftier than that from which they have fallen. So that Comte's law of progression is, even in the secular concerns of life, more in contradiction than in harmony with the facts of history, or which he, pompously calls "Sociology."

But Comte's law of progression, even if applicable to the development of the world in its secular concerns, is in antagonism with ascertained facts as soon as it is applied to its religious history. The religious history of the world does not indicate a gradual ascent from the lowest forms of fetichism to the glorious non-recognition of spiritual truths embodied in Positivism. All the facts we are in possession of prove the very antipodes of what is assumed in Comte's law of progression. The nations of the world were at first *monotheistic* in their belief and they have gradually been brought down by a moral gravitation, which it is the height of unphilosophical rashness and contemptible frivolity to ignore, from a higher to a lower level of faith and practice. Instead of rising from fetichism to monotheism, they have, as a matter of fact, come down from monotheism to fetichism. And the gradations of this descent may be easily indicated. From monotheism they descended to that species of nature-worship which is inculcated in the Rig Veda; and from nature-worship, the worship of the energies and powers of nature, they came down to that of heroes, legislators and sages. From man-worship it did not take the world long to come down to the worship of effigies and idols, representing great historical characters or great sociological principles. Then came the worship of demons, ghosts, ravenous animals, venomous reptiles, till nothing was considered too mean to be an object of faith in its subjective forms of doctrinal belief and in its objective phases of devotional enthusiasm. The gradation pointed out may not all be susceptible of documentary proof; but that there has been a descent from monotheism of the purest type to fetichism of the grossest character is a fact which no man with a little insight into the

history and traditions of the various nations of the world can possibly contradict. But in the teeth of indisputable and incontrovertible facts, we have Comte's assurance, that the nations of the world ascended from grovelling types of fetish worship to the sublimest forms of monotheism in days gone by; and that in these days of rampant philosophy the theological state, with its successor the metaphysical stage, is in full retreat before the impetuous march and magnificent triumphs of Positivism. Such was the cherished conviction of a confirmed smoker who under the fumes of Indian hemp thought that the whole world had been placed underneath his feet!

But we now come to Comte's famous law of succession, the law which is destined to carry down his fame to ages and generations yet unborn. In the enunciation and elaboration of this law he is original, indeed! In his denial of efficient causes and the First Cause, as well as in his antagonism to the doctrine of final causes, he simply walked in the footsteps of erratic philosophers who had lived and died before his birth. And in his enunciation of his law of progress also, he was a follower, all things considered, of an erratic thinker belonging to his own nation, who had flourished not long before his day and generation. But the law of succession referred to is his, and he could with honest pride say in the words of the Great Napoleon,—I go down to posterity with this code in my hand! Now, what is this famous law? The world has passed, says Comte, though three different stages of development, the mythological, the metaphysical and the positive. When nations were passing through a state of infancy, they readily resorted to mythological explanations to account for the changes they noticed in material phenomena. If it rained amid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, the mythical imagination of ignorant savages invented the story of a God, seated in the midst of the air, sending down flashes of anger, roars of displeasure and tears of sorrow. If an impetuous, rushing flood overflowed a number of villages and towns, sweeping every vestige of human industry before it, a river-god was immediately manufactured to account for the

desolation realized. If a famine wasted a province or a pestilence decimated a town, a god of agriculture or a demon of disease was invented and canonized to explain the work of destruction effected. In this way, a body of mythology of luxuriant growth and fantastic character was elaborated, and every observed phenomenon was traced to the action of some deity or demon called into existence by the mythical spirit of savage times. Such was the origin of the mythological stage, which ought to be subdivided into three stages, the fetish, the polytheistic and the monotheistic. But though the explanations of natural phenomena resorted to in the mythological period were satisfactory to savages, they failed to satisfy men somewhat advanced in civilization; and so when the wildness of savage state gave place to the improvements incident to the incipient stages of civilization, the mythological period was superseded by the metaphysical age; and the innumerable gods feared and worshipped shrank into occult causes and unseen forces. A vast magazine of forces was discovered behind the veil of cognizable phenomena, and much abstruse reasoning was wasted in vain endeavours to set forth their nature and connection. But such vain speculation was destined to come to an end; and so in the fulness of time Auguste Comte made his appearance to liberate the world from the thralldom of an age of idle beliefs in occult powers and unseen causes. And we have the privilege of living in the millennium ushered in by this stupendous genius. We have thrust God out of our range of thought, cast metaphysical forces overboard, and content ourselves with a simple registration of the phenomena, of which we can take cognizance by means of our senses. Our forefathers foolishly thought that they were better than the brute that perisheth, that they had minds which penetrated into a sphere of knowledge beyond the ken of the senses we have in common with the lower animals, and that they had a moral nature which assimilated them to God. But Comte has opened our eyes, and we now believe that we are brutes, incapable of knowing anything beyond the range of cognizable phenomena!



But the reader will very likely ask—where has this law of succession been realized? That it has not been realized in this world its history loudly and peremptorily proclaims. These three stages have from the very beginning co-existed, rather than succeeded one another with the regularity of a law of nature. When the world passed through its stage of infancy, there were multitudes who believed in the fundamental truths of theology, a few who philosophised on the occult forces of nature, and a handful of erratic thinkers who voluntarily brutalized themselves by confining their knowledge to the narrow sphere of cognizable phenomena. And to-day, when the nineteenth century is hastening towards its grave, there are races, nations, languages, and tongues bearing the stamp of a theological age; large numbers of thinkers engaged in speculating on the nature, mutual connection and mutual dependence of the unseen laws of nature; and a handful of erratic thinkers, who proscribe metaphysics and theology, and represent the knowledge conveyed through the avenues of the senses as the only legitimate sphere of scientific investigation. What proofs has Comte furnished in support of the fact that his law of succession has actually been realized in the world? He has only examined, and that with a foregone conclusion in his head, the history of two or three of the great nations of the world;—he has only examined the history of the Greeks, the Romans, and one or two nations more. But granting that these nations have passed through the gradations he indicates,—a fact which can not possibly be proved—what conceivable right has he to assume that the whole world has passed through them? But he not only maintains that the world has moved on in obedience to his law of succession, but he peremptorily affirms that every nation has passed through his three stages of development. Nay, he goes much further—he indicates a descending climax and states that every man passes through the stages which indicate the gradual development of the whole world, and every nation or people therein. Every man believes in theology in childhood, in metaphysics in youth, and in Positivism in old age! The bare statement of these positions is their sufficient refutation. The man

who can dream of such a law of progression as having been realized in this world, is the worthy brother of our ancient geographers who dreamed of oceans of milk and oceans of curd in the solitude of their smoking chambers.

Again Comte falls into a gross mistake when he affirms, that man in his savage state resorted to theology only to explain the phenomena of nature, and the ceaseless changes and transformations associated with them. The truth, however, is, that man in all times and under all circumstances, looks up to God, not to explain material changes, but to satisfy the longings of his everlasting soul. Man feels the truth and force of the well-known saying of Pascal—"The human soul is made for God, and nothing can satisfy it but God." He finds that the blessings of life, the wealth which may be poured in rich abundance upon his lap, the crown of glory which may be placed upon his head, the variety of pleasures, more or less refined, that may be scattered in the path he treads, cannot meet and satisfy the highest necessities, the deepest longings and the noblest yearnings of his spiritual nature. He finds that nothing that this world can afford can fill up the awful void within him, and he looks up to God as well for the happiness to which he finds himself a stranger as for the help without which he cannot possibly get on. But Comte, and writers of his stamp, find it convenient to ignore our moral nature and its irrepressible instincts. In their opinion we are descendants of monkeys, and we did not possess any instincts higher than what these our ancestors of blessed memory possessed! We see as they saw, hear as they heard, smell as they smelt, taste as they tasted, and feel as they felt. But in one respect they were better than we are: when they were afraid they took shelter in a place of refuge, whereas when we are afraid we are led by a childish superstition to call upon the Name of the Lord God of the Heavens and the Earth! Such is Comtism as a philosophy! There is a current joke among Bengalis which is properly speaking untranslatable, but which may be rendered thus.—Persons speak lies now and then, but my good brother is never guilty of speaking a single truth!

Human systems of philosophy cannot but be disfigured by errors, but here is a system which cannot boast of a single truth to relieve it, it is a tissue of unmitigated error. It is associated with a religion even more apparently absurd, but of this we shall take notice in a future number of the Magazine. Let it suffice for the present to remark that this philosophy, miscalled *positive*,—it being a system of negations or what is pompously called *nescience*—is one of the greatest absurdities of this boasted age, and that with all the improvements it has been blessed with at the hands of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer it may justly be characterized as a system out of place anywhere but in the Paradise of Fools !

---

# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

---

MAY, 1878.

---

## IS ANY CHANGE IN PROGRESS IN THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF HINDU SOCIETY ?

It is a common complaint with a class of writers both in this country and in England, that though English Rule has been established in India, for more than a hundred years, and the machinery of education has been at work during nearly the whole of that period, no material change can be discovered in the Hindu's phases of religious thought. Missionaries have worked hard, it is said, but they have produced nothing. It has all been labour thrown away. Statistics have been produced to rebut such assertions. There were so many Christians, thirty,—so many, twenty,—so many ten years ago,—and now there are so many. Idle arguments, replies this unconvinced and sceptical class. Every body knows how these Christians increase year by year. There is a famine, and the orphans are made over to the care of the missionaries. Or if not a famine, there is a pestilence. What are *Dal-bhut* Christians worth? No, no. The Ethiop cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots. Neither the missionaries, nor the Government Education Department have been able to do more than put on a whitewash. The tone of religious thought in this country is just what it was at the commencement of British rule, with barely this difference that there are a few more atheists. A native learns like a parrot at school a few English books, goes home and puts them on his shelf, and remains exactly what he was, or is found a little worse.

Is this true? And if it is not, how is the negative to be proved? Statistics evidently will not do. Yes, your figures are good, but we know their real value. A hundred or a thousand Christians more make no difference, when we know that they have changed their religion for bread.

It occurs to us that the proper way of meeting such antagonists is to throw general statistics overboard altogether, to descend into details, and to trace the changes that have come over the leading families in our principal towns. We shall try to do this for Calcutta. Some of our contemporaries hereafter in other place, may do as much for other great centres,—for Madras, Bombay, Delhi, or Lahore.

Forty years ago, who were the leading natives of Calcutta? Let us take half a dozen of the foremost. Few will dispute that these were 1st. Dwarka Nauth Tagore, member of the firm of Carr, Tagore and Co., 2nd. Prosono Coomar Tagore his cousin, Zemindar; 3rd. Russomoy Dutt, Banian to Messrs. Cruttenden Mackillop and Co., afterwards Judge of the Calcutta Court of Requests; 4th. Ram Comul Sen, Dewan of the Government Mint and afterwards Dewan of the Bank of Bengal; 5th. Raja Radha Cant Dev, President of the Dharma Sabha; 6th. A younger man than these who have been named, but one who was rapidly rising to fame and opulence, and who soon became their equal in every respect, Ram Gopal Ghose of the firm of Messrs. Kelsall and Ghose. All these were men of great wealth and great influence amongst their countrymen. And yet there was one great difference even amongst them, which divided them into two classes, and which we mention to show that our examples are taken not from one type, but indiscriminately. The difference was this. While all the six were equally zealous for native education, equally prominent in every public movement for the good of the nation, equally trusted by the officers at the head of the Government, three only ate and drank with Europeans, and so *sub rosa* broke the rules of caste; while the other three remained orthodox Hindus in their habits. It is needless to add that all the six have long been gathered to their fathers. They

are gone;—but what of their families and descendants? Do they follow in the steps of their fathers or have they made any advance? Are they all Hindus ostensibly? Have they poojahs in their houses as in the olden time? This is what we shall see.

Dwarkanauth had<sup>d</sup> four sons, of whom three were living, when he died. One only survives now, the eldest, Baboo Debendro Nauth Tagore; but there are numerous grandsons. And what is Baboo Debendro Nauth Tagore? He is the unquestioned head of the Adi Brahmo Somaj. Idolatry is an abomination to him. He resides in some place in Beerbhoom,—not in a city or village, but in the midst of an open plain,—far from all human abode in a house which may be said to be completely isolated from the world. He keeps cows, and the milk they supply is said to be his principal sustenance. He lives like a Rishi of the Shasters. Of his sons, one is in the civil service, a judge in Bombay, another is the amiable Baboo Dijendro Nauth Tagore, one of the best Bengali writers of the day. All the family are Brahmos connected with the Adi Somaj.

Prosono Coomar Tagore left one son Baboo Ganendro Mohun Tagore, the first native barrister. He is a Christian, beloved by all who know him, and resides in England.

Russomoy Dutt left five sons. Two are dead. The remaining three are all Christians. One of them, Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, resided for several years in Europe. The lamented Miss Toru Dutt, whose poems drew forth such high praise from critics in France and England, and such distinguished approbation from the Viceroy, was a daughter of Govin Chunder, and therefore a grand-daughter of Russomoy Dutt.

Ram Comul Sen's two eldest sons succeeded their father in his employments. Baboo Horee Mohun Sen was Dewan of the Bank of Bengal and Baboo Peary Mohun Sen was Dewan of the Mint. Both are dead. A son of the latter is the distinguished Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, a man of great eloquence, and the head of the Reformed Brahmo Somaj. The recent marriage of Keshub's daughter to the young Rajah of Cooch Behar, has imperilled his popularity with the advanced members of the

Reformed Somaj, but there is no question that Keshub has commanding talents, and the feeling against him is not unlikely to pass away. Perhaps no Hindu's name is better known in Europe than his. All the members of the family, with perhaps one or two minor exceptions, belong to the Reformed Somaj. It is the family of Baboo Ram Comul Sen that started and now conduct the *Indian Mirror* newspaper.

Sir Rajah Radha Cant Dev, the venerable author of the *Sabda Kalpa Druma*, left three sons. Two are dead; one is living Rajendro Narain Dev. He is a strict Hindu;—perhaps even more orthodox than his father. He presides over all caste questions, and guides the Koolo Rokhini and other Sabhas of the same type and character.

Ramgopaul Ghose, who made himself very popular with the orthodox class by his speech on the Burning-Ghat question, in the administration of Sir Cecil Beadon, and so atoned for his previous neglect of the caste-rules in their eyes, left no male issue.

The first four of these gentlemen, Dwarka Nauth Tagore, Prosono Coomar Tagore, Russomoy Dutt and Ram Comul Sen, were united in the closest bonds of friendship, which death only cut asunder. Their views and aims on all the great political questions of the day, were identical. They were all managers of the old Hindoo College which turned out so many distinguished scholars. Rajah Radha Cant Dev kept somewhat aloof from them. He looked upon them as over-liberal. Ram Gopaul Ghose was a much younger man and moved in a different circle.

Now, what is the conclusion to be drawn from these facts? Of the six most prominent families of Calcutta, two have become entirely Brahmos, two have become entirely Christians, one has remained staunch Hindu, and one has left no male issue. Talk after this, of no change being visible in the religious aspect of Hindu society!

## A TALE OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN BENGAL.

### CHAPTER VI.

After Nandalal had provided for the management of his property by making the arrangements detailed in the preceding chapter, he was quite prepared to accompany his friend Revd. Mr. Ganguly on the preaching tour which had been discussed and planned by them. And every thing being ready, he solicited and was glad to obtain permission to defray all the expenses of the tour. Ganguly was glad that Nandalal had been led to take so much interest in a holy cause as to show expressions of sincere joy on being allowed to bear the expenses of it.

Ganguly took with him two of his assistants, and they all went in a commodious boat up the Bhagirathi, Churni and Jellinghi. They stopped at all the principal places on the banks of those rivers, and some times walked a few miles into the interior and preached the gospel of Christ in all the bazars and other places of public resort, and distributed numbers of Christian books and tracts amongst the people who collected to hear them. In almost all the bazars they visited, the grocery shop keepers were the most solicitous to obtain the books and tracts, evidently for the purpose of using the papers in making packages for their customers, for though many of them could hardly read yet they appeared very solicitous to have the books. At first Ganguly and his companions had been facile tempered enough to satisfy their demands for books indiscriminately, but gradually they became more cautious in their distribution of the books, and absolutely refused to give a book to any one who could not read it in a decent way.

In almost all places they went to, the lettered and respectable few, if they happened to encounter the Christians, looked on them with supreme contempt, and cared not to stop and listen to what they had to say; while the young and flippant abused them with all the vile epithets they knew or could invent. In a few places only their presence was barely tolerated, and in no place they



found a welcome, although they went with the best of motives, and caused no inconvenience or harm to any one.

When at Nabadwip or Nuddea, the famous seat of Sanskrit learning, the Christians took it into their heads to visit some of the celebrated *toles* of the place. The first they visited belonged to the greatest Pundit of the town. They found the big man seated on the bare ground in the small yard of a *chundimandap*, undergoing the process of being shaved by a barber. There were also about a dozen of the Pundit's scholars, the youngest of whom could hardly be less than 30 years of age. They were in the yard sitting or standing in groups or singly. Some were reading manuscript Sanskrit works, the Pundits for some unaccountable reason not being fond of printed books. Some were chatting and laughing, while others were engaged in morning ablutions. On two sides of the yard there were two ranges of wretched-looking sheds, worse than the ordinary cattle sheds of an ordinary cultivator's house, intended for the accommodation of the pupils, the embryo Pundits, of the great school of Nuddea. On the appearance of the four Christians before the great leviathan of Sanskrit lore, the latter asked them who they were and what was their object in coming to him. Ganguly somewhat disappointed at the man's unceremonious rudeness of speech replied, "We are Christians and having heard of your great name and fame, and being at Nabadwip we thought we might give ourselves the pleasure of visiting you." The learned man in asking them to sit down, recited or rather indited a Sanskrit stanza to the effect that as the man they came to visit had his seat on the bare ground, he could not be blamed if he invited them to the same seat. The Christians, though they felt it repugnant to their feelings to sit down on the bare ground and soil their clothes thereby, submitted to circumstances, and sitting down on the bare ground waited to see if they could possibly conciliate the proud and bigoted Pundits so as to induce them to listen to the message of salvation they came to publish. Immediately after the Christians had taken their seats, lubberly students of the *tole* (such a place of learning is called a *tole* in

Bengal) came up and almost surrounded them, not so much to listen to what they had to say, as to profit by the words of wisdom which might proceed from the mouth of their great teacher in his conversation with the strangers. The only good quality which the students of the *tote* seemed to possess, was an unqualified admiration for every sentiment proceeding from their teacher. But this they found it their interest to do, as they were fed and clothed, and taught by their *Bhattacharjee Mahasoy* as they called him.

The Revd. Mr. Ganguly asked the great Pundit what he thought of Christianity, and added "you are a man of vast erudition, and have, no doubt, acquainted yourself with the doctrines of our faith."

The Pundit, flattered by what the Christian missionary said about his learning, assumed a proud look and said, "I have never studied the Christian shaster, nor do I find any necessity to acquaint myself with the doctrines of an alien faith. For every nation has its own religious creed ordained by God, and it is in my opinion, sinful in a man to forsake the religion which God intended for him, and to embrace the faith of another nation." This remark he interlarded with many a Sanskrit couplet and epigram, for the special behoof of his gaping pupils as well as for the purpose of showing off to the Christians, with a view to their confusion, his rich stores of Sanskrit lore.

Immediately after delivering his wonderful religious opinion the great Pundit got up amidst the loud plaudits of his scholars, the barber having by that time finished shaving his face and head. It may be stated here for the information of those who may be ignorant of the fact that an orthodox Pundit is never seen to wear a beard or a moustache or hair on the head except a circular part about the crown, whence dangles a long tuft with a knot at its end. The Pundit evidently not wishing to suffer the slightest inconvenience for the Christians, said to them "I must now be after my morning avocations. If you like to stop and talk with my pupils a little you may do so. But as you are unacquainted, it seems, with Sanskrit learning, it would be a

mere waste of time on their part to hold prolonged intercourse with you. We may spend a short time to talk with a Christian like Krishna Mohun Banergea who is reported to be a decent Sanskrit Scholar"—saying this, the Pundit went away to the inner apartment of his house. The students of the *tole*, immediately after the departure of their Bhattacharjea, were addressed a few words by Jadunath Ganguly on the life and death of Christ and the work accomplished by Christ for the salvation of mankind. At first they quietly listened to what was spoken by the missionary. But soon it seemed that the demon of disputation possessed them, and they created such an uproar, every one wishing to show off his logical attainments at the same time, that the Christians thought it was useless for them to stop any longer among the pedantic barbarians. So after distributing a few Gospels and Tracts amongst them, and entreating them to read them attentively, the Christians left the place. They had not proceeded far when one of the *tole* pupils ran out of the house in a fury, and commenced abusing the poor Christians in the vilest terms. Others of his fellow-students joined him in the pleasant pastime, and they tore and throw away on the road the books they had received. The Christians were perfectly dumbfounded at this outburst of Sanskrit civilization and Pundit good manners. They gave up the idea of visiting any more of the *toles*. One Pundit, however, and his pupils, witnessing the disgraceful conduct of the pupils of the first *tole* in Bengal, and thinking perhaps that it would bring a lasting discredit on all the *toles* of Nuddea, came forward and politely asked the Christians to visit their *tole*. The treatment which they met in the second place of learning was, as might be expected, far different from what they had experienced in the first. But notwithstanding this, the Christians thought it advisable not to spend time in visiting any more of the Nuddea *toles*.

Two days afterwards they stopped their boat in the evening at a village or town, which was the seat of a rich family of Zemindars. As the Christians had heard much of those Zemindars, they went to the house of one of them. There were two

brothers in the house. The elder was sitting in a chair in a dingy room, with a mass of papers spread before him, on a large table. The visitors being announced to him, he said he had no time to receive them, and wished them to be taken to his younger brother. On being brought to the latter's sitting room, they found a man-monster squatting on a bed spread on the floor and leaning on a huge pillow, which was kept stationary by a carved wooden railing placed behind it, while a band of parasites squatted on a carpet in a semicircle in front of their patron. We have called the latter a man-monster because it was hardly possible to conceive of a more corpulent and unwieldy specimen of humanity. He could hardly move himself. His mental development, as it soon appeared to the Christians, had been in the inverse ratio to his bodily growth. Seeing the respectably dressed Christians he asked them to sit down on the carpet, himself with difficulty sitting up erect. After the Christians had explained to him the object of their visit, he expressed his inability to hold any religious conversation with them, naively adding that he was an uneducated man. He therefore sent for the priest of the house to come and talk with the Christians in his presence. The priest appeared to be a man of general information, and of some learning. He was besides a voluble talker. He was very much pleased to have an opportunity of showing off his peculiar talents in the presence of his rich employer, and was therefore inwardly thankful to the Christians for their visit. He discussed glibly with Revd. Mr. Ganguly for upwards of two hours on religion, sin and salvation, to the no small amusement of the Baboo and his flatterers and many others who had come expecting to see some fun enacted by the Christians, whom they at first had considered to be caterers of some amusement. After the interesting discussion the Christians distributed some books amongst the assembled people and took their departure.

A few days afterwards the Revd. Jadunath Ganguly and his companions had an opportunity of visiting a Native Christian village in the district of Nuddea. There was a European Missionary stationed there. He received the visitors very kindly having

been previously well acquainted with the Revd. Mr. Ganguly. And it being a Sunday he availed himself of Ganguly's presence and asked him to conduct the afternoon service in the village Chapel. After service, and while he was talking with his visitors in his study, the European Missionary remarked, "It is a fact that the Bengalis cannot pronounce aright some of the letters of their own language. For instance in my opinion the letter প should be pronounced as ব, and *vice versa*. "Such a remark from a foreigner," said Nandalal, "seems very strange to me. I now understand the meaning of some of the native caricatures of the Bengali preachings of European missionaries. One of the most ordinary caricatures is বাপ ত্যাগ কর আনুতে এসো (forsake father and come to potatoes)."

This was very distasteful to the self-sufficient European missionary, and he frowned on Nandalal. And a few minutes after he bade good bye to his visitors, who then took a stroll through the village, the sirkars of the Padri Saheb, as the catechists and teachers under him were called, accompanying them. The sirkars complained much of their hard lot and of the tyrannical conduct of their Padre Saheb. They said that the Saheb treated them and their fellow Christians worse than his menial servants, and often for slight faults or even imagined faults flogged them and their females also. Ganguly and his friends were horrified to hear such accounts of a Christian missionary.

They had opportunities of visiting two other Native Christian villages. One was under the superintendence of a Native missionary and minister, who appeared to the tourists, from the little that they saw and heard of him and his doings, to be a vain, self-seeking, and luxurious man, caring little for the flock placed under him. The other was under the superintendence of an old benevolent European missionary, who was looked up to as a father by all the Christians under him, and who exemplified all the Christian graces in his life and conversation. No one was hardy enough, it seemed, to offend in any way such an humble, benevolent old man.

As the Revd. Jadunath and his companions finished their

river tour sooner than they had expected, they undertook a journey on land towards Burdwan.

As it was a pleasant season and they could easily accommodate themselves to the habits of the people with whom they mixed. They experienced great pleasure in their wanderings, notwithstanding the many unavoidable inconveniences of a way-faring life. Wherever they found a group of villages they pitched their small tent, and spent two or three days in visiting and preaching in those villages.

When they had gone half way to Burdwan, Nandalal fell ill. He had an attack of cholera. This circumstance put a stop to their further progress. With great difficulty Ganguly got two *palkis* and some bearers to bring Nandalal and himself to his house. Reaching home he immediately procured the best medical aid available there, for his friend. But Nandalal's illness had taken an alarming turn, and no medicine produced any good effect on him. The next day to the infinite grief of all his Christian friends, Nandalal breathed his last. Ganguly and his wife mourned as if they had lost their first-born. The intelligence of the mournful event reached Nilkanta and Ananda Mohan, and they came to Gunguly's house, and were deeply moved at seeing the corpse of their benefactor. They shed tears of sincere grief.

It is needless to say that Nandalal's uncles felt sincerely rejoiced at his untimely end. With alacrity and indecent haste they went and took possession of all that the young man had owned in his life time. Mysterious are the doings of God! the good, the noble, the very jewels of humanity, pass off to death and oblivion, while the wicked and worthless, who bring disgrace and reproach on all that is called human, are allowed to triumph and flourish in the world.

---

## THE RIVAL-CITIES OF ASSYRIA.

Babylon and Nineveh, the rival-cities of Assyria, are usually regarded as having been the first settlements of the human

race, and may therefore be noticed by us before all others. According to the Bible the first generation of men after the deluge travelled from the foot of the Ararat, where the ark had rested, and settled in Shinár, where they attempted to build a city, and a tower the top of which was to have reached unto heaven. This was defeated by the tower being overthrown by a hurricane and the language of the builders being confounded; after which Nimrod acquired possession of the country and began to colonise it. The beginning of Nimrod's kingdom was "Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calnáh, in the land of Shinár," after which he went forth from the land of Shinár and founded Nineveh. Nineveh was therefore contemporaneous with Babylon, and built and inhabited by the same race that had settled in that city; but at this time they both ranked below the other cities founded by Nimrod, Erech taking the lead.

Babylon was founded somewhere in B. C. 2,300, or about seventeen hundred years after the creation of the world; but it had no great development till the era of Semiramis, some three or four hundred years later. The original object of Nimrod was only to find fixed abodes for the nomads who followed him, and to establish political society among them; and according to oriental tradition he was the first to wear a kingly crown. But he did not do more for Babylon than he did for the other cities he initiated, and after his death the attention of his son, Ninus, seems to have been wholly diverted to the aggrandizement of Nineveh. It was Semiramis who, after the death of Ninus, removed the seat of government to Babylon, and made it a great city; so that in one sense Nineveh was older than Babylon though founded after it, for the traditional reign of Ninus, who built Nineveh, preceded that of his widow Semiramis. It may be that Ninus and Semiramis, if there were real sovereigns bearing such names,\* had one object in common between them, namely, the erection of two capitals for As-

---

\* The inscriptions found at Nineveh speak of several queens bearing the name of Semiramis, or Samáraymat, which seems to have been a common name in the country.

syria, one for the flat country and the other for that which was more mountainous, into which the Assyrian empire was naturally divided.

The era of Babylonian greatness extended almost from the foundation of the city to its conquest by Cyrus, in B. C. 536, and may be subdivided into three distinct periods, namely, the reigns of Semiramis, Nebuchadnezzar, and Nitocris, the wife of Evil-Merodach. Modern research has supplied us with some intermediate names, such as those of Urukh and Igli, the first of whom especially has the reputation of having been a great architect; but readers in general still prefer to stick to the old names with which they have hitherto been familiar. The era of Semiramis is hazy, though probably not altogether mythical, and a great many things are attributed to her which she could not possibly have accomplished. All the great works of the first period are associated with her name, principally because the names of their actual authors are not distinctly known to us, and also on account of the halo that surrounds the memory of a queen whom the ancient writers describe as having been one of the greatest, if not the very greatest benefactor that Babylon ever had. Besides the removal of the seat of government to it, which contributed most to its aggrandizement, Semiramis has the reputation of having erected the outer walls of the city, built two palaces which graced the two banks of the Euphrates, connected them externally by a bridge and subterraneously by a tunnel, raised mounds and embankments for the protection of the place from inundations, and laid the foundation of the temple of Belus or Bel. A great many centuries after her Nebuchadnezzar, whose era is not fabulous, is said to have added a new palace to the city, erected the hanging-gardens which, Quintus Curtius says, presented at a distance the appearance of a forest growing on its native mountains, raised a three-fold wall round the inner town, and completed the towers of Bel and Nebo which had remained unfinished from the earliest times. After him again, Nitocris has the credit of having founded all the hydraulic works of the city, which included the excavation of



artificial canals and a lake, the raising of higher embankments than Semiramis had given to the river-banks, and the lining of the banks with brick.

A very minute description of the city as it existed in its glory is given by the ancient writers, especially by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus. All these accounts are believed to be more or less exaggerated; but, after reducing the exaggerations to an ascertained measure, the substratum that remains still gives us a most marvellous story. The city stood on a large and fertile plain, and was fourteen miles long and fourteen broad, that is, a perfect square in shape, having an area of 196 square miles. The walls were 85 feet thick and 300 high, and were surrounded by a deep trench full of water. They were pierced by one hundred gates, all made of brass, with brazen posts and lintels; and at intervals between the gates were towers, some two hundred and fifty in number, which were ten feet higher than the walls. The number of streets was fifty, each 150 feet wide, of which twenty-five went one way and twenty-five the other, crossing each other at right-angles and terminating on both sides at the gates. Besides these there were four half-streets, that is, having houses on one side only and the city-walls on the other, and these were 200 feet wide. The crossings of the streets divided the city into 676 squares, all of which were of equal size. These squares had houses opening on the streets; but the houses were not contiguous, besides which the space in the middle of each square was vacant, that is, occupied as yards, gardens, and cultivation-patches. The city was therefore in reality not so extensive as in appearance, more than three-fourths of it (or nine-tenths, as Quintus Curtius makes out) being virtually unoccupied. It was equally divided by the Euphrates, which ran right through it from north to south, and which in its turn was, as we have said, crossed by a bridge above and a tunnel below; and the banks of the river were lined with quays, which were pierced with gates answering to the streets that led to them.

Gibbon, after reducing the exaggerations of the ancient

writers, allowed to the city a circumference of about 25 to 30 miles; and it could not well have been smaller if there be any truth in Xenophon's statement, that when Cyrus took it the inhabitants of one side of the town were not aware of the circumstance till three hours after the occupation of the other. Exception has also been taken to the size of the city-walls, and the height assigned certainly does read as incredible; but considering that a portion of the old ramparts of Nineveh have been mistaken for a ridge of hills, and seeing what the Great Wall of China is at this moment, we still hesitate to pronounce the account given of the walls by the ancients to be altogether untruthful, or even fabulously extravagant. Their thickness is thus accounted for: they were built of mud encased in brick, and any thickness could of course be obtained in this way by rulers having a large command of labour. That they were held to be impregnable is sufficiently proved by the historical facts (if they are such) that Cyrus was only able to enter the city by drawing off the waters of the Euphrates and passing over the shallow bed of the river to the unguarded quays, and that Darius, having been repelled from the walls, demolished them in his anger after having taken the city by an artifice.

Herodotus speaks only of one palace in Babylon, from which it may be inferred that in his day the old palaces of Semiramis had gone into decay. The palace on the eastern side of the river after having fallen down appears to have been reconstructed by Nabopolassar, and then extended by Nebuchadnezzar; but that on the western side was probably never rebuilt. It is said of the principal palace of Semiramis that it was beautifully ornamented with a mixture of painting and sculpture representing men and animals and hunting scenes, in one of which the queen was exhibited on horseback throwing a javelin at a panther, and in another Ninus slaying a lion; and the existence of some bronze statues in it is also referred to. The palace of Nebuchadnezzar must have been at least as well decorated; and, we read, that even the outer walls which surrounded it had hunting scenes painted on the bricks, and an infinite

variety of sculptures representing all kinds of animals to the life. In general terms Berosus describes this palace as having been remarkable both for its height and splendour; and, if the private houses of the city were three and four storied, as Herodotus mentions, it is not likely that the palaces should have been less imposing.

The hanging-gardens were attached to Nebuchadnezzar's palace, and enclosed a square of 400 Greek feet, and were carried up aloft into the air by terraces one above another, till the height equalled that of the city walls. The entire pile was supported on arches, the construction of which was apparently well-understood, and it was strengthened by a thick wall which surrounded it on every side. The top of the arches was overlaid with flat stones, over which was a layer of reeds mixed with bitumen, and over that again two rows of bricks cemented with plaster. The whole was finally covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which the mould of the garden was spread out: and to water the garden there was an apparatus on the topmost terrace for raising water from the Euphrates by means of an Archimedean screw, the principle of which must necessarily have been known.

Alongside of one of the palaces, it is not clearly stated which, stood the tower of Bel, the most remarkable edifice in the city. Its height is not very precisely known. Herodotus does not mention it; Diodorus speaks of it in general terms, saying that it surpassed all belief; Strabo only gives the measure at one stadium, which answers to about 606 feet; the height of the largest pyramid at Gizeh being only 480 (now 450) feet. The base of the building was a square, on which foundation the tower was raised in eight square stages, one above another, each receding gradually towards the top, the ascent to it being by steps on the outside. On the summit was a large temple and an observatory, the former dedicated to Bel, under which name Nimrod is said to have been worshipped, while the latter was used for watching the stars, for which study the Chaldeans were so famous. We need not trouble ourselves to decide

whether this was or was not the original tower which was thrown down by a hurricane. It is now generally accepted that it was not; that Semiramis commenced this tower on an entirely different site, to commemorate the greatness of her father-in-law. There was another temple at Borsippá, in the suburbs of Babylon, which was built exactly on the same plan as that of Bel, though it was not equally high. It was raised in seven parts instead of eight, and had the reputation of having been completed by Nebuchadnezzar for the worship of Nebo, each part of it being also severally dedicated to the seven spheres, namely, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon, and painted black, orange, red, yellow, green, blue, and white respectively. This edifice is identified with the tower originally erected by Etanna, namely, that which was overthrown, and which lay an untouched ruin for many centuries. Of both these buildings the four corners, not the sides, exactly corresponded with the cardinal points which appears to have been the characteristic of all temples in Chaldea. The inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar speak of many other temples in the city, but the above two appear to have been the best known at all times.

Of the private houses in Babylon much is not mentioned, but it is believed that their number bore no proportion to the space enclosed by the city walls. We have already referred to the statement that many of them were three and four stories high, from which it may be concluded that the majority of them were one or two storied only. As a rule the ancient nations devoted their best energies on their public edifices, private convenience being less cared for, and perhaps less understood. Most of the private buildings were probably made of frail materials, such as reeds and clay, and the like; while even those that were more substantially built do not appear to have been designed to be indestructible.

Like the Nile, the Euphrates overflows its banks, and the best of all the sovereigns, Nitocris, was largely employed in preventing the city from being endangered by these inundations.

To this end two canals were cut at a considerable distance above the city, which turned off the waters of the river into the Tigris whenever their bulk was increased by the melting of snows on the mountains of Armenia. She also excavated a lake, which, Herodotus says, was forty miles square, probably by deepening one of the natural swamps caused by the overflowings of the Euphrates, and, with the earth dug out, she raised prodigious embankments on both sides of the river, commencing from the canals and extending beyond the limits of the city. To facilitate the construction of these works the course of the river was temporarily turned off into the lake, which enabled the queen to line the river-sides with brick, and to repair or reconstruct the old tunnel and the bridge which stood on stone piers fixed in the bed of the stream. She also lined the lake with stone and mortar, retaining it after the waters of the Euphrates were allowed to resume their natural course, both to prevent the river from being at any time uncontrollably obnoxious, and to make its excess water available for agricultural purposes throughout the year.

Such, in general terms, is the account which has come down to us of ancient Babylon; but we have no similar account of Nineveh, which had ceased to exist before the historic era. Nineveh was destroyed about a century and a half before the birth of Herodotus, and, when the father of history passed its site on his way to Babylon, he appears to have taken no notice of the ruins. The city was situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris, a little above the point where the Zab flows into that river, and has been described by Diodorus after Otesias as having been of an oblong form. Strabo says that it was larger than Babylon; and the length usually assigned to it is eighteen miles, and the breadth twelve, which gives an area of 216 square miles. The walls were 100 or 150 feet high, and so broad that three chariots might be driven together on them abreast; and on these walls were 1500 turrets, each of which was 200 feet high. Of the internal arrangements of the city no ancient accounts exist. It was appointed to be inhabited

by the richest Assyrians only, and by such foreigners as could keep up a suitable style of living, and was necessarily full of palaces and villas, the spaces between which were probably occupied by private houses. The most magnificent edifice in the city was a monument erected by Semiramis to the memory of Ninus, which remained a long time after the destruction of other buildings of the same date. The later monuments were erected by Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Sardanapalus, or Asoor-Bani-Pál, as the name is now read, and were yet to be seen above-ground in the time of Adrian.

In the earliest records of the human race the names of Babylon and Nineveh appear as those of the primal seats of political society and civilisation, and this reputation they retained for a long succession of ages; but the history of neither city is yet very well known to us. Founded by the same individual they became distinct after a few short reigns, were again united and again separated, and thus alternately separating and reuniting proceeded together almost upon the same line, the same events and the same obscurity being as it were common to both. At the time of Nimrod they both ranked below the other cities around them. We have seen that Nineveh was first aggrandized by Ninus, who made it the capital of the Assyrian empire, and that that arrangement was set aside almost immediately after by Semiramis, who transferred the seat of government to Babylon. The growth of Nineveh was then fostered by the kings who succeeded Semiramis, and, when Assyria Proper and Babylonia became two distinct provinces, Babylon was for a long time nothing more than a dependency of Nineveh. From the time of Tiglath Pileser I to the revolt of Nabopolassar, that is, from B. C. 1100 to 626, Babylon had no separate existence; but even when thus reduced it was always a dangerous dependency, and had several times to be severely visited for its revolts. On one of these occasions Sennacherib is said to have razed the city to its foundations; and Babylon of course repaid the compliment on Nineveh whenever it was able to do so. Nabopolassar founded the Chaldean empire in Babylon, after which he conducted the

last expedition against Nineveh in conjunction with Cyaxares, the Median, in B. C. 626, when the capital of Assyria Proper was destroyed, overwhelmed probably by a mighty conflagration that it might never rise again. Babylon in the time of Nebuchadnezzar was necessarily without a rival, its real greatness commencing after Nineveh had ceased to exist. It now became once more the seat of government and the centre of traffic, and continued to be so till the final destruction of the Assyrian empire by Cyrus, when, as the Bible expresses it, the hammer that had broken other nations was destroyed in its turn. Nineveh had been so ruined that it had ceased to be all but a name; but Cyrus did not demolish Babylon after the same fashion, though he is said to have put all the citizens found in the streets to the sword. The defences of the city were subsequently pulled down by Darius, who levelled its walls with the ground and carried off its gates; and after him Xerxes completed its ruin when, on returning from his Greek expedition, he availed himself of a revolt in Babylon to destroy the temple of Bel and other buildings, and plunder all the riches of the city to recoup himself for his expenses in Greece. After this, Babylon was converted into a royal park and the winter-residence of the kings of Persia, continuing to be a city of note to the time of Alexander the Great. Alexander found the temple of Bel a shapeless ruin, and intended to rebuild it; and he attempted other improvements also to repair the general condition of the city, in which he was anxious to fix the seat of his empire. The Euphrates always overflowed its banks, and it was only by confining the river that the Babylonians had been able to preserve their city. The Persians, on obtaining possession of it, had placed obstructions in the middle of the river to hinder its navigation. Alexander had these impediments removed, but, as he did not live to complete the works he designed, the city after his death fell into worse condition than it was in before, being again exposed to the inundations of the river. From this time it began to wear a deserted appearance, and Seleucus Nicator contributed to complete its ruin by building Seleucia in its neighbourhood, which not

only deprived it of its commercial importance but also of the best portion of its materials, with which the new city was built.

The ruins of Babylon stand near the town of Hilláh, and formed an unsolved problem for a long time. The ancient writers gave to the city the form of a square divided by the Euphrates into two parallelograms. Modern research also gives it the same form, but divided by the river into two triangles, the square, like the Chaldean temples, having its angles looking towards the chief points of the compass. The ruins on the eastern side are three mounds called Mujilibe or Mukalibe, Kasr, and Amram, the two latter enclosed within two lines of ramparts lying at right-angles to each other. The Mujilibe mound, which is the most extensive and north-most, is situated in a break in one of the ramparts, and consists entirely of sun-dried bricks and clay, of which the platforms of all the Babylonian buildings were made. Its name implies "turned topsy-turvy," and it is believed to represent the ruins of the temple of Bel. There are no traces of a tower in it at present, which is accounted for by the fact of Xerxes having broken down the tower, after which its ruins served for twenty centuries as a quarry to brick-hunters. The mound named Kasr is also extensive, and from some fragments of solid walls found in it and the superior quality of its materials generally, it is regarded as the site of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, which its name also seems to imply; besides which several bricks have been found in it with the name of Nebuchadnezzar engraved on them. All the temples and palaces of Babylon stood upon platforms made of crude bricks, and these form the bulk of the mounds to be seen; but neither the ground-plans nor elevations of the buildings can now be conjecturally given. The bricks composing the Kasr mound are fire-burnt and ornamented with inscriptions; and glazed and coloured tiles are also found in it in abundance. The fragments of walls here found are, some of them, provided with ornamented niches, while others are pilastered; and among the other relics pieces of alabaster vessels, fine earthen ware, and marbles, are frequently met with. The Amram mound is believed to represent the old palace of Semiramis, but the



ruins are so ancient that it is not possible from them to make out their original character. The other remains within the eastern triangle are scattered and irregular heaps, many in number, but not otherwise remarkable. The double line of ramparts enclosing the triangle does not seem to be very ancient, and is supposed to belong to the Parthian times. On the western side of the river traces of ruins exist; but the mounds though numerous, are less conspicuous than those on the eastern side, except the Birs Nimroud, the highest of all the mounds in Babylon, which is at a considerable distance from the other ruins. This mound has an elevation of 198 feet, and is surmounted by a broken tower rising out of a mass of rubbish, which is still about 37 feet high and 28 broad. It has been taken by many writers as the remains of the tower of Bel, and if it had been on the eastern side of the river there would perhaps have been no difference of opinion on the point. As it is, it is generally believed to represent the ruins of the temple which was dedicated to Nebo. All the mounds on both sides of the river are broken into deep-caverned ravines and long-winding furrows from the number of bricks taken away from them. For centuries the ruins have served as a quarry, out of which were built Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad, Kufa, Kerbelah, Hillah, and other towns. The richer relics of Babylon have thus come to be all but exhausted.

The ruins of Nineveh lie opposite to the modern city of Mosul. The site was discovered by Rich, a Political Agent of the East India Company at Bagdad, after which the remains of the city were disinterred by Botta and Layard, after having remained buried for above two thousand and four hundred years. The extent of Nineveh, as of Babylon, had long been disputed. The great mounds on the site now are Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, and these taken as the four corners of the city give just a circumference of sixty miles, which the ancients claimed for it. The largest of the mounds is that of Kouyunjik, and the next to it is Nimroud, the latter representing the original site where Ninus built his palace, which was subsequently rebuilt by Sardanapalus. All the mounds

have now been excavated, the palace of Sargon being discovered at Khorsábád, that of Sennacherib at Kouyunjik, and those of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus at Nimroud. The best appointed of these buildings is the palace of Sennacherib, which is also the largest, not being surpassed in extent by any building of the old world except the temple of Kárnak at Thebes. The next best palace is that of Sargon. All the palaces are distinguished by slabs of sculptured alabaster on their walls, and their general plan also is very similar, the main elements consisting of courts and large central halls, with a number of small apartments, never fewer than forty or fifty, grouped around them. The ground-plans of the buildings and about seventeen feet of their elevation are all that are to be seen at present ; they bear no traces on them either of windows or of any props to support a roofing. It is supposed that the apartments were lighted from above, as we find was the case in Egypt, or through the doors only, as are the modern houses at Bagdád and Mosul, in which for the sake of coolness the rooms are kept as dark as possible. No remains of roofing have been found, and it is necessarily a matter of opinion how the apartments were covered. Layard thinks that they had only a projecting ledge which afforded shelter and shade to a certain extent, while the centre was left open. It is difficult to understand this, as the pavement being made of sun-dried brick nothing would have prevented its being converted into mud if it had been left so exposed to the rains, even though they seldom came. The security of awnings has been suggested, but could never have been a permanent arrangement. The alternative suggestion is more reasonable, that many of the buildings were probably vaulted, while some of them may have had ceilings of fir and cedar transported from the forests of Hermon and Lebanon. The chambers are seen to have been long and narrow, and the walls made of sun-dried bricks with a panelling of sculptured slabs. The slabs were cut from eight to ten feet high, and from four to six feet wide ; but they did not go up the whole height of the walls, the upper part of which was built either of baked bricks richly ornamented, or of sun-dried bricks covered

with a coat of plaster, on which were painted figures and ornamental friezes of elegant designs.

All the buildings of Nineveh were of great extent and magnificence, and the heaps of brick and rubbish near them indicate that some of them at least may have been two storied, though no remains of a stair-case have anywhere been discovered. They were erected, like the Babylonian buildings, on artificial platforms, which still exist and, in fact, indicate where the palaces and castles stood. The fortifications around the palaces are also traceable in different directions, though no trace has been found of the walls 100 feet high which surrounded the whole city. The reason of this is easily understood, for the entire city of Mosul was built of materials excavated from the site of Nineveh, and the walls would be the first to be attacked for bricks. It is on this account too that the mounds nearest to Mosul have not been found on excavation to be so rich of materials as those which are more distant. Some travellers have noted that the Gebel Makloub mountains are of artificial construction and probably the remains of the old wall on the north-eastern side of the city. If this surmise be accurate, and there is hardly fair reason to suspect otherwise when we know that the mole of Tyre is artificial, we have in those mountains perhaps the very best evidence of the stupendous greatness of Babylon and Nineveh. No detached temples have been found in Nineveh as in Babylon, with the exception of one at Khorsábád, which seems to have been built of seven stages, and on the plan of the temple of Nebo, though it did not resemble it in height. As a rule the temples in Nineveh seem to have been merely appendages to the palace, at the corners of which several nondescript buildings are to be seen which are supposed to have been exclusively devoted to religion. Of private dwellings there are no vestiges at all. If made of undried bricks mixed with chopped straw, as is the practice in Assyria at this day, the materials once allowed to fall would naturally mingle with the soil and in a few years be undistinguishable from it; and the plough of the husbandman does frequently turn up frag-

ments of such materials in the neighbourhood of the mounds.

Both Babylon and Nineveh were well-fitted by their position to be the first seats of empire and civilisation, and became so. The clay around Babylon was very superior, and the bricks, whether sun-dried or kiln-burnt, became so firm and durable that they still retain the inscriptions with which they were impressed. In its neighbourhood, at a place named Is, there was a plentiful supply of naptha or bitumen, which fully made up for the dearth of lime; and with these bricks and this bitumen was Babylon mainly raised. Bitumen was the cement used in the lower parts of all the Babylonian edifices, both because it was more plentifully and easily obtained, and also as a protection against damp and wet; but lime was used in the upper parts of the building where bitumen would not have equally answered. Sun-dried bricks formed the interior of the masses of large foundations and platforms, but all other portions of every important buildings were formed or faced with bricks manufactured in the furnace. That a scientific knowledge of architecture was possessed by the builders is proved by the use of buttresses, arches, drains, and a variety of external decorations, and also by the character of the masonry turned out. Nowhere, says Rich, is such masonry to be found as in the ruins of Kasr; and the cement used was so strong that traveller after traveller has endeavoured in vain to chip off the smallest fragment of Nebo's tower, the only ruin still partly standing. The advantages on the side of Nineveh were even greater than those possessed by Babylon, alabaster or gypsum having been largely available to it from the low-lands between the Tigris and the hill-country; and the architecture of Nineveh was accordingly characterized by a mixture of stone with brick to an extent which Babylon was never able to command. This enabled Nineveh to preserve the records of the nation on the tell-tale stones, both by sculpture and cuneiform inscriptions. The forms of the divinities and the exploits of the kings were engraved on them, while the history of the people and their sacred hymns were inscribed in written characters: and these

slabs have survived the wreck of less substantial materials, by which in fact they were, on being thrown down, both covered and preserved.

In general features the buildings of Babylon and Nineveh seem to have greatly agreed, with this difference that those of Babylon were made of burnt-bricks, while those of Nineveh were made of sun-dried bricks, the latter marking an earlier date when burnt-bricks had not yet come into general use. The other prominent differences to note are that the houses of Babylon were two, three, and four storied, while those of Nineveh were perhaps in no case more than two storied, and that the decorations of the former were of enamelled brick, while those of the latter were of alabaster, the one however being in all respects almost an exact counterpart of the other. Of bas-reliefs in Babylon no specimens have been preserved, and the only Babylonian statue yet seen is the figure of a colossal lion standing over the prostrate figure of a man in the Kasr mound, which has been so worn out by exposure as not to be remarkable except for its size. The relics excavated from Nineveh, of which a very large portion is now in the British Museum, show sculptures of all kinds to better advantage. The statues include colossal figures of animals, principally of winged bulls and lions with human heads, which though coarse and clumsy are not without artistic merit, and are so vast as to impart an astounding idea of the buildings they were intended to adorn. The bas-reliefs are also of similar dimensions, and being various in character, give us a very considerable knowledge of the Ninevites, both artistically and historically, exhibiting, as they do, war scenes, religious scenes, processions, hunting scenes, and even scenes of ordinary life. Besides these, the slabs with inscriptions which have been rescued must add much further to our knowledge of the people as soon as the writings are fully decyphered, the progress made in which has already given us a history of Assyria from the pen of the late George Smith, which at present however is nothing more than a list of kings with a

skeleton sketch of the wars in which they were engaged. Among other discoveries should also be noted the remarkable discovery of libraries of clay-tablets having existed in both Babylon and Nineveh, which contained various works on astrology and astronomy, including the work called the 'Illumination of Bel,'—which has been preserved by the translation of Berosus, and comprises observations on comets, the polo-star, the conjunction of the Sun and Moon, and the motions of Venus and Mars,—and also various mythological poems, grammars, and dictionaries. With these evidences of the intellectual greatness of the Assyrians come to us also the evidences of their luxury and licentiousness—of their dress, habits, and artificial wants—which testify at least that civilisation with them had very much outgrown its rudimentary stage. Metal-castings, decorated bowls, glass bottles, and castings in ivory have been found within the mounds of Nineveh; and also signets and talismans exhibiting good knowledge of gem-cutting. Robes and embroideries are painted on glazed tiles, or sculptured alabaster, which prove that muslins and carpets were manufactured. Nay, a crystal lens was discovered by Layard at Nimroud, which shows that the scientific use of glass, though not common, was understood. It matters not that these proofs come more plentifully from Nineveh than from Babylon, for the evidences yielded by one are evidences on behalf of both. There was no material difference in the taste and skill of the two cities, though one, as we see them now, represents the age of Nebuchadnezzar, and the other that of Sardanapalus. The arts flourished in both, the sciences were equally cultivated; and there is no doubt that they had made very similar progress in politics and the art of government. The general modes of life, manners, and usages were identical; and, if the races were distinct towards the end of their history, their contiguity made them marvellous transcripts of each other even then. It is possible that the Ninevites were more warlike than the Babylonians; but it is hard to believe this on the evidence of their sculptures only. They were both fond of the chase; but so were the Ameers of Scinde in India, who were never much celebrated

for their valour. The evidence of the ancient historians is that the sovereigns of Nineveh were for the most part exceedingly effeminate. The sculptures discovered give a different story, but they give us only the evidence of those very kings on their own behalf. The only unquestionable difference between Babylon and Nineveh rested in this, that the former more successfully cultivated the arts of peace ; and this perhaps best accounts for its longer life. Babylon had gradually made itself a commercial city, which commanded the trade-route between India and the Mediterranean, and as such retained its importance so long as the route remained unchanged ; while Nineveh, once brought down, was never able to reassert its greatness, there being no similar necessity for prolonging its existence.

S.

---

## THE ORIGIN OF CASTE.\*

*By Nobin Krishna Bose.*

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

On a retrospect of the past, it will be seen that the early annals of every nation consist only of myths and legendary tales. At the dim horizon of authentic history, we light on an enchanted world peopled by superhuman beings, and the scene of marvellous and superhuman deeds. These deeds might not, perhaps, be without some slender basis of truth. But imagination is busy at work long before the dawn of analytic reason. The glorification of one's own ancestors is also a natural feeling of the human heart ; and hence the bards who ministered to this feeling of the great ones in pre-historic times, by rehearsing the achievements of their ancestors, were listened to with lively and sympathetic rapture. Their narrations, however colored or exaggerated, gained a ready credence from the *rapport* between their own excited imagination and that of their audience ; and thus

---

\* A lecture delivered at the Nagpore Museum, 29th March 1878.

came genealogies to be invented and accepted as true, by which princes traced their descent from gods and demigods, from the Sun and the Moon. But the historic muse can no more vouch for their authenticity than can geography for the existence of a region on earth where Othello encountered—

The anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Neither was any man so egregiously foolish as to pin his faith to the reality of such monstrous growths on the authority of the Venetian Moor. But, though quite of a piece, prehistoric legendary tales passed current for centuries and generations in almost every part of the world; and people here cling to them as tenaciously now as ever. All over the world, however, they have had to be discarded as soon as it occurred to men to call for the evidence on which they rest; and is there any reason to believe that the result would be otherwise here when awakened reason makes a similar demand?

Many of the myths of the early geographers, you are aware, no doubt, have now been dispelled by the explorations of modern navigators and travellers, and inhabited places have been discovered where they used to mark off their maps with icy seas and burning deserts. Unfortunately, a similar exploration is not possible of the unknown past of which there exist no authentic records, and of which only some fanciful traditions have come down to us. Still in so far as this country is concerned, the labours of philologists and antiquarians have recently brought to light a body of facts, by means of which we are able to perceive, at least, however dimly, the actual figures strutting on the scene which a legendary mythology has peopled with its own creations; and with the aid of these facts, and of our own early and primitive records, I purpose, in this lecture, to examine the pernicious myth, which like a poisonous snake, has coiled itself round the national mind, namely, the myth relating to the origin of caste.

It is currently believed that the Brahmins sprang from the mouth of Brahma, the Kshatriyas from his arm; the Vaisyas from his thigh; and the Sudras from his feet; and a passage



in the Purusha Sukta of the Rig Veda is the basis of the belief.

ব্রাহ্মণোহস্য মুখমাসীদ বাহু রাজন্যঃ কৃতঃ ।

উরুধদস্য তদবৈশ্যঃ পদ্ভ্যাং শূদ্রো অজায়ত ॥

As observed by Mr. Colebrooke, however, the allegorical sense of the hymn in which this passage occurs, is obvious throughout, and taking the four castes as representing four distinct occupations, it is certainly not without some poetical truth. The Brahmans, as the expounders of knowledge and wisdom, might, in that case, be appropriately said to have sprung from the mouth. The Khatriyas, in the same way, as consisting of warriors, would not be an unapt emblem of the arm. The Vaisyas again, as representing the monied interest, and forming the pecuniary pillar, as it were, of the state, would fitly symbolise the thigh; whilst the Sudras or labouring classes might, without impropriety, be made to complete the figure by furnishing the feet. But as an ethnical or cosmological solution of the problem of caste, the very conception, it will be seen at once, is a narrow and peculiarly *Hindu*, and not a sovereignly human, one. This defect, in fact, pervades a goodly portion of the learning and literature of the country, the transcendent merits of which, in other respects, are beyond all question. The whole may not unaptly be compared to a vast but confined lake without feeders, rather than to a mighty river levying contributions from various tributaries as it rolls on in its majestic course. Had the authors of the theory of caste only lifted their eyes beyond the boundaries of their own country, they could not have failed to perceive themselves how imperfect and unsatisfactory their cosmology was in leaving out of account the rest of mankind. The Greeks used to call the other nations barbarians, but our ancestors out-doing even the Greeks, branded all not within the pale of Hinduism with the more opprobrious epithet of the *Mlechas*. As we have seen, however, the whole body of Brahma from the mouth to the feet has been taken up in generating the Hindus alone. Whence came these *Mlechas* then? Do they belong to a different creation? and if so, how could Brahma claim to be the creator of the world? It would certainly be unseemly

to drive them from any of the intermediate parts above the feet, as that would be tantamount to giving them a recognised place over one or more sections of the Hindus themselves.

But the mythical character of the whole thing could be shown by the light of positive and indubitable facts. Whilst the Bralimans were the sole masters of Sanscrit lore, they were able not only to retail it under whatever colours they liked, but they themselves also remained ignorant of the hidden linguistic value of their lore. The case was altered when, tempted by lucre, they betrayed their accredited trust by unscrolling the rolls to the *Mlechha's* gaze. After dipping into them, Sir William Jones was struck at once by the affinities between the sacred language of India and the classical languages of Greece and Rome. More fully and minutely traced by later Orientalists, not in mere vocabularies, but through the windings of etymological roots, the conjugation of verbs, the declensions of nouns and pronouns, and, in short, through all the grammatical involutions of structure,—these affinities have since developed themselves into the important science of Comparative Philology which has added so much to our knowledge of the past. On the irrefragable evidence of this science—verified, too, by an anatomical likeness which the widest diversity of circumstances has not been able to obliterate,—it now rests that a section of the *Mlechas*, at least, is from the same stock with ourselves. Tracing, then, to their common point of departure, the scattered branches of the stock, let us see whether there was any caste among our ancestors before they had left the common cradle of their race. That the race was haughty from the first, may be inferred from the very name it assumed to contradistinguish itself from other races, *viz*: “Aryan” *i. e.* venerable. But is there any reason to suspect a division within the camp? After emigrating into this country, the Hindus themselves have been so divided and dispersed that each section has come to speak a different dialect of its own, and adopt manners and customs widely at variance with those of the rest. Yet each and all have carried *caste* with them wherever they have gone; and from the foot of the Himalaya to the coast of the Decan,

the Brahman holds himself at the same religious distance from the Sudra. On the theory, then, of such distinctions having had a reality in the very origin of man, is it consistent with human probability to suppose that the Aryans who took a westerly route from our common home would have lost all trace and remembrance of them? Is it possible that the Brahmans and Kshatriyas who settled in Scandinavia and Greece, in Persia and Armenia should have failed to assert their innate ascendancy over the other tribes, as their prototypes in India have done? Priests and warriors, the western emigrants had among them, no doubt; but none who had sprung from Brahma's mouth or arm.

And thus, in the inscrutable progress of events, has it come to pass that the very language, which was turned by the Brahmans into an instrument for propounding the doctrine of caste, has, in the hands of modern scholars, proved the means of emitting light which shows at a glance how hollow and unsubstantial that doctrine is. In the depths of a remote antiquity it has brought us face to face, in a manner, with the very men from whom our being has been derived, and we find in them neither Brahmans nor Sudras, neither Kshatriyas nor Vaisyas. We hear nothing also of their origination from this or that part of Brahma's body. Rather in our own ancestors we perceive the common progenitors of various races, subsequently separated from each other, and, under diverse climates, playing their several and respective parts in the great drama of life,—but with the same blood running in their veins, or as a Rajput would say *ek bap ki beta* all. Is it possible, in the face of such facts, to come to any other conclusion than that caste is a mere spurious invention of a later age, and the account of its origin a simple myth? I have heard of a barber in Bengal who passed himself as a Brahman at a distant village from home, but who was betrayed afterwards by the arrival of an uncle there. Our Brahmans and others with caste pretensions, I, am afraid, are in no better predicament now. After a long separation they have been overtaken by their *Mlecha* cousins from the west, and recognised by the very language of the credentials to which they appeal in support of their

claims. Their wisest course, at present, would certainly be to respond to this recognition with the best grace they can.

Neither, on their first advent into this country, do we find among the eastern Aryans a system of faith with which caste is so intimately interwoven. The earliest memorials of them which have descended to us are to be found in the *mantras* of the Rig-Veda, and these are singularly free from the puerilities which enter so largely into the literature of succeeding periods. In the words of Humboldt, "the main subject of these writings is the veneration and praise of nature." They consist, accordingly, of hymns full of poetic beauty and devotional feeling, and of prayers for the ordinary boons and blessings of life; but no genealogical accounts of gods and goddesses, or of their intrigues, amours, or loves, are to be traced in them. The pervading idea is rather that of one universal Creator, though breaking out often into the pantheistic form—more, however, as it seems, from a sense of the mysterious presence of the Creator in His works than from a settled belief in the divinity of the works themselves. Pope has not unaptly expressed the Vedic conception of the Deity when he says

"All are but parts of one universal whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Still, in the phraseology of a late Scottish philosopher, Brahma is the only "unconditioned" existence; all the rest is "conditioned." That you may fully realize, however, the spirit in which the Vedic hymns are conceived, I shall quote one from the Rig Veda itself, as rendered into English by an eminent Sanscrit scholar—

"Not aught nor naught existed; yon bright sky  
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.  
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?  
Was it the waters' fathomless abyss?  
There was not death,—hence there was naught immortal.  
There was no confine betwixt day and night;  
The Only One breathed breathless itself.  
Other than it there nothing since has been.

Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled  
 In gloom profound—an ocean without light.  
 The germ that still lay covered in the husk  
 Burst forth, one nature from the fervent heat.  
 There first came love upon it, the new spring  
 Of mind—Yes poets in their hearts discovered,  
 Pondering, this bond between created things  
 And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth,  
 Piercing and all pervading, or from heaven ?  
 Then seeds were sown and mighty powers arose—  
 Nature below and Power and Will above.  
 Who knows the secret ? Who proclaimed it here ?  
 Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang ?  
 The Gods themselves came later into being.—  
 Who knows from whence this great creation sprang ?  
 He from whom all the great creation came,  
 Whether his will created or was mute,  
 The most High Seer that is in highest heaven,  
 He knows it—or perchance e'en He knows not."

Here, then, we have an illustration of the religious mind of the Vedic ages,—and what does it show ? what, but rapturous admiration at the wonders of creation, and a deep sense of humility inspired by the contemplation of them ? In view of the glories of nature, the patriarch pours forth the tribute of a full and exuberant heart, but tremblingly recoils at the very idea of an attempt to penetrate into the mystery of them. To appreciate this frank, bold admission of impotence in presence of the inexplicable, it is necessary only to call to mind the mere semblance of knowledge, with which, in the absence of all reality of it, others have endeavoured to cloak their ignorance under similar circumstances, and appear to be wise. How wide the transition from the natural simplicity, and the artless, unaffected grandeur of the hymn just recited, to the crudities on which hangs the doctrine of caste ! And in the face of utterances so candid and so catholic that they must strike a responsive chord in every heart, would it not be a libel on the primitive patriarchs to say

that the institution in hand—the very distilled juice of sophisticated narrowness—was an importation of theirs ?

But the *Veda* itself is a composite work. It is neither the production of one man nor even of a single age. Its hymns and prayers, on the contrary, were composed by various persons at various times, and preserved only by memory for several generations before being reduced to writing. Such a work must necessarily reflect the ideas and manners of successive periods of time, and could not be altogether safe against being tinged with the associations of those through whom it had to make its way. In passing, accordingly, from the *Mantras* to the *Brahmanas*, we find indications of a more matured and artificial form of social existence, and meet with a separate class of men, in the exercise of priestly functions, under the designation they bear up to the present day. It has been very much doubted by scholars, however, whether these *Brahmanas* belong to the Vedic age at all. Professor Goldstucker is of opinion that many of them at least were unknown to the great grammarian Panini—believed to have flourished about the sixth century before the Christian era ;—and this must strike one as singular, no doubt, had they been in existence when he lived. But granting them even to be genuine, it is hardly necessary to say that the mere existence of a separate priestly class, under whatever name, no more proves this class to have been a *caste*, than the existence of bishops in Europe at the present day warrants a similar conclusion in respect of them. And no more conclusive proof of this could be adduced, perhaps, than that the very compiler of the *Veda* was the son of a fisherwoman, and, notwithstanding such ignoble birth became a Brahman and Rishi himself. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the *Veda* itself appears to have been held in less veneration by those who lived nearer its own times than it has been by future generations. In the *Upanishads*, which form a sort of appendage to the main body of it, its teachings are characterised as crude and unsound ; and one great Rishi (Brahman of course) goes even the length of reviling the authors as knaves and cheats—

অরঃ বেদস্য কৰ্ত্তাঃ ভণ্ড ধূৰ্ভনিশাচরাঃ ।

In the literature, too, of a somewhat later period, we not only find nothing to countenance caste; but a great deal which is positively incompatible with it. I allude to the *Darsanas* which contain the philosophical opinions of our sages. The Hindus of old were at such open war with chronology, that it is hardly possible to determine with any exactness when they were composed, or to say even whether the reputed authors of some of them were real or mythical men. But it would not be too much to predicate of these writings, perhaps, that ontological speculation and logical refinement have in them been pushed to the furthest verge of human capacity. But the sages differed, as, indeed, they have always done, and must always do, when grappling with problems which so far transcend the reach of our limited powers. All started from the celebrated aphorism that 'nothing from nothing comes;' and the idea of an absolute creation at the mere fiat of an omnipotent being finds favour with none. Some denied the very existence of God, and, like the Greek Democritus, derived the universe from a mere concourse of atoms. Others resolved the Creator himself into the creation on the principle that the effect is only an altered form of the cause. Others, again, distinguishing God from matter, advocated bio-genesis, and reducing God into something like the Demiurgus of Plato, made him simply the architect of the universe from materials co-eternal with himself. The Vedantists considered the universe itself to be a mere *Maya* or delusion. The questions dealt with, however, as will be seen at a glance, are no other than those which have occupied and agitated the most exalted intellects of every age, whenever with Adam in the Paradise Lost, they have come to ask themselves:—"how came I thus, now here," but which, are no nearer their solution! now than ever. It is no part of my purpose at present to expound at any length—far less to vindicate or controvert,—the opinions of any of the schools in question. All I want to observe in this place is, that the orthodoxy of none of these opinions has ever been called in question. On the contrary, the writings in which they are embodied form up to this hour a part and parcel of the sacred literature of the country,

and are held in the highest veneration by the Brahmans themselves. But how is the institution of caste to be reconciled with them? We find the sages grappling with problems of cosmogony and the origin of things; and the very different and contradictory conclusions at which they arrived, show, beyond all possibility of doubt, the absence of any authoritative or even generally received opinions on the subject. Again, therefore, the question forces itself on the mind—how, amidst all this uncertainty surrounding the origin of things, came the origin of caste alone to be so precisely and satisfactorily determined by deriving the Brahmans from the mouth of Brahma, and relegating the Sudras to the feet? But what must be said of the theory itself when, as we have seen, the very existence of Brahma was so far from being a settled article of faith?

Thus then it will be observed, the very root of the institution under discussion, is reduced to a mere nonentity by the atheistic schools of our philosophers. Does it fair better with the theists? Of the various modifications of this school, that which is most in authority and most in favour, is the pantheistic system of the Vedant, as being a sort of logical developement of the inchoate precepts of the Veda itself. But, according to this system (to use the words of no less a personage than the deified Sri Krishna, in a dialogue with Arjuna) “the learned behold Brahma alike in the reverend Brahman perfected in knowledge, in the ox, and in the elephant; in the dog, and in him who eateth of the flesh of dogs.” And again: “Those whose minds are fixed on this equality gain eternity even in this world.” Whatever may be thought of the soundness of this teaching, a more emphatic denunciation of caste pretensions is certainly nowhere to be found. Instead of exalting the Brahman above other men, it confounds the very distinction between man and other creatures; and viewed in this light, is not very far perhaps, from the modern theory of transmutation, which so rebukes all genealogical pride by mocking us with the gorilla and the chimpanzee as the primitive dispensers alike of high and low descent.



In turning from philosophy to poetry, however, we find ourselves, as it were, on the other side of a gulf. But this is no more than was to have been expected in passing from the domains of reason to those of the imagination. In the *Darsanas* the Veda is subjected to a critical examination, though its authority is not denied. In the two great national epics, on the other hand, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, its *sagas* are moulded into a popular form, and associated "with historical events which are elevated to the domain of mythology." "The last named poem (says Professor Goldstucker) had also the additional object of rendering the Brahmans the most influential of the four ancient Indian castes." Here it may be observed, however, that no work, perhaps, has been more tampered with, or more loaded with interpolations than this. Discrepancies and anachronisms (as shown by Mr. Monier Williams and other orientlists) crop out in various places, and episodes and digressions, connected only by a slender thread with the main story of the work, occupy more space than the story itself. Such a work, of course, must be of very doubtful authority on matters connected with ancient usages and manners; and it is a most significant commentary also on its teachings that the very Vyasa, who is believed to be its author, was the founder of the pantheistic system of philosophy we have noticed already, which leaves no room for caste. In following his lead, therefore, we are placed under the dilemma of choosing between Vyasa the Philosopher and Vyasa the Poet. But, even in this great epic we find the following remarkable passage—

ন বিশেষোহি স্তি বর্ণানাং সৰ্বং ব্রাহ্মদিদং জগৎ ।

ব্রহ্মণো পূৰ্ব্বং সৃষ্টং হি কৰ্ম্মণা বর্ণতাং গতং ॥

There is no distinction of caste; the whole world is from Brahma: for having been formerly created by him it became separated into castes in consequence of works.

Later on, in the *Puranas* allegories and mythological fables underwent a further developement and elaboration; and we are told in the *Sri Bhagbat* that when God felt inclined to diversify himself by creating worlds, he hypostatized himself into Brahma,

Vishnu, and Siva, or the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer of the universe. And it is the first person of this trinity (not the unconditioned Brahma of the Veda) who has been so parcelled out among the castes. As a matter of fact, however, we nowhere find caste, as a full blown institution, emanating all at once from a supernatural source—like Minerva from the brains of Jove. We have unmistakeable evidence, on the contrary, of its being a thing of gradual formation,—classes being transformed into *castes* by a widening of the lines of demarkation by degrees. Although we possess no authentic annals of the past, and endless contradictions and discrepancies in the records that have come down to us, baffle all attempts to grasp any thing like definite facts; still in our jurisprudence and body of laws we have such a reflection of the ancient usages and institutions of the country, as will enable us to discern—if we only care to open our eyes,—how society has been moulded into its present form.

We have seen already that the Aryans who emigrated to this country, had no caste in their primitive home, and none consequently to bring with them. On their arrival here, however, they found themselves in presence of other races, who, in time, were brought under their sway; and then, of course, came those distinctions and exclusive reservations of rights which have attended in the train of conquest in almost every age and country. So demoralizing, indeed, are the effects of dominion over a subject race, and so apt are men to forget the ethical rules of life, nay even the dictates of ordinary prudence, under the spell of it, that, in some private letters even a man of the world like Lord Elgin is found thus to have given vent to the bitterness of his heart. “I have seldom since I came to the East. (writes his Lordship) heard from man or woman a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world.” And again: “Can I do anything to prevent England from calling down on herself God’s curse. . . . or are all my exertions to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial

are both their civilization and their Christianity?" And, if in times so enlightened, with the world's eye on them, the present rulers of the country, (even according to one who was himself once at the head of affairs) have so belied their religion and civilization by rearing up a close bureaucracy of their own, need we go up to a supernatural source for explaining the division of society into 'the twice born' and the Sudra, under the first Aryan settlers, in an age so obscure and so remote? It is well known in what contempt Englishmen themselves were held by their Norman conquerors at first, and what distinctive rights and privileges were reserved by these for themselves. Yet in all this there was no caste. In the fullness of time, on the contrary, we find the races fused into one homogeneous people whose empire now extends over half the globe. Here, too, the process of fusion had commenced; and of this the many mixed castes with which the country is covered at present are so many living proofs. But the process was arrested by interdicting, at a later period, any further intermixture of blood; and here, in fact, is the first real beginning of caste. Only remove this interdiction, and, whatever other social inequalities might remain, *caste* will be at an end. Alas! who will undertake to say what the nation might not at this moment have been, had social amalgamation been suffered to take its course, and convert the people into one united integral mass!

Let it not be supposed that the mixed castes have sprung from illicit unions. Abundant evidence is forthcoming rather to show that intermarriage between the classes—even between Brahmans and Sudras—was a common practice of antiquity, and had the sanction of both religion and law. In the absence of other offspring the issue of such unions took also the full social status of the father. Thus in a passage from the *Smriti* (quoted by Mr. Colebrooke in his *Digest*) we read—"sons by women of the servile class though they be Sudras and slaves are in some instances deemed the legal sons of priests; and so they of kings consumed by curses, and ever doomed to perish."—And referring to it, the commentator, a very learned Bengali Brahman, observes.—

"Hence if a man be destitute of other offspring his child by a woman of the servile class must be acknowledged as his son." When there were offsprings also by other wives taken from one or more of the upper classes, the sons took precedence according to the class to which the mother belonged; but as superior good qualities enabled the sons of an inferior mother to raise themselves to a footing of equality with those of the wife next above, birth alone, it is clear, could not be the sole regulator of social status.

Indeed, we have it on the authority of Manu himself that

শূদ্রো ব্রাহ্মণতামেতি ব্রাহ্মণশ্চৈতি শূদ্রতাং ।

কত্রিয়াজাত মেবস্ত বিদ্যাং বৈশ্যান্তথৈব চ ॥

A Sudra becomes a Brahman and a Brahman becomes a Sudra. The same is to be observed also of Kshatriyas and Vaiysas. Apasthaba also admits the convertibility of castes as consequent on obedience to or disregard of the law.

ধর্মচর্যয়া জঘন্যো বর্ণঃ পূর্বঃ পূর্বঃ

বর্ণমাপদ্যেত জাতিপরিবৃত্তৌ ।

অধর্মচর্যয়া পূর্বো বর্ণো জঘন্যঃ জঘন্যঃ

বর্ণমাপদ্যেত জাতিপরিবৃত্তৌ ॥

"Strong disapprobation of mixed marriages, has been shewn, no doubt, by some of the earlier sages; but adverse precedents were in the way, and Manu, the *Sicyambhava*, thus expresses himself on the subject.—

"Whatever be the qualities of a man with whom a woman is united in lawful marriage, such qualities even she assumes like a river united with the sea."

He then cites two instances himself and says—"Asshamala, a woman of the lowest birth being thus united to Vashista, and Sarungi, being united to Mundpala were entitled to very high honor.

"These and other females of low birth have attained eminence in this world by the respective good qualities of their lords."

The cases here alluded to occurred evidently in times earlier to those of Manu himself, and may be regarded as exceptional

perhaps; but the minute and elaborate legislation, still extant, to meet questions of inheritance by the issue of mixed marriages, shows how frequently such marriages used to be contracted, and how extensively they must have prevailed. Is it possible then to escape the conclusion that caste is only the result of a greater tightening of the bonds used primarily to hold political classes apart?

It seems, indeed, that for a considerable period after its institution, at least, the authors of *caste* themselves looked at the matter in no other light; and this is evidenced by a most remarkable fact. In an earlier part of the lecture I invited your attention to the *Darsanas* which contain the philosophical opinions of our sages, and pointed out how little compatible those opinions are with the theory of caste. Notwithstanding this, however, these writings were not only tolerated at the time, but, during the long ages that have since elapsed, have been diligently studied and held in reverence by our Pundits and Sastrees. How different is the reception given to the teachings of of Sakya Muni, the founder of the Buddhistic sect! And yet from what little I know of the fundamental tenets of this sect, it does not appear that they are at all more heretical than those inculcated in the *Darsanas*. No heresy, in fact, could possibly have gone further than that of *Kapila* and his followers who denied the very being and existence of God. It is not in the mere opinions of the Buddhists, therefore, that we are to seek for an explanation of the persecution they met with from the Brahmans. This must be traced to some other cause;—and what is it? In theory, as already observed, the one sinned no more than the other; but as regards the propagation of their opinions the courses followed by them respectively widely diverged. The philosophers contented themselves with committing their speculations to paper, and in a form accessible to the learned only. It is hardly to be supposed that they would have ventured on this step either, much less that their writings would have passed current even among the learned of the day, had not a considerable body of them been of a sceptical way of thinking themselves. The

systems—each and all—were opposed, no doubt; but with no other weapons than those of logic and humour. It may be readily imagined, therefore, that scholars looked at these disputations merely in the light of an intellectual gladiatorship, and enjoyed them perhaps, as a philosophical treat. But by a sort of masonic understanding among themselves, each winked at the infidelity of the others. The Buddhists, on the other hand, not satisfied with speculation, tried to reduce their tenets to practice. They became also the missionaries of their creed, and openly preached the equality of all men in the sight of God. The philosophers, whatever they might have said or thought within their own initiated circle, had wisely left the mass alone. The Buddhists busied themselves with the mass, and attempted the hazardous task of removing the muzzle from the brute. This, of course, was a grave breach of masonic discipline, and touched the priest to the quick. It shook to its foundation the tenure of his privileges and power, and, of course, was not to be endured. The Brahmans organised a crusade, accordingly, against the Buddhists, which terminated only with their expulsion from the country. He must have a keener vision than I possess, who with an eye to the philosophers, can see in this crusade any traces of a firmly-rooted belief, and not the finger of policy only.

But mounted on the pegasus of caste the priests knew well not only when to indulge, but also when to restrain its flight; and a very remarkable illustration of this is afforded by the suspension of all caste-rules within the precincts of the Puri. The temple of Jagannath, as you are all aware, is situated in a remote and uninviting part of the country—quite unknown to the Aryans or the Vedic age. And even the great epic [Mahabharata] itself, (as Mr. Hunter puts it) with its bright nucleus in Hindustan, and its broad comet-like tail curving downwards in streams of light to the furthest point of the Peninsula, sheds not a momentary flicker over Orissa." No classical associations also are connected with it; and, even in our own times, the place has been denounced as

the Bœotia of India. Yet, with a locality and historical antecedents so little in his favour, the preserving deity has for centuries possessed a spiritual jurisdiction co-extensive with the Hindu race itself, and more pilgrims flock to him annually, perhaps, than to any other shrine. The cause of this singular popularity, however, is not far to seek. Inscriptions and archæological remains have now brought to light the fact that, for a long time, both before and after the Christian era, Buddhism predominated in the country of the Udras, and that some of their kings even became converts to it. It appears, moreover, that even after the place had been cleared of this obnoxious sect, its doctrines, in one form or another, were revived from time to time, by reformers from within the bosom of Hinduism itself. Caste prejudices found no favour with any of these; and they exerted the high and low alike to join their ranks, and worship God on equal terms. The heresy spread itself like an infection; and Jaganath was deserted, of course, by his worshippers, who went over to the enemy *en masse*. But Lord of the creation as he was, degrading Brahma to a subordinate rank, he, in the plenitude of his power, authorised his priests to proclaim to the world that all men were equal in his eyes, and that in his own immediate presence there was to be no distinction of caste. The priests also fulminated their bans against all arrogant scepticism on this vital point, and boldly declared—

“ঈশ্বরের কৃপা জাতি কুল নাহি মানে”

“The mercy of God cares not for caste or family descent.”

This of course was a powerful appeal to the lower classes so despised and shunned by their betters, and their dearest sympathies and instincts vibrated under the touch. They hailed with delight the prospect even of a momentary equality, to pass through ~~same~~ gate of salvation, with those whom they were taught to consider as such superior beings; while the catholicity of the doctrine itself was not without its influence on better and nobler spirits. And thus it is that up to this hour thousands and myriads of all classes and from all parts of the country are to be seen wending their way to catch a glimpse of

the equal Lord of all. The enemy was obliged to give way when his weapons were thus skilfully turned against himself, and Jagannath's triumph was ensured. No Christian missionary could teach any thing more unexceptionable, perhaps, than the principle of equality by the propagation of which this triumph was achieved; but one may be pardoned for a passing doubt as to whether the hostile presence of the Buddhists had not something to do with it.

The same policy of compromise, though operating in a somewhat different way, may be traced also in the very organisation of caste. As a rule, no doubt, the Aryan emigrants, after having settled here, became the twice-born themselves, while the aborigines were branded and degraded as *Sudras*. Such a course was possible, however, only when their progress was effected by force of arms. But it would be folly to suppose that a handful of emigrants—for comparatively a handful they must, in the first instance, have been;—however gifted by nature, could have reduced the whole country in this way alone, against the vastly preponderating numerical strength of the aboriginal races. In our own days, we know very well, what part, intrigues, negotiations, and compromises, have played in the establishment of British supremacy here; and is there any reason to believe that it was otherwise with the first Aryan settlers? The concessions made by them to the aborigines, in course of their progress, by raising them sometimes to an equality with themselves, are not much in favour of such a belief at least; and of the fact itself a most striking proof is afforded by the absence of ethnical coherence in the castes. Go to any part of the country you like, and you are puzzled to see men, ostensibly belonging to one and the same caste, separated by a gulf only a little less wide than that which separates the Mussulman from the Hindu. Follow up their traditions again as far as you can, and they show no more signs of convergence than any two parallel lines by being produced at either end. In noticing this anomaly in the existence, in particular, of two distinct orders of Brahmans, side by side, but who have nothing in common, Mr. Hunter, in his book on Orissa, observes: "The



characteristics of these two classes vary in different provinces. But two facts can be almost universally predicated of them, *viz* : that the higher order traces its origin to a comparatively recent migration from the north, and deems it necessary to explain the existence of a lower sort by some local legend." Now, in this nominal equality, but real difference,—the new comers being in the ascendant, too,—do we not see a reflection of the policy which led the Romans to bestow their own name on those they conquered, by way of indemnifying them for their loss of liberty and independence. On their arrival, the Aryan emigrants found the soil already occupied by other people, with a priestly class of their own ; and where it mustered strong, it was naturally thought inexpedient or unadvisable to take the extreme step of degrading it to a level with the Sudras. In admitting the primitive priests to a titular equality with their own, therefore, while withholding from them the real privileges of the order, and keeping their distance by the avoidance of social intercourse ;—they followed only a conciliatory course, which, under similar circumstances, other conquerors also have found it so politic to adopt. One fact, at least, is placed beyond all dispute ; *viz* : that the castes are not such compact things in themselves, but there is discord within doors.

Nor will it do to assume that the Aryans are the sterling, while the others are only a counterfeit coin. For the truth is, that the supremacy now asserted by the Brahmins was far from being ungrudgingly allowed to them within their own camp on their first settlement here. In spite of the legends and fables invented to disguise the facts, it stands out boldly in our ancient records, that, at the commencement, these pretensions were opposed by the *Kshatriyas*, and a long and arduous struggle for ascendancy between the two classes was the result. In course of this struggle, too,—the Brahmins being the chroniclers,—the *Kshatriyas* were repeatedly exterminated root and branch ; but, by some miraculous process, they revived as often, and appeared again in battle array. But, here as elsewhere, the warrior was no match for the subtle priest, and was obliged to yield at length ;—but

not till (as exemplified in the person of Viswamitra, Devapi and others) he had compelled the priest to admit his eligibility for the Brahmanical rank. And all this surely goes to show, as clearly and vividly as historical evidence corroborated by ocular facts can ever do ;—that the castes have not been so many distinct entities from the first, but were moulded only by the action of diverse conflicting forces in process of time. How hollow then must be the pretensions based on them. But their time is come. New and other forces are now at work destined in time to build up a more all-embracing system of social organisation, on the wide, sympathetic, basis of humanity itself ; and he who fails to realise and catch the change, must cease to belong to the living present, and remain buried as a fossilized thing of the past.



# THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

---

JUNE, 1878.

## THE DOGMAS OF RATIONALISM.

*By A Hindustani.*

---

Mr. Lecky compares the ever-shifting results of Rationalism to a mass of clouds. They unite, they separate, they assume a thousand fantastic forms, and they are adorned with varieties of lovely colors; but all the changes through which they pass are wrought by the one Sun, the cheering rays of which they intercept. In the same manner, the opinions embodied in rationalism combine, separate and recombine, assume a thousand fantastic forms, and appear under varieties of rich hues; but all the changes and transformations through which they pass are regulated by the sun of wisdom in us, the human conscience. This great writer maintains that rationalism has no fixed dogmas, spurns the very idea of having a rigid, unalterable creed, and holds itself in readiness to receive with open arms all the accessions of truth placed within its reach by the progressive development of human science. But by a strange inconsistency, he also points to a brace of maxims as the fixed and immutable dogmas of Rationalism. These are, that reason or conscience is the sole arbiter of truth in religion and morality, and that theology is subject to the same law of development which regulates the progress of the other sciences.

These two dogmas are the watch-words of Brahmoism, and are moreover maintained by a very large number of the educated natives, who have not the slightest sympathy with the ever-shifting, Protean creed of the Somaj. It is, therefore, desirable to examine and sift them, to weigh them in the balance of a sound criticism, to ascertain how far they are correct, and to set forth the points in which they are sadly wanting. That they are to some extent correct, we have not the slightest hesitation in admitting; nor can we help admitting with equal readiness that great mischief has been done in consequence of the unreasoning persistence with which some of the advocates of Christianity have refused to see and recognize what is really unexceptionable in them. But while ready to acknowledge the value of what is good in them, we cannot be blind to the fact, that as advocated by the champions of rationalism, they are fitted to prove detrimental, rather than subservient, to the cause of truth. A detailed examination of these principles will establish this position.

Conscience is certainly the arbiter of truth in one important sense, or rather in more than one important sense. Conscience has a body of truth inherent in it, and whatever objective truth is represented to it, for what may be called incorporation with its subjective convictions, must needs be in harmony with them. If a principle is presented incompatible with or in antagonism to those imbedded in it, that principle cannot be accepted by it as correct; or if a circumstance glaringly inconsistent with the facts of consciousness is pressed home to its acceptance, it cannot be received as a fact. Take for instance the well-known principle of the *Tantras*, "the mother is wife, and the wife is mother"—a principle which charters promiscuous intercourse with an effrontery and an obscenity scarcely noticeable in the most ribaldrous productions of the age. This principle shocks our conscience, clashes with all the principles imbedded in it, and runs counter to one and all its moral tendencies;—it therefore cannot be correct. Conscience is authorized to pronounce it licentious, and exclude it from what may be called the category of acceptable

truth. Take, again, the circumstance related in Hindu books of a miracle wrought by Krishna to lull the justly excited suspicions of the husband of his innamorato into sleep. This circumstance clashes with one and all our ideas of fitness or congruity, and cannot therefore be accepted as a fact. Conscience is authorized to pronounce the circumstance an invention, or to exclude it from the region of facts. Thus far then conscience is an arbiter of truths. But even here its ability to judge aright has been crippled. There is not a man in India brought up amid its current traditions, who does not look upon the principle of Manu, that under particular circumstances a man is at liberty to lie, as thoroughly unexceptionable. The aggregate conscience of the nation has been so far vitiated by a demoralizing system of education, that it readily lends its sanction to a principle so obviously at war with the eternal and immutable principles of rectitude. And if the conscience of nations and communities has been debauched, so to speak, by impure or questionable schemes of education, the conscience of individuals could not have escaped their deteriorating influence. Those who make conscience the infallible arbiter of truth, forget that it is not now in the condition of strength and purity in which it was when man was not guilty of that defection, which has resulted in the total corruption of his mind and spirit. Conscience has been enfeebled and vitiated by sin, and it is not therefore, even in the province of truth which may be called its own, an unerring and thoroughly reliable guide. But in this province, however, its verdict cannot be despised, and it may be to some extent, looked upon and represented as an arbiter of truth.

But there is a province of truth which is entirely beyond the jurisdiction of conscience, as there is a province of knowledge with which human science has nothing whatever to do, or rather which lies beyond the range of human science. The light of science is a safe guide, so long as we confine our attention to truths which do not lie absolutely beyond its province; and so the light of conscience is a safe guide, so long as our mind is fixed on truth on which it is competent to sit in judgment. But

out of this narrow region of truth, conscience is no guide at all, just as out of the region of scientific truth science is no guide at all. Conscience arrogates to itself a right which does not belong to it when it occupies the position of an arbiter in the domain of revealed truth, or truth which reason could not possibly have discovered by its efforts, and which, when discovered by a supernatural revelation, reason finds too sublime to be encompassed, so to speak, by its most transcendent flights. Conscience, in plain English, cannot be allowed to assume the lofty tone and perform the high functions of a judge in the province of revealed truth, simply because its knowledge and views are too circumscribed and narrow to justify its occupation of so lofty a position. This we shall illustrate by an apposite example. There is no doctrine more loudly and more emphatically denounced by the devotees of conscience than the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is represented as incompatible with the wisdom, the justice and the mercy of the Creator; and it is looked upon as eminently fitted to set forth God as a vindictive tyrant or a monster of cruelty, rather than as a Being who may justly be described as Love itself. But conscience simply stultifies itself when it indulges in these and similar denunciations. Conscience is not in a position to sit in judgment on this doctrine, inasmuch as it is not in possession of what may be called, in legal parlance, *all the facts of the case*. There are many important questions in connection with this doctrine which it is not in a position to answer. It can not decide how malignant sin is in its nature, how far its consequences extend, how far it has insulted the majesty of heaven, and endangered the interests of the moral and physical government of the universe; and consequently it can not antecedently decide how sin is to be stayed, and what its punishment ought to be. It can not say what the varied principles and objects of the divine administration are, and consequently it can not decide whether eternal punishment is in accordance with these principles or likely to subserve these objects. It can not decide whether eternal punishment is or is not likely to promote the highest good of the largest number

of God's creatures, rational or irrational ; nor can it say whether eternal punishment is not the necessary and inevitable consequence of that daring course of impiety which is said to terminate in it. It is plainly not in possession of the facts of the case ; and therefore it has no conceivable right to pronounce a sentence of condemnation against the doctrine in question. Its business is calmly to enquire whether the doctrine is one of those truths which God has been pleased to reveal for our guidance ; and, when convinced of the sanction of His Revelation to it, to accept it as one of the unalterable articles of its creed. All this may be predicated of the other peculiar doctrines of Christianity, the doctrine of the incarnation, the atonement, regeneration, &c. Conscience has no business to sit in judgment on these doctrines,—it has only to ascertain whether they are revealed, and accept them when convinced by independent lines of evidence that they are revealed. And so when, in the name of conscience, an attempt is made to bring these doctrines into disrepute, or to hold them up as inconsistent with the eternal principles of rectitude, we can not help stigmatizing that attempt as unphilosophical, unreasonable and absurd. Conscience in its own province may be regarded as an arbiter, reliable on the whole though by no means infallible ; but out of its province it is no guide at all. To cause it to sit in judgment on the truths of revelation, or to place its feeble voice in antagonism to those truths, indicates a lamentable misconception of its nature and functions.

Now let us come to the second of the two dogmas to which Mr. Lecky gives prominence in his entertaining, though very one-sided, *History of Rationalism in Europe*. Theology, he maintains, is a progressive science, and subject to the law of development which regulates the progress of the other sciences. This assertion is true to some extent, but untrue as regards the main object which it is intended to prove subservient to. Bishop Butler, in a well-known and oft quoted passage, represents theology as a progressive science, one subject to a law of development similar to that which regulates the progress of,



say, anatomy or chemistry. The Bible is the great source of theology, as nature is the great source of scientific knowledge. But the Bible must be correctly interpreted ere its truths can be gleaned and arranged into a system of theology; and the science of Scripture hermeneutics or exegesis has been, and is a progressive science. Of late, this science has received a mighty impetus from the energy and enthusiasm with which the languages associated with the sacred volume have been studied and mastered, and the stores of ancient history have been enquired into and availed of. But who can stand up and say that this science, the science in plain English of Scripture interpretation, has reached its zenith of development? Who will assure us that this science will not in future dig out of this inexhaustible mine of revealed truth many precious gems of the very existence of which we are ignorant, as it has in our day brought out many of the very existence of which our forefathers were ignorant? Who will assure us that this science will not lead our posterity to see the weakness of many of the positions maintained by us, as it has led us to see the untenableness of many of those maintained by our forefathers when it was in a state of infancy? The Bible is an inexhaustible repertory of religious truth just as nature is an inexhaustible repertory of scientific truth. And just as human science is to go on bringing, with more and more dexterity and thoroughness, new truths from the storehouse of nature, theology under the guidance of the comparatively new science of Scripture hermeneutics will go on evolving more and more skilfully new truths out of the store-house of revelation. But as some of the principles of science are unalterably fixed, so some of the principles of theology are unalterably fixed. These fundamentals will remain unchanged through all the mutations through which the science of theology may pass under the guidance of that interpretation which, as it depends on our progressive knowledge of ancient times and ancient languages, can not but be progressive.

In this sense theology is a progressive science. But it ought to be borne in mind that theology is not a progressive science in the sense in which Mr. Lecky and the champions of

Rationalism represent it as such. Theology does not, and will not, outgrow or override the revelation embodied in the Old and New Testaments. Theology is to be evolved out of this Revelation, not in spite of it, is to assume forms in accord with, not antagonistic to, its spirit and letter. The advocates of Rationalism look upon the Bible as an old fashioned book containing some gems of truth indeed, but presenting them under what may be called a luxuriant outgrowth of mythology and fable, as well as of error in its various phases. It is in their opinion in no conceivable way fitted to occupy a unique position among the religious books of the world. It resembles them in kind, if not in degree, and the facts and truths it brings forward must pass through a sifting process, such as will separate the wheat from the chaff, deposit the former in the garner of theology, and burn the latter with fire unquenchable. Nor is the store-house of theology to be enriched only by the precious jewels imbedded in the venerable but by no means unexceptionable body of literature it presents. The other religious books of the world must be examined and sifted, and so compelled to contribute their quota towards its adornment. Then the arcana of nature and the facts of human consciousness must be looked into and utilized ; and as this work is necessarily of a progressive stamp, theology must needs be a progressive science. And though the glory of its future career may be sooner conceived than described, the progress it has already made is of the most praiseworthy stamp. It has exploded the superstitions associated with the pure morality taught by Christ, has delivered the world from its monstrous belief in the supernatural, has set forth the ridiculous nature of the current idea of a superintending providence, has thrown the Creator into the back ground, and has led men to cast aside prayer as an old garment, and look up to a number of hard, unfeeling laws as their guide through life, their hope in the hour of death and their portion for ever ! These are the present triumphs of progressive theology, and they are glorious enough to foreshadow the period when the popular idea of God, which has been condescendingly allowed to remain shorn of its vitality, will be

thrown overboard as unworthy of an age of scientific enlightenment. We need not add that our heartfelt prayer is, that theology may not in this sense be a progressive science. Its mine is the Bible, as the mine of science is nature; and all principles inconsistent with the Bible are false, as all doctrines inconsistent with nature are scientifically absurd.

Our Brahmo friends assert that the insuperable difficulties associated with the correct interpretation of the Bible render the Revelation embodied in it almost nugatory. There are different schools of interpretation, and doctrines diverse and even antipodal are promulgated by them. How are we to separate the true doctrines from the false, and so construct a body of theology in harmony with the facts and principles of the Revelation which it is so very difficult to interpret correctly? This argument is based upon a fallacy, *viz.*, that of supposing that it is very difficult to interpret correctly the facts and truths of the Bible which have reference to human salvation. There are certainly passages in the Bible which transcend human comprehension,—there are heights inaccessible and depths unfathomable within this wonderful book. But the truths which appertain to human salvation are so clearly, and in such varieties of ways, unfolded and elucidated that he that runs may read. And regarding these truths there has been no difficulty of interpretation leading to a serious diversity of opinion in the Church. All its sections, almost without exception, have from the very beginning held the doctrines of human depravity, redemption by the Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost as life. There certainly has been a diversity of opinion in the Church as regards the non-essentials, called the *adiaphora* in Luther's time, but all its sections, though but too prone to be at loggerheads with one another, have vied with one another in upholding the essentials of Christianity, that is those facts and truths in connection with it on which man's salvation from the power and punishment of sin hinges.

We cannot conclude this "hasty scrawl" without pointing out the essential distinction between theology and human science.

They differ as regards the sources from which they are respectively derived, the methods utilized in their elaboration, and the objects which they respectively subserve. The source of theology is the Bible, while that of human science is nature. The facts and ideas of theology are scattered in the volume of revelation, while the facts and ideas of human science are scattered in the volume of creation. Theology properly so-called must be evolved from the Bible, not from the store-house of nature or the facts of human consciousness, nor from the so-called religious books of the world. Nature certainly presents some glimmerings of theological truth. So does the inner consciousness of man, and so do the almost innumerable imitations of that revelation, which has come down to us from the days of Adam first in the shape of uncertain oral traditions, and ultimately in the shape of reliable written documents which bear marks of a divine origin on their face. But these glimmerings of religious truth, valuable though they doubtless are, are eclipsed by the facts narrated and the ideas revealed in Holy Writ, by, in short, the facts and ideas which are the materials to be made use of in the construction of a symmetrical body of divinity. The method to be utilized in the elaboration of what may be called a correct standard of theology is Baconian, but in its details it differs very much from that utilized in the construction of the imposing superstructure of human science. The object of theology is the salvation of the human soul dead in trespasses and sins. Theology begins where science ends, makes man, brought by science up to a glorious stage of improvement, a child of God, a citizen of heaven, an heir of glory, and a joint-heir with Him, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and around whose mysterious Manhood the entire science of divinity clusters.

---

## THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

The monuments of Egypt are perhaps more ancient, and certainly far more wonderful, than those of Babylon and Nineveh. Herodotus, who had travelled through many lands, has left on record the remark that 'Egypt has more wonders than any other country, and exhibits works greater than can be described in comparison with all other regions.' Of these works the grandest and most gigantic remains, apart from the pyramids, are those to be seen at Thebes, of the earliest history of which however nothing whatever is known to us. It has been calculated by an examination of the deposits of the Nile that Thebes was probably founded some three thousand years before Christ, that is, between six and seven hundred years before the deluge. If this really was so the city must have been older than the sister-cities of Assyria; but it would perhaps be more correct to assume that it was contemporaneous with them, or founded like them a short while after the deluge. All that has been recorded historically is that it was selected as the seat of empire by Busiris II, and that the most magnificent edifices in it were raised by the sovereigns named Osymandyas or Osertesens I, the Thothmeses I and III, and Sesostris.

Homer calls Thebes 'Hecatompylus,' or having a hundred gates, which Diodorus explains is to be understood as implying a plurality of gates, and not a definite number. It is doubtful however, if Thebes ever had any surrounding walls; there are no remains of any at present; and if there were no walls there could have been no gates, and the expression 'hundred gates' would, in that case, simply imply considerable size and power, the proofs of which are abundant. The circumference of the city is usually taken at from twenty-five to thirty miles. Its length according to Diodorus was sixteen and a half miles; but the more probable estimate of Strabo reduces it to eight miles only. All the buildings in it were of stone, and the remains yet seen attest

that they were larger, more solid, more impressive, and in one sense more magnificent, than even the edifices of Greece and Rome. No people, ancient or modern, seem ever to have attempted the art of architecture on a sublimer and grander scale than the Egyptians were able to achieve.

Thebes stood on both sides of the Nile, as Babylon did on both sides of the Euphrates, but without being connected by a bridge or tunnel, which the breadth and impetuosity of the Nile did not permit. Some writers hold that the city proper occupied the eastern bank of the river, while its suburbs occupied the western bank; but this is mere assumption. The remains of the city are seen diffused along both banks of the river for about three leagues in length, and reach east and west to the mountains, which gives them a breadth of about two leagues and a half. This accords to the entire site a circumference of more than thirty miles, and the extent of the city in its most flourishing period could hardly have been less. The distant appearance of the ruins is not very imposing, as it presents a forest-like assemblage of temples, columns, obelisks, and colossi, which cannot be fully appreciated except on nearer inspection. The impression on coming up to them, it is said, is that you enter a city of giants, deserted by them after a prolonged conflict either among themselves or with other giants, the ruins of their vast edifices remaining as the only proofs of their existence. The remains are divided into four distinct groups, represented by the modern villages named Uksor and Kárnak on the eastern bank of the river, and Gournou and Medinet-Háboo on its western bank; but they are not wholly confined to them. In fact some of the most magnificent ruins on the western side lie midway between the villages last named.

The only great Egyptian building of which a detailed account has been given by any of the ancients, is the palace of Osymandyas, the describer of which is Diodorus, who is generally held to be an untrustworthy authority. It is probable however that he saw the structure he was trying to describe, and though the description cannot now be verified in every respect,

the circumstances he mentions would not be impossible or improbable of any of the great temples yet to be seen, or of the tombs of the kings among the mountains. The monument Diodorus saw was thirteen stadia in circumference, and surrounded by walls 24 feet in thickness and 68 high; and the richness and workmanship of its ornaments corresponded with the size and majesty of the building. The entrance into it was by a vestibule of coloured stones 200 feet long and 68 high, and from this vestibule a square peristyle, or range of columns, was reached, each side of which was 400 feet in length. Animals 24 feet high, cut from blocks of granite, served as columns to support the ceiling, which was composed of marble slabs 27 feet square, and embellished by golden stars glittering on a ground of azure. Beyond the peristyle was another entrance, and after that a second vestibule built like the first. At the doorway here were three statues, the principal of which represented Osymandyas himself, the colossus bearing the oft-quoted inscription: 'I am Osymandyas, king of kings! He who would comprehend my greatness and where I rest, let him surpass or destroy my works.' After this portico was a peristyle more beautiful than the first, on the stones of which were engraved the wars of Osymandyas, and other paintings of great beauty. In the centre of the peristyle, where the roof was open, there was an altar erected of a single stone of marvellous bulk and exquisite workmanship. The peristyle led to an edifice 200 feet square, the roof of which was supported by high columns. Here several figures carved in wood represented an assembly of judges, their president being seated with a pile of books at his feet, and the figure of Truth, with his eyes shut (to denote the impartiality of justice) suspended on his breast. On the summit of the monument was placed a circle of gold one cubit thick and 365 cubits in circumference, each cubit corresponding to a day of the year; and on it was engraved the rising and the setting of the stars of the day, Diodorus saw the monument standing, but stripped of its silver, gold, ivory, and precious stones. His description does not fit exactly any building now extant, but it is supposed to refer to

the Memnonium of English travellers, which will be presently described.

The chief ruins to notice are the great temples dedicated to Ammon or Jupiter, situated at Uksor, Kárnak, Gournou, and Médinet-Háboo. All these buildings have been regarded by some writers rather as the remains of palaces than of temples, and there is no doubt that they partake of a double character, owing probably to the kingly and priestly offices having been united in Egypt, as they were in Assyria. The temple at Uksor is a long building, but not built after one single plan, being divided into three parts which occupy three different sites. It is smaller than the chief building at Kárnak, but is in better preservation. It has a stately colonnade on the river-side, while the inland approach to it is by a gateway 200 feet in front and having at each side of it a granite statue buried up to the middle of the arms, the statues again having in their front two almost perfect obelisks of rose-coloured granite. That the portal is not on the river-side is accounted for by the temple itself being but an adjunct to the great temple at Kárnak, from which a long avenue of sphinxes terminates at its very entrance. The wings of the portal are covered with sculptures representing scenes of war. Of the three courts of the temple the first is surrounded by a double row of columns, the capitals of which are of the papyrus-bud form. The second court is not distinguishable at present for anything but a magnificent avenue of fourteen columns, each of which is 11 feet in diameter and has a capital resembling the bell-shaped papyrus flower. Behind this is the third court, also much ruined, which has a double row of columns on each side, and at its end a portico supported by columns four deep.

The temple at Kárnak is of much larger dimensions than that at Uksor, and in fact consists rather of a collection of temples than of one temple only. The position of the group is inland, it being situated at a distance of about half a mile from the river. The approaches to it are twelve in number, the chief front being turned towards the Nile, with which it was



connected by an alley of colossal crio-sphinxes, or figures having the heads of rams with the bodies of lions, at the termination of which there was a flight of steps leading down to the water's edge. The portal is 360 feet wide ; but it was never sculptured, nor its surface smoothed. The court it leads to is 275 feet long and 329 broad, the peculiarity of lesser length than breadth\* being very common in Egypt. On each side of the court is a gallery with a single row of columns, while a double colonnade forms an avenue from its entrance to that of the saloon or hypostyle hall beyond it, the most magnificent relic to be seen at Kárnak, and the grandest work of its class in Thebes. This hall is 170 feet long and 340 broad, and its roof, composed of unhewn blocks of stone, is supported by 134 pillars, some of them 70 feet high and 12 in diameter, arranged in nine parallel rows, the greater columns forming an avenue through the midst of the building from the entrance, while the rest are arranged near together on each side. In common almost with every other hall in Egypt the edifice is lighted from the roof, by the central portion of the avenue being higher than its other parts and pierced with openings on both sides. The effect is surprisingly grand, and is enhanced by the masonry of the columns and the walls being ornamented with sculptures, most of which commemorate the greatness and power of Sesostris. The back of the hall is formed by two propyla, or porches, one after another, in the midst of which stood two magnificent obelisks of red granite, one of which is now in fragments. Beyond these obelisks is the chief sanctuary, made almost entirely of granite and divided into two apartments—apparently a comparatively new building standing in the place of one probably destroyed by some ruthless conqueror. After this comes the great temple, which was the chief seat of the worship of Ammon, the principal entrance to which is towards the south, so that it almost exactly faces the entrance to the temple of Uksor. It is reached by passing through two superb galleries, one of them known as the gallery of rams ; while

---

\* We understand *length* here to mean the distance from *end* to *end*, and *breadth* the distance from *side* to *side*.

another avenue of rams, almost uninjured, stands in front of the building. The court of the temple has a double row of columns on each side, at the end of which are a hall supported by eight columns and many small chambers. The minor temples and other buildings at Kárnak are all more or less in ruins ; but some of them bear traces of having been very beautiful in the past. The assemblage of ruins at the spot is altogether exceedingly imposing, and travellers affirm that no adequate description of it can be given in words. There is nothing like the collection, they say, in any part of the world.

At Gournou, on the western side, there is first a small temple remarkable for its great antiquity, which is stamped on its very appearance. A portico, originally supported by ten columns, extended along the whole length of this building, which contained two halls and several chambers, of which the ruins only are now seen. Neither sphinxes, nor obelisks, nor propylæa are here met with, and hence some writers consider the building to have been a private one, perhaps the residence of some grandee of the state. A more prominent object here is the building known as the Memnonium, situated on the edge of the Libyan desert, and believed to be the same with the tomb of Osymandyas. A propylon 225 feet wide forms the front of this edifice, through the portal of which a spacious court is entered 142 feet in length and 180 in breadth. In the midst of this court was the largest figure ever raised by the Egyptians—the statue of Osymandyas, which was 60 feet in height, and is said to have weighed 887 tons. This colossus was made of one block of rose-colored granite. It is said to have been broken into pieces by Cambyzes, probably on account of the vaunting inscription. Diodorus says it bore, inviting a comparison of the greatness of Osymandyas with that of others, who were defied to equal or destroy his works. The head, one foot, and one hand still remain, and the fore-finger of the hand is nearly four feet in length. The throne of Osymandyas was in the second court, which is 140 feet long and 170 broad, and has a double colonnade at the front, all the columns having capitals

of papyrus-bud form, except some which are square pillars with caryatides of Osiris in front of them. Next to this court is a hypostyle hall, which forms the most admirable part of the temple, and within which forty-eight columns were arranged in eight longitudinal rows, of which seven or eight are yet standing. The elegance of form and the adjustment of the proportions of these columns have been particularly praised, and they are held to be the most beautiful structures of their kind in Egypt. The walls of the entire building are covered with sculptures, which are mainly historical. There is another remarkable ruin here—a chamber with an astronomical ceiling, one of the most precious scientific records of very ancient times. This was perhaps the azure ceiling described by Diodorus as embellished by golden stars, though the description in other respects does not correspond.

At a distance of less than half a mile from the Memnonium was another temple, which has been completely destroyed, and in front of this was a field of colossi, almost all the figures in which have been thrown down. Two of these figures were seated, one being smaller than the other; and the larger of them was believed to be the speaking statue of Memnon, which is said to have sent forth harmonious sounds once every morning on being first touched by the rays of the sun. The circumstance was not doubted by the ancients, many of whom had tested the truth of it personally. Among these the most sceptical was Strabo, who says that he did hear a sound on the spot at about six in the morning, but was uncertain whether it proceeded from the base or the colossus, or was produced by some person present. The cause of the sound has since been attempted to be accounted for. In the lap of the statue a stone was found which on being struck emitted a metallic sound, not unlike the snapping of a harp or lute string. How it was worked is a mere matter of inference, it being supposed that it was accessible to the priests from within the hollow of the colossus. The colossus has now a very shattered appearance. It was thrown down by an earthquake, and has been much injured.

The group of buildings at Medinet-Háboo includes two temples and a palace; but the smaller of the two temples has nothing peculiar in it to notice, except that it is now almost wholly in ruins. The larger temple must have been at one time a very magnificent edifice. The first propylon leading to it is about 200 feet wide, and the court behind it is 110 feet long and 135 broad, and bears a colonnade on either side forming a gallery. The gallery on the right side consists of seven square pillars with the figures of deities carved in front of them, while that on the left side consists of eight columns having capitals of papyrus-flower form, which affords a remarkable, but not unpleasing example of architectural irregularity. A second propylon leads to a peristyle court which is the finest part of the temple. It measures about 123 feet in length and 133 in breadth, and has a single colonnade at the front and on either side, and a double colonnade at the end. The colonnade at the front and that facing it are formed of eight square pillars with caryatide figures of deities in front of them, while the other colonnades are formed of tall columns with capitals of papyrus-bud shape. The whole of the temple is carved over with a mixture of historical and religious sculptures; and the impression made by the enormous masses of architecture and their embellishments is overpowering, and must have been more so to the Egyptians who felt themselves in the presence of their gods. The palace adjoining the two temples is particularly remarkable as differing in its construction and purpose from every other ancient monument in Egypt. It is two-storied, and contains many saloons and apartments, and its position is such as to command a view, not only of all the monuments of Medinet-Háboo, but of those on the other side of the Nile. It is also distinguished by three towers, one on each side of its court and the third at the end of it, and the walls of the chambers are freely sculptured, the subjects represented differing from those to be seen in the temples in this that they are not wholly historical and religious, but are largely intermixed with scenes of domestic life.

A long winding valley, called the Babun-el-Moluk, com-

mencing from behind the ancient temple at Gournou, leads up to the Libyan mountains, and at the extremity of it are the sepulchres of the ancient kings. They are cut in the freestone rock, and are composed of extensive galleries richly ornamented and having many lateral chambers. The sepulchres discovered, are twenty or twenty-one in number, besides which there are four in the western valley. Their plans are very similar; but they differ greatly in extent. The paintings and sculptures in them are remarkable for the manner in which they illustrate the religion of Egypt, and also for the beauty of their execution. The most conspicuous of these receptacles has an astronomical ceiling, very like the one referred to among the ruins at Gournou. Belzoni also found here a sarcophagus of the purest alabaster, nine feet and nine inches long, and five feet and seven inches broad, which has been removed to the Soane Museum in London. It is only two inches thick, and therefore transparent when a light is held within it; and it is minutely sculptured, both without and within.

Besides the tombs of the kings there are those of the queens at another end of the valley, these being similar to the others in design though neither so large nor so well-preserved. There are also the private tombs all along the mountain-chain where it approaches nearest to Gournou and Medinet-Haboo; and these are excavated in tiers one above another, the lowest being the tombs of the richer classes, and those higher up the tombs of the poorer classes. In all these receptacles are deposited the remains of the dead mummified according to Egyptian practice, those of the higher classes being buried in cases, while those of the lower classes are placed without any covering. Many of these tombs are decorated with pictures of domestic and social life, besides which alongside of the mummies have been found historical rolls of papyrus furnishing information of diverse kinds.

Briefly recapitulated, the ruins of Thebes commence and terminate with two race-courses, the smaller of which stood on the eastern and the larger on the western side. Starting from the former the first building northward is the temple or palace

of Uksor, whence there is a long alley of sphinxes leading to Kárnak. There is next an alley of colossal rams, after which come the several temples of Kárnak and the great Hall of Columns, and then the northern entrance, which is the main entrance to Kárnak. Crossing over from this place to the western side are found first the ruins at Gournou, then an alley of sphinxes leading towards the tombs of the kings, then the sepulchre of Osymandyas, now known as the Memnionium, then the field of Colossi, after which comes the chief temple at Medinet-Háboo, followed by a two-storied palace and a smaller temple called by some writers a pavilion, the ruins being finally bounded by the larger race-course, which was surrounded by an enclosure now represented by hills, among which thirty-nine gates can yet be distinguished. Apart from these there are the catacombs to the west of Gournou and immediately to the north of the alley of sphinxes leading therefrom, and the tombs of the kings and queens in the Libyan mountains. In neither the eastern nor western division of the city are any traces of private houses to be seen. It is supposed that all the space between the ruins on the eastern side and the Arabian mountain-chain was occupied by them, but that being made of perishable materials like the private houses in Nineveh and Babylon, all vestiges of them have disappeared.

The ruins of Thebes are probably the most ancient in the world, but those of Memphis look much older. Memphis has the reputation of having been originally built by Menes, while Thebes was founded by Busiris II, a later sovereign. But Memphis did not rise to greatness till after Thebes, that is, till the time of Uchoreus, its second founder, who, on the division of the country, made it the capital of Middle Egypt. In this position it was known in history as the great rival of Thebes, and as such contained several buildings of rare excellence. The first king, Menes, is said to have built the temple of Phtháh or Vulcan, which, Herodotus says, was vast and well-worthy of mention, and which was long regarded as the chief temple of the city. The other important edifices in it were the temples dedicated to

Osiris and Serapis. The remains of these buildings are now very scanty, mainly because they were brick-built, and also because the position of the city near the Delta exposed it for ages to the violence of the several invaders of Egypt, and to its being used as a quarry. In the twelfth century the ruins were described as being 'so wonderful as to confound the reflecting,' and 'such as the most eloquent could not describe.' Their site, which was at one time disputed, has since been traced to the little village of Metrahenny, which lies at a short distance from the pyramids, concealed in a thicket of palm trees. Gibbon gives Memphis a circumference of 150 furlongs; and in the twelfth century the ruins are said to have extended over half a day's journey in every direction. Even now they are spread over a fairly extensive area; but there is nothing remarkable in them at present, all that is seen being some heaps of rubbish interspersed with blocks of granite and broken bits of columns, statues, and obelisks. The largest of the mounds encloses an oblong area of 800 yards from north to south, and 400 yards from east to west. All the ruins beyond it are fragments only.

Middle Egypt was also famous for its obelisks, pyramids, the labyrinth, and lake Moëris. Of these the last is said by Herodotus to have been the most wonderful and the most useful of Egyptian works. It was excavated to regulate the inundations of the Nile, a too great or too little rise of the waters being equally fatal to the land. The circumference of it was above 3,600 stadia, and it was 300 feet deep. Herodotus believed it to have been excavated by the hand of man, and gave a reason for his belief. He said that in the middle of the lake there were two pyramids 300 feet above and 300 feet below the water, that is, having the same foundation as the base of the lake, from which he inferred that they must have been erected before the cavity was filled up with water. If this lake be identical with the Birket-el-Kerown of present times, it may safely be assumed that it was a natural, not an artificial lake, though possibly considerably improved by the hand of man. There are no remains of the pyramids in it. If they really existed they probably stood

on the island to be seen in the middle of the lake. We must mention, however, that according to the researches of M. Linant, a French Engineer, lake Mœris was not a lake at all but a broad canal, the basin of which is traceable, he says, in the Fayoum. Be that as it may, it was not the lake that was so wonderful as the canal more than four leagues long and 50 feet broad, and provided with locks and sluices, by which water was brought to the lake from the Nile. The water in lake Mœris did not spring from the soil, for that was excessively dry. It was conveyed through the channel still known as the Bahr Youssouf, which runs parallel to the Nile, and for six months flowed into the lake, and for the other six out of it. The advantage derived from the arrangement was not imaginary; it enabled the ancient Egyptians to irrigate 370,000 acres of land where 65,000 acres only are now cultivated.

The labyrinth stood on the southern extremity of lake Mœris, a magnificent pile composed of twelve palaces communicating with each other. Fifteen hundred rooms interspersed with terraces were ranged round twelve halls, and discovered no outlet to those who entered them; and there was precisely the like number of halls and rooms underground. What the object of the building was has not been explained. The place was called the Tower of Crocodiles, and hence the inference that the building was mainly designed for the safe custody of those amphibious animals which were worshipped. Manetho makes out that it was the tomb of Mœris, or Amemha III, while others are of opinion that it was a kind of council-house for the transaction of general business. Herodotus went through the upper rooms of the building, and says that they surpassed all human works and presented a thousand occasions of wonder. The site of the building has been traced on the borders of the Birket-el-Kerown, where an indefinite plan of it could be made out up to 1843. What is seen there now is an area of about 600 feet strewed in all directions with columns, entablatures, and architraves.

An obelisk is a quadrangular tapering spire, raised perpen-



dicularly ; and those of Egypt were covered with inscriptions and hieroglyphics. They were to be found almost in every place of note in the country on the eastern side of the Nile, and were valuable relics for their colossal size, simplicity of form, and beauty of sculptured decorations. Their beauty was too great, however, for them to be left undisturbed on the sites they were intended to grace. Rome, despairing to equal Egyptian art, removed the best number of them from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tiber ; and those which Rome was unable to remove are being taken away, one after another, by the English and the French.

The pyramids of Egypt, which are only to be seen on the west side of the Nile, are counted among the wonders of the world for their size and solidity of structure, but have no sort of external ornament to distinguish them, and do not in any respect vie in magnificence with ruins like those at Kárnak or the Memnonium. Some authors claim a very high antiquity for them, while others dispute that claim as strongly, though Herodotus's account, which makes the greatest and best of them about 900 years older than the Christian era, may perhaps be held to be generally accurate. They are understood to represent the tombs of the kings of Middle and Lower Egypt, and apparently of other royal personages also, and form together a long clustering group extending along the desert behind Memphis over about one degree of latitude. The most important on the score of fame and antiquity are those at Gizeh, in the immediate neighbourhood of Memphis, and not far from Cairo, where there are three large pyramids and six smaller ones. The total number of pyramids throughout Egypt is nearly a hundred, excluding those which from their pettier dimensions are not counted with the rest. Most of these monuments are built of limestone, only four, including that which looks the tallest, being built of brick. The principle of their construction is thus explained : A rocky site being chosen for a pyramid a space was made smooth for it, leaving a slight eminence in the centre to form a peg upon which it was to be fixed. Within the rock, and

usually below the level of the future base, a sepulchral chamber was excavated, with a passage inclining downwards leading to it usually from the north. Upon this rock was first raised a moderate mass of masonry of nearly a cubie form, but having its four sides inclined inwards. Upon this a similar mass was placed, and around it other such masses, generally about half as wide. This edifice could be enlarged or completed at any stage, at the wish of the designer, as the completion would only require a small pyramidal structure being raised at the top and the sides being filled in. It is presumed that when a king commenced his reign he levelled the surface of the rock for the pyramid he wished to raise to his own memory, excavated the sepulchral chamber, and erected the first course of masonry which served as the nucleus of the building. A course of masonry was afterwards added every year to the height, and the length of the lower range simultaneously increased in the manner explained. When the king died the work of enlargement ceased, and the casing was put on the pyramid. Herodotus was therefore right when he stated that the pyramids were finished from the top downwards, though he was not believed or understood. The height of each pyramid thus represents the length of the reign of the sovereign whose name was commemorated by it.

The highest of the pyramids is that called the pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh, which is composed entirely of limestone, and the next to it is the pyramid of Cephren, which is built of brick. The latter looks taller than the other from having been built on higher ground, but is in reality slightly shorter, the present perpendicular height of one being 450 feet, and of the other 447, both being higher than St Peter's at Rome. To the east of the second pyramid is a singular monument, the Great Sphinx, a manheaded lion nearly 189 feet in length, hewn out of the solid rock. The pyramid third in size is distinguished by a beautiful coating of red granite, which is peculiar to it, the other pyramids being reveted only with limestone. All the pyramids are four-sided, and in every case the sides face the four points of the compass with an exactitude that indicates intimate

acquaintance with the laws of the magnet. A very small portion of the edifices is occupied by chambers and passages, the rest being solid masonry throughout. Much of their outer covering has since been torn off, as well as the casing-stones, and they accordingly now present a series of steps on the outside, by which they can be ascended, though the ascent is necessarily fatiguing. The chambers within them are massive and gloomy : they were not intended for decoration, nor in fact to be opened out, and many of them are wholly plain ; though there are others both sculptured and decorated. From several of these have been extracted papyri, tablets, and paintings ; linen cloths of all textures, some of them very beautiful in fabric ; glass, glass-beads, enamelled porcelain idols, copper mirrors, leather and papyrus shoes, pottery, and vases of diverse kinds. The space around these monuments is occupied by almost countless tombs—the tombs of the people, some of which are built of stone, while others are excavated in the rocks.

The pyramids are so colossal that their building has always been held to be marvellous. It has been variously ascribed to Jins or Genii, the giants, and the Misraemites ; but there is not much reason to doubt that the monuments were raised by the natives of the soil, whoever they were. One general impression is that they were raised by slaves, or a people that was enslaved. “We are told of those pyramids,” says Voltaire ; “but they are monuments of an enslaved people. The whole nation must have been set to work on them, or those unsightly masses could never have been raised.” The supposition of the French cynic may be correct ; but another view of the case, also hypothetical, is entitled to consideration. What if the pyramids were raised simply to find occupation for the poorer classes in times of distress ? They were not built all at once ; each structure rose step by step, and was made by artificers employed year by year, possibly during periods of inundations, which in Egypt were constant, and when the people would necessarily find no agricultural employments to occupy them. Why not regard them then as absolutely nothing but relief-works on a monster scale,

a scale commensurate with the greatness of the people ? Among the inscriptions of Osertosen I occurs the following proud vaunt : “ There was not any famine in my days, and no hunger under my government.” Is it too much to assume that this immunity from distress was secured by his finding suitable work for his people ?

The vestiges in Lower Egypt are inconsiderable. The two most ancient cities in it were Sais and Heliopolis, the first a royal residence, the second the chief seat of Egyptian learning. Of the former the only remains now consist of some lofty mounds and fragments of massive walls made of crule brick. There was a great temple in it dedicated to the worship of Neith, or Athene, but not even the ruins of it can now be traced. Similarly, Heliopolis was famous for its temple of Râ, or the Sun, which had an avenue of sphinxes, and was adorned by several obelisks ; but no ruins are now to be seen in it beyond a solitary obelisk and crule brick ridges, the remnants of a broken wall. The temple of Râ was the most celebrated *Tple* of the Egyptian priests, and at the time of Strabo the apartments were still shown where Plato and Eudoxus had acquired their knowledge of Egyptian philosophy.

The genius of the Egyptians for architecture is undisputed, for the wondrous assemblage of ruins yet extant at Thebes renders it impossible to dispute it. Even in Egypt the first buildings were made of unbaked brick, the employment of stone being an after-thought that arose when the art of working on the harder materials was acquired. This is established by an examination of the ruins of Memphis, Sais, and Heliopolis, which are mainly represented by mounds of brick and rubbish. The site of Thebes was selected apparently after the art of hewing stones was learnt, and fixed at a point where the ranges of calcareous hills approached each other. The trade of inner Africa was carried by caravan routes passing across the desert, and the particular site of Thebes was well-suited for the rendezvous of the caravans engaged in drawing out the produce of the interior and in supplying it with whatever it stood in need of. The

mountains near the place, particularly about Syene, form a connecting link between chalk and granite, and are of all colours—gray, yellow, and white, with veins of rose and bright pink, and they furnished the best possible materials for raising the first city of stone. In Upper Egypt there is no wood fit for building, or even for burning, and building with stone was therefore a necessity. It is supposed that the erection of Thebes was undertaken immediately after the expulsion of the Hyksos from Egypt, though of course the buildings were not—as both their extent and their plans attest—raised or completed at one time. Long periods, centuries often, must have elapsed between the commencement and completion of many of them. Sesostris has the credit of having raised the largest number; but we know that several of his predecessors, and among others Aahmes and the Thothmeses I and III, distinguished themselves similarly almost to an equal extent. The reign of Sesostris was the Augustan age of Egypt, when, while the arms of Egypt were carried farthest in every direction, the arts attained a degree of perfection which was not afterwards surpassed. To it, therefore, everything great and lasting has been freely assigned; but the actual completion of Thebes must have occupied the attention of a dozen great sovereigns at least, both before and after the era of Sesostris.

Our description of the ruins of Thebes is necessarily brief, and conveys but a faint picture of their actual greatness; they are really so great that nothing like them is to be seen in any other part of the world. The Egyptians had no models to imitate, but have left models behind them which have nowhere been equalled. They sought the production of an astounding ideal, and did not miss in finding it. Without referring to the pyramids, the immensity of their designs will be understood from the fact that the Hall of Columns at Kárnak is so stupendous that the largest church in England, St. Paul's excepted, would stand within it with ease if some Arabian Night's genii were to transport it thither bodily. All the buildings moreover are as solid as they are extensive. There is neither brick nor wood to be seen in the ruins, everything being of stone. Consider then, the

quantity of stone that had to be amassed to construct them ! The largest colossus, we have said, was 887 tons in weight. We cannot easily suggest the means adopted for its transport from Syene to Thebes, a distance of 138 miles, and there were monoliths still heavier than the colossus, all made of single blocks of stone. All these must have been floated down the Nile ; and it is not possible, with such facts before us, to deny to the Egyptians the possession of the highest mechanical skill. The evidences of the possession of scientific skill are equally conclusive. In the pavilion at Medinet-Háboo some of the chambers were arched with stone, as is shown by the devices on the upper part of their walls which represent the form of the building. Traces of arches are also seen in the tombs, and, putting this and that together, it has been very precisely demonstrated that the construction of arches was understood in Egypt previous to B. C. 1500, as it was understood in Babylon from about B. C. 1300, and in Nineveh from about B. C. 900. The Egyptians possessed also a knowledge of geometry and astronomy, and this is proved by the geometrical form of the pyramids, and the astronomical uses which, it has been discovered, they were made to answer in their day, as well as by the forms of the temples and palaces which exhibit a wide and diversified use of circles, squares, and triangles. We have said besides that Plato came to the temple of Rá to learn Egyptian philosophy, and read that Moses acquired his wisdom in Egypt, and Thales had no masters for the sciences but the Egyptian priests ; and no proofs beyond these can be required to vindicate the reputation for extensive knowledge which the nation had secured.

The sculptures in Thebes are so many and so various that they can here be referred to in general terms only. They are distinct in character, form, and analogy from those found in Nineveh, but like them afford unquestionable proofs of the progress made by the people, both mentally and socially. They tell explicitly what arts and inventions were known to them, and to what extent they were known. Homer refers to the opulence of the Egyptians, to their possession of gold, silver, ivory, and

precious stones; the sculptures show how these were worked and to what uses they were applied. The manufacture of linen and cotton is also proved by them and from the mummy clothes extracted from the tombs. The Egyptians had papyrus and parchment to write upon, and the sculptures show that even the poorer classes wrote, using wooden slabs for that purpose. The use of glass was known to them, and the blowpipe figures among the representations which have come down to us. But what the sculptures are most valuable for is the amount of historical information they afford in regard to the names, wars, and great deeds of the sovereigns of the country, who never failed to inscribe on their walls whatever they desired should be remembered.

The great works of Egypt were erected during the first period of her history, which terminated in B. C. 525, with the conquest of Cambyses. It is useless now to speculate what events lost to history were connected with their construction. The first idea presented by them is that Thebes and Memphis were, in their day, the capitals of an empire perhaps as powerful as Greece and Rome ever became; and the next is akin to it, namely, that their social and commercial connection with other countries must have been very considerable to produce the opulence and interchange of ideas clearly readable on the stones. Of the vicissitudes undergone by them some records exist. They were successively devastated by the Arabs, Ethiopians, and Assyrians, the last of whom the later Egyptians seem to have resembled most, both in their effeminacy and in their admiration for the chase, which, we have observed already, has been wrongly regarded as a proof of national hardihood. From the attacks of these enemies the Egyptians were able to rally, but not from the outrage inflicted on them by the Persians, a nation of real warriors, at least at that age. Cambyses triumphed over an inanimate people, and read a fitting lesson to their want of spirit. He not only pillaged the temples and carried off their gold, silver, and ivory ornaments, but actually broke down as much as he could of what he was unable to remove, not sparing even the colossi,

of which the biggest was reduced into fragments. In more recent times the quarrel of the Ptolemys completed the destruction the Persians had left unfinished, and thus were the labours of the giants finally overthrown. S.

## THE PRESENT TENDENCIES OF BRAHMOISM.

The "Theistic Annual" for 1878 brings the present tendencies of Brahmoism into bold relief. The writers, who have extended their patronage to this hot-house system, have fallen into many gross mistakes in their glowing accounts of its growth and development; but they never stultify themselves more completely than when they represent it as an "indigenous" movement. It is not an indigenous movement growing out of either the current traditions of the country or the antiquities embalmed in its ancient literature,—a plant growing spontaneously out of the soil and nourished by recollections and associations of a thoroughly oriental stamp. It is, on the contrary, an exotic of an accidental type nourished by ideas enshrined in a questionable portion of the literature of christendom. The movement certainly sprung from what may be called the retrospective faith of its founder, the celebrated Rajah Ram Mohun Roy; and for a time it remained indissolubly bound up with some of the most abstruse and daring speculations of our ancient philosophers. But as an attempt to revive a system, which however well fitted it may be to tickle the pride of philosophic thought, can never be the religion of a large number of human beings, it seemed a complete failure, and its rapid dissolution was anticipated even by its most ardent upholders. But when about to descend into the limbo of forgetfulness, it received a fresh impetus from a quarter whence no help could possibly be obtained to impart life to a purely indigenous movement either in morals or in politics. Some attractive but misleading writings of European and American infidels of an inferior stamp fell into the hands of some of the upholders of the dying system, and under



their influence it was completely metamorphosed, in so much that it entirely lost its indigenous character, and became an exotic which had to be nourished by sap fetched from distant lands and strange peoples. The system, thus changed in its essence as well as in its external appendages, is the system to which the appellation of Brahmoism is given ; and its exotic character is so obvious that the man who deliberately represents it as an indigenous movement of the native mind, may justly be represented as blind. The Theistic Annual alluded to sets forth the sources from which it has derived its very sap of life, its food and nourishment. The best papers in this pamphlet, the best thoughts, the best "meditations" and the best "prayers" are of foreign origin borrowed, but not originated, by our Brahmo friends. The paper on "Belief in a Deity" is certainly marked by ability and logical acumen, and it presents some arguments in favor of the existence of a God suited to the requirements of the age ; but it is the production of a foreign pen, and it moreover throws contempt on the intuitionist theory of the Somaj by tracing our theistic belief to "an inference from the universe." The paper on "Mystery of Pain and Sin" is also ably written, though one-sided, inasmuch as it fails to set forth the essential connection between sin and pain, and inclines to the opinion advocated by Theodore Parker that vice is only virtue in the making ; but it is also a gift from one of the wellknown European upholders of the Somaj. The only discourse, which may be represented as an indigenous plant, is a declamation in the flowing but inaccurate style in vogue among our Brahmo friends. The jewels of thought glistening in the Meditations and Prayers embodied are masterpieces of plagiarism, while the Reports—why the man, who can swallow the assertion of the *Indian Mirror* that there are 900 (!) Somajes in India, when there are not so many or rather half the number of Brahmos, is the worthy whom they may gull ! The Annual in question plainly shows that Brahmoism has hitherto been an exotic, fed and nourished by the writings which have emanated from a portion, and that by no means the most respectable, of the infidel press of Europe and America.

The pamphlet, while it sets forth the fact that Brahmoism has hitherto been an offshoot of exotic modes of thought, indicates some of its fresh tendencies. It points out that reaction towards the literature of the country which is emphatically the newest of its ever-shifting phases of development. The causes of this retrospective gaze or backward move it is desirable to set forth. The form of infidelity from which Brahmoism has derived its energy and its vitality is held at a discount in the very places where its star was once on the ascendant, and in its present state of weakness and paralysis it can not uphold itself, far less the bantling it has generated and fed on the banks of the Ganges. The weakness of its position even in its palmy days has been noticed, the fallacious character of the arguments behind which it has intrenched itself has been made manifest, the plagiarism and the mean artifices associated with it, have been held up to public ridicule, and the hollowness of its pretensions has been mercilessly exposed. It can not therefore hold up its head; and justly disgraced, with its real character revealed, it has been reduced to the necessity of uttering the significant prayer—Mountains fall upon me! hills cover me! How can it be expected, itself disgraced, pilloried and exposed to public ridicule, to feed the system which has been reared on its lap in this land? Its prop being overthrown, Brahmoism has been left to its own resources. But native resources it has none, and so for support, sustenance and life it falls back on that body of antiquated literature from which only a few years ago it seceded with no little pomp and ostentation. Driven from the writings of modern infidels, in consequence of the relentless logic with which their erroneous character has been exposed, the Brahmos are now taking shelter in those venerable records which have come down to us from a remote antiquity, and which were made capital of by the late Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. But their retrospective investigation is not guided by the sincerity which characterized that of the great man to whose banner they are returning after a short period of barren, fruitless secession. They go back to the sacred writings of the country to impart a meaning into them rather than to

extract one from them. They devote themselves to their examination with some foregone conclusions, from the sway of which they can not emancipate themselves; and they make use of the rack, the thumb screw, the boot and other instruments of torture to squeeze out of them sentiments in accord with those preconceived notions. They see Theism where the world sees pantheism, and they hail as worshippers of God devotees to whom the country looks up as worshippers of Ram or Krishna. This disposition to tamper with the sacred records of the country, and torture them into conformity to or acquiescence with doctrines incompatible with their spirit, is certainly not confined to them; but in their case it is more significant than in that of the numerous reformers, who are trying to effect a midway reconciliation between the ancient religions of the country and the modern ideas which are being naturalised by English education. It shows them hanging between two opinions, penetrated with a desire to go back to the good old days of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, but not wholly emancipated from the dominant influence exercised over their weak minds by the dashing, inaccurate and illogical writings of men like Theodore Parker.

But it is worth while to speak of the present tendencies of Brahmoism with something like categorical precision,—more of the particularity needed to give an insight into their nature.

The first tendency to which we would call the attention of the reader is that which leads them to confound mythology with history, the darkness of a fabulous and the dimness of a legendary with the reliable light of a historical period. If you go to a Brahmo, you will hear him speaking in a strain which will strike you as eminently novel. He does not talk of “the rock of intuition” and the so-called broad, universal maxims deduced from and based on it;—does not talk glibly of the advantages which an introspective glance into the facts of consciousness has over the deductions of logic or the lessons of history, of the assurances resulting from illumination and inspiration as dominating over and modifying and shaping the cold conclusions of reason. All such talk, which only a couple of years since would

have flowed like a dashing torrent from his lips, is now cast aside as an old garment, and a new stream of discourse takes its place. He begins with a preamble disclosing the fact that no country can bear the slightest comparison with India "in religious development"—whatever that unctuous term may mean. He then draws your attention towards those bygone ages when India was the favored abode of pure theism, and Munis and Rishis were as common as blackberries. He then depicts the characteristic virtues of those good old times with a particularity and oracular assurance with which you would relate a fact occurring under your own eyes. Not content however with presenting a vivid life-like picture of an age enshrouded in fabulous darkness, he treats you to a detailed account of one of those devotees whose very existence is a problem which history with all its resources can not possibly solve. And thus he goes on presenting conjectures for reliable conclusions, fables for narratives, myths for facts, and shadows for realities till you are compelled to exclaim—Sir, do you take me for a tobacco-seller, ready to swallow any number of legends which it may please you to retail? His garrulity reminds us of a person who cut a very good figure in a private conversational party. An enraged husband had killed his wife in a dark room and then immediately after she died, committed suicide to escape the gallows. This gentleman took nearly an hour to report in the most circumstantial manner conceivable the conversation. These two persons had had before the catastrophe which sent them both prematurely to the grave. One of the party fearing the talk would be eternal posed the speaker with the question,—How could you, my friend, overhear a conversation which took place in a distant village and within closed doors, and which the parties concerned did not survive to report? This question disturbed his equanimity for a moment; but he recollected himself by saying,—It is your business to hear and mine to say! And so, we suppose, it is our business to listen devoutly to the inspired Brahmo, believing that his infallible intuition, though thrown for the nonce into the back ground, has not completely deserted him! This Brahmo tendency is the

very antipodes of a growing tendency of the age. To relegate facts susceptible of proof to the region of mythology and fable—to convert authentic narratives into myths, such is the task which historical criticism in these days is endeavouring to accomplish—but to present fables and myths as if they were authenticated historical facts, to rear superstructures of theology upon the quicksands of a legendary period, this is worthy of an age which should be represented as the South Pole, if the nineteenth century is regarded as the North !

The first eight pages of the Annual, in which short biographical sketches of some of the Saints of Western India are presented, manifest this tendency with a vengeance as well as that to which the attention of the reader is now to be directed. Brahmoism shows a tendency in these days to represent all classes of sincere worshippers, worshippers of natural powers, heroes, idols and fetiches, as worshippers of one living and true God, as theists in short of the first water. Tukaram, a worshipper of Hari, Ramdas a worshipper of Ram, and Uropanat a worshipper also of Ram, are represented as worshippers of God, and held up as pillars of theism, while *Haribhakti*, a term of rather a questionable notoriety, is coolly construed into “love of God.” Our Brahmo friends have resorted to this expedient to make amends for the obscurity and insignificance attaching to their community, as well as to ward off the consequences of an open rupture with the religions of the country. They form at best a small, insignificant community; and their opinions, often balanced against those of the whole world, may be passed over as ludicrously singular and erratic. Is it possible to attach to them that advantage of which they appear so decidedly shorn, the advantage *viz* : of numbers ? History of course will not afford the slightest help, but may not the fable of a persecuted church which has existed at all times and under all circumstances be pressed into the service of the Somaj. May not a little ostentatious display of broad catholicism effect what a sincere love of truth utterly fails to accomplish ? The ancient Munis and Rishis of the country were either upholders of our wild system of national

philosophy, of atheism and pantheism, or worshippers of one or other of the innumerable gods of the national pantheon. But may not a little exercise of that ingenuity which converts fabulous into historical periods, change these atheists, pantheists and polytheists into monotheists? And may not a host, whom no man can number, be in this way added to their community so as to ensure their thin ranks being almost indefinitely swelled? Again, may not Hindus be conciliated by an expediency which represents them as worshipping God by means of the very prayers and devotions which they pour out before gods many and lords many? A little ingenuity disarms the opposition before which they quail, enables them to maintain their caste and at the same time conjures up a body of theists as innumerable as the stars on the firmament and the sands on the sea-shore; and this our Brahmo friends have been wise enough to have recourse to. And what is the result? Their opinions are all on a sudden converted from the crotchets of a handful of theorists, into the facts of consciousness upheld by mankind at large! But they forget the proverb—Foolish friends are worse than wise enemies. They forget that the mass of false evidence they gather around their creed sets forth its weakness, as well as manifests that want of earnestness and superabundance of frivolity which one even slightly acquainted with them cannot but notice and deplore.

But not only are solitary atheists, pantheists, and idolators canonized as theists of the first water by the retrospective faith of the Somaj, but whole ages of theistic devotion are dreamt of and pressed into its service. The writtor of the "Oral Discourse" in the Annual eloquently maintains that "the age in which our fore-fathers held communion with nature and with God, and indulged in the luxury of spiritual absorption, was not an age of idolatry." He refers of course to the time when the form of worship set forth in the Rig Veda was prevalent in the country. But who can assure us that our fore-fathers in that glorious period of our national history held communion with God? The venerable hymns, which depict its glories, inform us that they held communion with the energies and forces of nature,

and believed in the existence of and worshipped no less than thirty-three deities of etherial, intermediate and earthly orders. And as to "the luxury of spiritual absorption," why, assuredly they had a deal of it when a few glasses of the exhilarating *soma* juice raised them from the monotony of every day life to the height of festive joy! But the writer alluded to cannot think of those glorious periods of theistic enthusiasm without asking his "fellow-countrymen" to think of the time when "the authors of your national *Upanishads* held communion with and meditated upon that Supreme Being who is not perceptible to the senses, but perceptible to faith" Our Brahmo friends would very likely represent us as iconoclasts of the worst stamp if we ventured to utter a syllable in depreciation of so glowing an exhortation. Let us however more respectfully remind them of what every school boy in India knows very well—*viz* : that the teaching of the *Upanishads* is pantheistic, not theistic, and that consequently the interests of Brahmoism cannot possibly be advanced by a return to the period spoken of in such glowing terms of eulogy. The fact is that, with the exception of a small and obscure people guided by a series of supernatural revelations, theism had never become the religion of any race, nation or community, before it pleased a number of European thinkers to steal from the Bible some lofty ideas and elaborate them into a creed fitted to attract persons ignorant of the teachings of history, blind to facts, and fickle enough to be guided by feeling rather than by reason! But to admit such a fact is subversive of the first principles, the life and soul of Brahmoism—it therefore must be ignored or suppressed, and a few facts manufactured to uphold the tottering edifice till the progress of enlightenment consigns it and its upholders into the limbo of forgetfulness!

The Brahmo tendency to change, which is coeval with the Protean system, is notorious, and does not need a formal exposure. Let us however make one remark on the attitude assumed by an influential section of the Somaj consequent on the ill-starred marriage of Babu Keshab Chandra Sen's daughter with the young Maharajah of Kuch Behar. The Deputy Commissioner of

that place is reported to have said to Mr. Sen when, after having quietly acquiesced in a number of serious compromises, he stood aghast before one of paltry importance,—You are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. This point of this long-standing proverb we have to direct against the numerous Brahmos who in different parts of the country have attained an unenviable notoriety under the name of *Protesters*. You are straining at a gnat after having swallowed not one or two, but at least half a dozen camels! You have allowed this man to change the fundamentals of your religion at least six times during the last twenty years, and now you are growling at him because he has changed his opinion on a question of what may be called mere social morality. You might as well accuse the weather-cock for one of the innumerable turns it takes in the course of twenty-four hours! But you will say that his change of opinion in the case of his daughter's marriage indicates, not merely an abandonment of an opinion or principle, but the preponderance in his soul of worldly motives. Are you really so green as to discover that now for the first time?

The Brahmo tendency to disingenuousness in reasoning is perhaps the worst of the tendencies which as public writers it is our painful duty to expose. The ubiquitous Babu is represented by his Hindustani brethren as a fighter whom it is absolutely impossible to defeat. When you express your readiness to measure your strength with him, he goes back fifty yards, and occupying a vantage-ground casts defiance at your teeth, You march forward, but before you have gained his stand point, he has gone back fifty yards more, showing his fist, gnashing his teeth, and scattering rodomontade right and left. He retreats as fast as you advance, and taking shelter in his own home, with the doors fast closed, he felicitates himself on the dexterity with which he has, while maintaining his honor intact, escaped the danger of an unequal fight with a *chhatu-eater* of twice his poor bulk! The Brahmo reasoner is in the region of argument what the ubiquitous Babu is in the region of fighting. He fortifies himself on the rock of intuition, and casts defiance at your teeth.



You bring forward a number of good arguments to prove that the intuition on which he plumes himself has led men grievously astray in matters of religion and morality. He immediately abandons his position and talks of intuition sharpened and strengthened by education as the ground of his invulnerable faith. You answer him that education is a vague term, and implies a body of objective truth, and enquire whence that body of truth is to be obtained. The writings of great men—he triumphantly replies. But the writings of great men, you humbly affirm, clash with one another, and present, not a coherent and consistent body of religious truth, but a regular farrago of conflicting theories and jarring opinions; and you ask how the chaff is to be separated from the wheat in these venerable records. To the intuition—the rock of intuition—he cries. Press him once more, and once more he completes the circle, congratulates himself on his splendid victory over you, and with the romantic generosity of the days of chivalry gone by weeps over your complete discomfiture! But the worst feature of the business is his apparent disingenuousness. Look at the document which Babu Protap Chandra Majumdar, the Secretary of the Somaj, has put forth in the name of its head in defence of the marriage which has set forth the real character of the Brahmo movement. It is not merely a tissue of weak and inconclusive argument, but one of positive disingenuousness. It suppresses facts, employs sophisms, resorts to tricks of the meanest kind, and by a copious use of the art of special pleading makes the devil appear as an angel of light. Now the disingenuousness, which characterizes this notoriously feeble defence, is the most prominent feature of Brahmo pamphlets, Brahmo speeches, and Brahmo reasonings.

The Brahmo tendency to exaggeration is so patent that a formal reference to it is superfluous. The tendency stands out in bold relief from Brahmo writings, Brahmo reports, Brahmo speeches, Brahmo sermons, from what may be called the very gait and gestures of Brahmoism. A couple of examples will show the extent to which this bantling of European and American infidelity has been victimized by that spirit of wild exaggeration which

takes men even in oriental countries by surprise. Visit a Brahmo and you will hear him talk glibly of multitudes of conversions as having been effected by the virtue which has gone out of his creed. He will assure you, with a composure, not unlike what is attributed by Lord Macaulay to Roman Catholic priests who look upon their congregations as assemblies of fools, that hundreds of drunkards, whoremongers and villains have been raised to the lofty position of the children of God by the power of Brahmoism. Where, Sir, have these miracles been wrought? Not certainly in this country. Many sober men have become drunkards after passing through the demoralizing *ecceci* of Brahmo worship. We came across a very respectable gentleman on a railway platform not long since who had been thus led astray. When questioned about his religion, he said that having tried Brahmoism for a number of years, and failed to derive any solace from it, he had taken to Brandy-drinking and had actually derived some positive benefit from it! We have been for some years travelling from place to place in the North West Provinces and, though we have come across many led astray by Brahmoism, we have not come across even one case of genuine conversion effected by it! And our conviction is that when the self-complacent Brahmo talks of conversions effected by his religion, he simply tells fibs! The Brahmos moreover are prone to exaggerate the sacrifices they have been compelled to make in obedience to the dictates of their conscience, and are careful enough to represent them as ten times more trying than those which Bengalee gentlemen embracing Christianity have to make. This of course is a correct statement. Though a believer in the universal brotherhood of man, the poor Brahmo has to suppress his convictions so far as to observe the rules of his caste in public, though of course in private he rewards himself with a vengeance for this act of self-sacrifice. Though convinced of the necessity of separating himself from ungodly companions with a view to work himself up to the height of devotional enthusiasm, he is compelled by social obligations to cheer them with his company, and occasionally to try a game of cards with them. Though a Brahmo,

he is compelled to be a Hindu in Hindu society only to secure a proper match for his daughter. Surely, it brings the tears into one's eyes to think of the endless list of sacrifices he is compelled to make, the occasions on which he has to throw his convictions into the back-ground, the innumerable compromises he has to acquiesce in, the numberless wounds he has to inflict upon his tender conscience, the contradictory parts he has to act, and the varieties of disguises under which his pure soul has to make its appearance ! The truth is, Brahmoism being an accommodating religion, without principle, and ready to preach universal salvation, every body laughs at it and no body thinks of throwing the slightest obstacle in its way.

We are aware that we are setting a nest of hornets against us by setting forth the present tendencies or rather the varied tendencies of Brahmoism, both new and old, in their true colors. But we would not be worth our *salt* as public writers, if we allowed these buzzing, stinging insects to interfere with the conscientious discharge of our public duty of exposing all kinds of delusions and sham, from those arrayed against us in markets and in thoroughfares up to those which appear in the disguise of religious reforms. We do not look upon Brahmoism as a religion which has done some good to the world, and which therefore ought to be tenderly dealt with even when veracity compels a public writer to bring its errors to light. Hinduism is a religion—it has its revelation, its creed, its prophets, its priests, its prescribed acts of self-denial, its penances and mortifications, its long roll of martyrs, its men rolling over thousands of miles to visit holy shrines, its women snatching their beloved children from their bosoms to commit them to the all-devouring flame to propitiate offended deities. Hinduism is a mighty religion ; and we treat it with respect even when we consider it our duty to hold it up as a religion invented by man, not the religion granted by God for our guidance. Brahmoism however is a humbug, and any thing in the shape of courtesy shown to it may justly be stigmatized as not merely a weakness but an iniquity. Doubtless there are some well meaning but mistaken

persons who do look upon it as a religion, and try to walk in accordance with its Protean principles. These gentlemen have our unfeigned pity, being dupes rather than imposters, children of declusion rather than manipulators of execrable tricks ; and the greatest kindness we can show is to set forth the real character of the creed to which they are apt to cling with unreasoning tenacity—to set forth the frivolity and worthlessness of a species of pious humbugs which has sprung into existence, developed into maturity, and gone to ruin in the course of a few years, and which will be talked of as a species of temporary insanity gone by, not by our grand children but by ourselves after a decade !

---

## PROSPECTS CONSEQUENT ON THE MATERIAL • PROSPERITY OF INDIA.

An eminent writer has observed that “ Mathematics suits the meanest intellect,” because its truths are certain and its reasoning is consecutive. It forms however the basis of that noble science, which directs our sight to the heavens and gives us a conception of that Being who moves the universe. The promotion of material prosperity may likewise be considered as the meanest pursuit, the motives to it being selfishness and love of wealth, but it may be the commencement of important improvements and noble pursuits in other respects. Let it not then be considered mean simply on account of its material tendency. God out of evil brings forth good. He has given us appetites, which require to be satisfied, and in so doing, under his direction, we may be led to saint like disinterestedness.

If the Hindus desire to promote their material prosperity they will have at first to shake off indolence and acquire a habit of diligence. A diligent man finds out work where an indolent man sees nothing to do. The action and reaction of indolence and diligence generates the love of order, which favors diligence by the accomplishment of work, and indolence by the occasion it gives of sparing labor. The order or the regular process of doing an action is of the first

importance to its accomplishment. But punctuality is essential to order ; order is the life, punctuality is the soul of action. When the Hindus are diligent they will love order. Their active powers will then have their normal course, clearing through all the tendencies or beliefs that lead to inactivity, or that ascribe the bondage of the spirit in flesh to action. Their field of work is as boundless as nature, the object of their acquisition is wealth for themselves, of which they require no instruction to appreciate the advantages, they must strive with the sweat of their brow to obtain their own comforts. They must work and eat or starve. Supposing they gather all their energies to work, they only take the first step. Success is not the end of all our efforts, for failure serves for our discipline. When our desires which excite us to make an attempt are frustrated, the predominance of indolence leads us to rest in disappointment, but that of diligence calls forth new energies to try new means and discipline the soul to a habit of perseverance. When our countrymen will thus be diligent in promoting the material prosperity of our country, regulate their proceedings in proper order, perform their work with due punctuality, and earnestly strive and persevere till they meet with success in what they strive for, they will have acquired by a course of discipline those qualifications and virtues the wants of which they now expect to supply in vain. They will then begin to value their own exertions ; thus learning self-reliance, and acquiring to a certain extent freedom of spirit, they will also really appreciate the benefit of united effort, and at that stage of progress, even if they do not feel the necessity to go abroad for commerce, they will certainly command the respect of other nations, in so far as they will come in contact with them. But then the day will not be far when they will sail with their manufactures to distant countries for merchandise, and this will inevitably pour in new light upon them of the world at large, and of their relations and duties to other men as men.

But is not India ever frequented by foreign nations, and have we not thus the opportunity to study men at home ? It must

however be observed that as there is a difference in the study of an animal in a picture, in a museum, in a zoological garden and in nature, likewise there is difference in the study of a people at home and abroad. Allowing that human nature is at all times and everywhere the same, a man in office is different from what he is at home. We can study a nation, not at home, no better than an animal in chains. Even the meanest individual of a ruling nation assumes a lordly style in the presence of one belonging to a subject nation, and the greatest hero may pass unnoticed in the land of his enemies. As of men, so of things, we must see them where they are. It is not our purpose to follow the effects of this extension of knowledge of men and things in consequence of commerce, we must be satisfied to bound our observations within a limited range. This stage of progress may under present circumstances be considered as the highest point of elevation, or the furthest prospect beyond which it is visionary to extend our view, for, shortsighted as we are, our prospects are limited. We must therefore bound our observations up to the stage of progress in which our countrymen begin commerce. In arriving at this stage, we expect our habits, our feelings, our views and our character to undergo some change in the right direction and divert from the path of retrogression which they took when we first got hoodwinked, and considered the circle in which we moved to be the whole universe.

The laborers, the mechanics, the tradesmen, the artists, of a country, cannot be indolent. Men of these classes in our country might be more diligent, but their failings in this respect are more owing to the state of the country than to their own faults. The educated and the rich, who think it degrading to work with their hands, are generally not so diligent as they ought to be, but they can have no plea for their failings. The depressed state of the country ought rather to rouse their energies to find out more work. They know their duties, which if they fail to perform, there is no hope for India. The want of order, punctuality and perseverance, generally and justly complained of, is but the consequence of the want of diligence, and needs no particular remark.

While our habits thus change for the better, our views and opinions will also undergo a change in the right direction. No man is more proud of his abilities, than one who does nothing ; the more we work, the more certain are we of the extent of our abilities, and being aware of our weakness and frailties, we learn humility. The Hindus, proud of the natural blessings of their country, care not to labor hard, and likewise, proud of the learning of their forefathers, think themselves to be entitled to respect for intelligence without a due care for its exercise. Pride creates disappointment and leads to destruction, and they are already in its path from which there is no better means to divert them than to engage them in such work in which they may form a correct estimate of their abilities and knowledge, and thus learn to be humble. The pride is of use to give them an idea of the respect in which they are entitled to be viewed by all the nations of the world that are indebted to them for most of what they have, but when it makes them blind to their own failings and turns itself into vanity, it is a blessing to have it eradicated. It makes them self-sufficient in their own conceit, and thus incapacitates them for increase of knowledge, and as it causes failure in their attempts, it takes away self-reliance. Nothing is more shameful than to have self-sufficiency without self-reliance in action, and this state of things can only be reversed when our active powers are brought into the normal course of operation. When pride and self-sufficiency give place to humility and a correct estimate of our own powers, we must necessarily comprehend the advantages of self-reliance and united effort. Self-sufficiency hides our frailties, but the healthy operation of active powers shews our weakness, teaches us humility, fortifies our abilities, and makes us persevering. Success by perseverance gives us confidence in our own powers, and thus we learn self-reliance, which by re-action in due course shews us first the necessity and then the advantage of union.

A sick man imagines he can jump or run, while he must be helped by others even to move, but on his recovery when he exerts himself to move, he stands in need of help from others for sup-

port to enable him to walk. The great works done in old times fill the imagination of the people of India, while her active powers are struck as it were with paralysis; but when these are sound and when they form an idea of the vast amount of work that is due from them, they will necessarily appreciate the advantages of mutual help and consequently of union. The simple fact of working in combination with others, implies an appreciation of the importance of work, and a spirit of humility and perseverance as its antecedents, as well as faith, love and charity as its consequents. Selfishness may be the primary motive for union, but self-control and disinterestedness are its necessary conditions as consequences. Thus our views undergo a course of discipline. We trust others, we love others, we view others favorably, and, in return, we are trusted, loved and charitably viewed by others.

Our feelings likewise admit of large extension. The results above described are simply owing to pressure of work felt to be necessary or considered as a matter of duty, and have reference merely to the amount and not the quality of work; but as the promotion of material prosperity implies the cultivation of arts and manufactures, a regard to their elegance and nicety polishes the taste; and in that stage of improvement when the love of union begins to be felt and the feelings begin to be expanded, a corresponding degree of refinement necessarily takes place. When a child grows to be a man, his intellectual and moral powers are developed simultaneously with his physical powers. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on the refinement of manners and the further progress of civilization. The stage of improvement lying on the horizon of our prospect is the formation of national character, with the spirit of patriotism as its most important feature.

Character is the result of our habits, views and feelings. Hence, when we acquire habits of diligence, when our views are set right with reference to our abilities and duties, and our feelings are expanded, our character will necessarily rise in the estimation of other nations. The chief faults in our character are want of self-reliance, of self-respect and of national unity, and



when these in the course of development as consequences of a habit of diligence are supplied, we shall have individuality, dignity and nationality, which are at present to us mere sounds without signification. But before we can have such a character, our institutions must undergo some changes which require other forces to produce the desired result than the mere development of our habits, views and feelings. A calculation of such forces is foreign to our purpose here, we must therefore be satisfied with noticing to what extent these changes can take place without those forces.

If we earnestly proceed to promote the material prosperity of our country, we strike the axe at the root of the system of caste, and necessarily reorganize an order in the place of the Vaisyas and the mixed classes of superior order. The reconstruction of society now shattered to pieces is of primary importance to constitute it into a nation, and until we are so constituted, it is meaningless to speak or even dream of our prosperity, civilization or greatness. Our interests, our views, our feelings, cannot be properly national, till we form ourselves into one body ; but with the constitution of our society broken, we are now socially in no better order than that of a man with disorderd nervous affections in fever, looking for the members of his body beside him as separate from himself.

The expectation of the reorganization of society and of the compactness of national bond where the system of caste contracts the views of the people and makes them form separate circles with a limited number of themselves, appears to be at first groundless, for even now it is observed that when prisoners in a jail learn any occupation, they generally leave it when set free and take up such as belong to their caste, though less profitable or respectable. It is supposed that though people may have occupations, which do not belong to their caste, yet they will continue to maintain this monstrous system. But it must be borne in mind that when the several occupations of society are distributed among men, not according to their birth, but according to their choice, inclination or ability, the chief evil of the

system will be removed and it is not groundless to expect such changes. Transgression of the boundary of the system with regard to occupation is allowable even according to the principles of Hinduism in case of necessity, and under such circumstances of necessity, as are felt in the present state of society, it is not against its principles that men will have other occupations than those which belong to them in consequence of their birth; and thus Hindus even by their religion are expected to countenance changes of occupations. If it be urged that there is no restriction of caste in the study of the science of medicine engineering or law, and as the system of caste still holds its way, better results cannot be expected even when arts and manufactures are learnt by men without such restrictions. The fact, however, that the system of caste is not now so prevalent as before, is undeniable. It has lost much of its force among those who have received professional or high English education, and it is therefore reasonably expected that like effects will be more widely observed, when the changes of occupations will affect the strata of society to a greater depth. The evils of the system being removed, the system itself will die off naturally. This will not perhaps be easily allowed, but one who observes carefully the views and feelings of the staunch advocates of the system, and notes the changes in the position and even the limit of some of the castes, will readily admit that it is not maintained with that jealous strictness as it is generally supposed; and especially when people will find it to their advantage not to maintain it with strictness, it will certainly yield more and more. The caste of bankers, justly respectable in former times, was long looked down till now at Calcutta; but they have on account of their wealth gained much ground in society, and passed the odium maliciously cast on them. The Tagores are now no more half-castes, and Brahmans are anxious to be recommended for invitation to their houses. The Sets and Basaks of Calcutta and of Malda, that long remained as separate castes, have owned their brotherhood to unite as one caste. There are even instances of men of one caste mixed up with those of another quite distinct. In fact, such

was the origin of the Barnasankars or mixed castes. The enterprising young men who visit Europe do not lose their caste, if they care to keep it. These facts prove that the system is not invincible. The expectation therefore of reorganising the state of society on the ruins of its present constitution, is by no means unreasonable, and considering the amount of evil, we may thereby avoid, and that of good we may obtain, we should exert ourselves to gain the object as soon as we can.

But we must not forget that this is the work of time. The cultivation of arts and manufactures, by turning a carpenter by birth into a blacksmith by profession, a blacksmith by birth into a weaver by profession, in short, by setting up professions in defiance of caste, will necessarily create a bond of fellowship among men of equal fortune. Subordination of rank and position in society being naturally the consequence of wealth, the consideration of birth will gradually fail to bind men of unequal circumstances into relationship; and thus those feelings, which under the system of caste are contracted within a narrow circle, will be extended to comprehend the whole body as one nation. The expansion of feeling will necessarily destroy the system of caste, and maintain subordination of rank in consideration of profession or wealth. Then an individual will not consider himself as a member of a small body of men, who have no other bond than that of caste, but as a member of a large nation, which will comprehend within its sphere all the separate circles into which the people are now grouped together in detached bodies. Till then it will not be proper to call ourselves a nation, any more than to call a circle of latitude or a zone on the globe by the name of globe. Till then we can have no true patriotism, for though every one loves his country, yet this love without national bond is a sound without reality. This virtue may be attributed to only such individuals, who rise above the common course of thoughts and feelings, but such individual instances cannot be of much use in a great cause; and until the common course be elevated to that higher stage, there is no hope of restoring the lost greatness of India.

R. N. BASAK.

THE  
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

---

JULY, 1878.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF  
SIR EDWARD RYAN.

My earliest recollection of Sir Edward Ryan dates so far back as—but I will not give the year lest the reader should think me as old as Methuselah,—my childhood, let me rather say. I was a student of the fourth class Senior Department, Hindu College. Sir Edward Ryan came to inspect the institution accompanied by a lady. Mr. Middleton our Head Master had the lady on his arm, and Sir Edward followed with two or three books in his hand,—smiling, very tall, lithe and active, with roses on his cheek, but not handsome. There was deep silence as the party passed through the class. We were not examined as to our studies on that day.

The next glimpse I had of him was, when I was in the third class. Sir Edward Ryan was in the company of a greater man,—the Governor General, Lord Auckland. There were several other gentlemen, European and native. One I remember, for he was the father of a friend and class-fellow of those days, and a friend for ever after—who told me the name. It was Prasanno Coomar Tagore. We were reading Milton's Paradise Lost. I forget which book it was. Mr. Middleton, our master, gave up his chair to Lord Auckland. Sir Edward Ryan sat by me on the bench. Two or three of the other visitors sat down amid the boys. The rest remained standing. We were made to read and explain;—Lord Auckland looking at the book through an eye-glass. A noble, almost royal countenance;

rather dark ; the broad brow not yet saddened by the Afghanis-  
tan disaster ; not yet stamped with the terrible legend,  
*‘ Quinetili Vare, legiones redde ! ’* Mr. Middleton asked some  
questions to bring out our learning ; and Sir Edward Ryan  
asked a great many more. The answers gave satisfaction  
apparently, as far as we could judge. Then a boy was called up  
before the black board. It was my communicative little friend.  
He worked out some proposition,—from Euclid, was it, or in  
Plane Trigonometry ? Lord Auckland looked at the board  
through his eye-glass, and nodded approbation at the close.  
My little friend’s father seemed highly pleased with his son’s  
proficiency. He was laughing as the party of visitors left the  
class. I was told subsequently he treated his son with greater  
consideration from that day.

The next time I saw Sir Edward Ryan was a year after,  
when I was in the second class of the College. We were reading  
Shakespeare, under the Principal of the College, our well beloved  
D. L. R. Sir Edward came alone and heard us read and explain.  
Then he asked us a great many questions,—passing from poetry  
to history, and from history to mechanics, and from mechanics  
to chemistry, to the amazement of our dear Principal, whose forte  
was poetry, and who was as ignorant of mechanics and chemis-  
try as a little child. Some student was asked about Sir Walter  
Raleigh ; he could not say much ; nor indeed could the next  
student ; my turn came after, and I did my best ; Sir Edward  
Ryan seemed pleased with my answer, though I broke down  
wofully in a quotation which I endeavoured to introduce from  
Hamlet, about “ the courtier’s, scholar’s, soldier’s, eye, tongue,  
sword.” He laughed a good deal when I broke down, but said  
it was a good idea, though my memory had proved treacherous.  
I felt complimented and got over my discomfiture.

Another time,—probably the next,—I saw Sir Edward  
Ryan, through a keyhole. He was accompanied by the Hon.  
Charles Hay Cameron, the Law Commissioner, a descendant—a  
grandson I believe,—of Lochiel. Mr. Cameron was a short man  
with white hair, and I thought, and think still, he had a consider-

able resemblance to Lord Nelson. The first class was examined that day ; each boy was called up by himself before the august examiners, and made to pass through an ordeal of fire. We, of the second class, who had nothing to do, and were in the next room,—were busy turn by turn at the keyhole, and truly we did enjoy it ! The anxious face of each student as he went up and was peppered with questions ; Sir Edward's grave looks occasionally brightened with a smile at some wrong answer ; Mr. Cameron's head bound up, with a white handkerchief, which he knotted and unknotted abstractedly, as he asked the questions, and his genial laugh at some odd reply—can I ever forget that picture observed through the keyhole ? One student was asked about the route to England. How would he go ? Why, take a ship, he commenced,—upon which there was considerable merriment. But the best of the fun was, when all the students had been examined and dismissed, and a Mr. R, a friend of our Principal and a candidate for employment in the Education Department was called up to be examined.

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,  
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,  
And St John's self, great Dryden's friend before,  
With open arms received one poet more.

Who was the courtly Talbot, who was Somers, who was Sheffield, who was the mitred Rochester and who was St. John ? We could see (through the keyhole of course) the perspiration running down the cheeks of the poor gentleman who had aspired to the office of a teacher. Sir Edward's reading had lain very much in the direction of his friend Lord Macaulay's, and the thought of an examination under his supervision of a passage in Pope bristling with historical names would make me tremble indeed,—even now. Mr. R. seemed likely to faint when he came out, but I think he got an appointment, for both the examiners though strict, were the kindest-hearted of men.

My next recollection of Sir Edward Ryan is accompanied with a deadly terror. After the annual examinations fourteen boys

were promoted from the second to the first class. A student who had hoped for promotion but was disappointed, hereupon resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the successful fourteen. He waited upon Sir Edward Ryan at the Supreme Court. The sentry at the door denied him admittance at first; but he boldly sent in his card with the words "a student of the Hindu College" written underneath; and was then ushered into the presence of the Chief Justice. "Well my lad, what is it?" asked Sir Edward kindly. Thereupon the whole story came out; the examinations had been unfair; the boys had copied answers from one another's papers; some had even smuggled books into the examination room; in justice to all a fresh examination should be held. Sir Edward after a little cross examination and enquiry, acceded to the prayer. The fourteen boys who had been promoted, amongst whom I was one, were accordingly ordered back to the second class. What a predicament! In the event of the failure at the fresh examination, there was not only for us the sad prospect of a degradation from the first to the second class permanently for a whole year,—but the prospect of a stain upon our characters, as well,—as having used unfair means at the first examination. It appeared to us as if the eyes of the whole world, from "China to Peru" were fixed upon us, the wretched fourteen,—and the approaching fresh examination. We slept ill, ate little, and abandoned our sports. Even the surveying classes under Mr. Rowe, afterwards Assessor to the Calcutta Municipality,—in which our main business was to take the heights and distances of young mangoes, at Belgachia villa or the Seven Tanks,—even the surveying classes, I say, had no charms for us. The fiat had gone forth,—and there was no alternative but to gird ourselves for the new examination. It took place in due course. Sir Edward Ryan himself presided, and he was assisted by three or four members of the Council of Education. Amongst these was a gentleman in the Law Commission who had a cast in his eye, so that it was impossible to say at any given moment, whether he was looking at us or not. Copying from one another's papers was, under such circumstances of course impossible. The result

was, twelve out of the fourteen were promoted to the first class, two were obliged to continue in the second class. I was fortunately amongst the twelve. By a sort of poetical justice, the boy who had denounced the first examination remained just in the same position, at the end of the second examination, and gained nothing from the tempest that he had raised, except the contempt of all his fellow-students.

Other recollections of Sir Edward Ryan, and that happy school time crowd upon me, but I doubt if they will interest the reader if I went into details, or be as pleasant to him as they are pleasant to me. I remember while we were writing out our papers at separate little desks in the great hall of the Sanscrit College (what a shame it is, they have divided the hall now into two rooms), how he would take his frugal luncheon, on the big table at the centre, a few biscuits, a bit of bread, and a glass of wine. He would read Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby* just out, or some such book while we were writing, and his eyes ever and anon would turn towards us, or he would stalk about the room and stand now by one desk, and now by another, overlooking our papers, smiling approval, or making a wry face at some mistake, or he would converse with some other member of the Council of Education who had joint charge with him of the examinations, or with some examiner engaged with the classes down below, and who had just stepped in for a moment, to share his biscuits and his wine. Then we would overhear their talk, while our pens ran continuously on, and wistful eyes were cast at intervals at the clock, the hands of which seemed travelling railway rate. I remember Mr. Halliday, then a Junior Secretary afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, coming up, and while enjoying his glass of wine, relate with much humour to Sir Edward, how he had seen a lad, note down in his paper that tides were caused by the wind sending the waters of the sea up the rivers, and that he thereupon had asked him how it was that the action of the wind was so regular, without eliciting any satisfactory reply. And I also remember,—which is more to my purpose,—that I once heard with much interest, a native gentleman,



sitting at the table, but not partaking of the meal,—mention to Sir Edward Ryan that he intended to send his boy to England. “When you *do* send him,—write to me, and I shall look after him.” Alas,—the boy was never sent,—but he saw Sir Edward Ryan nevertheless, and in England.

Hey! Presto! The old conjuror, Time, winks as he looks at the running sands in his glass. Thirty-five years have passed away like a dream. The boy has become a rather elderly man with beaming youthful faces around him,—Oh so bright! And here they are all on their way to Sir Edward Ryan’s. Very pleasant is the journey from Onslow Square. Past Holland House with its glorious reminiscences of Lord and Lady Holland, and Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Rogers. One beloved child says she had seen the very snuff-box which Napoleon gave Lady Holland,—at the British Museum, a few days ago, and repeats in her sweet soft voice, the verses which Byron ridiculed, and which Archdeacon Wrangham translated into Latin so beautifully.

Lady! Reject the gift, ’tis tinged with gore,  
These crimson spots a dreadful tale relate.  
It has been grasped by an infernal Power  
And by that hand which sealed young Enghien’s fate.

Lady! Reject the gift,—beneath its lid  
Discord and Slaughter and relentless War,  
With every plague for wretched man,—lie hid,  
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

Think on that pile, to Addison so dear,  
Where Sully feasted, and where Rogers’ song  
Still flings its music on the festal air,  
And gently leads each Muse and Grace along.

And another beloved child pulls her father by the sleeve with  
“Wont they let us see Holland house if we stop a moment?”  
Then on, along the road through fields of cabbages and turnips

and mangel-wurzel until—"Here we are,—Addison Road—this must be it." "Not at home. Sir Edward Ryan has gone out." "Ah, what a pity! Let us leave our cards,—we shall call again."

Next day, just as we had done our breakfast—Rat-tat-tat goes the knocker. "Sir Edward Ryan." "I am so sorry I missed you yesterday. You must come again. Will you now come with me in my carriage and see my office, the place where the Civil Service candidates are examined? Would you like to see the Duke, the Secretary of State for India? Not to-day? Well, never mind; but I shall expect to see you at my house very soon." Then long conversation about old times and Indian friends,—and then Sir Edward takes his leave.

A few days after we are in Addison Road again. Sir Edward Ryan is at home and we have a warm welcome. In the vestibule there is a beautiful marble bust of Dwarkanath Tagore. There is an exact copy of this bust in the Town-hall at Calcutta. In the dining room there is an engraving of Russomoy Dutt from the painting by Charles Grant; an oil painting of Lord Macaulay—the hair combed back,—thick, bushy, Walter-Scott-like eyebrows;—and a portrait of Lord Auckland. "But you must come and see my library first." So we move onwards out of the dining room.

I think it is Sir John William Kaye, the historian of the Afghan War and the great champion of the late East India Company, who said in an essay in the Cornhill Magazine that he had never seen any place more suitably fitted up for the work of a literary man than the library of Lord Macaulay. Was Sir Edward Ryan's library fitted up in imitation of that of his friend, the great historian? I do not know; perhaps it was; certainly it looked a Paradise for a literary man. A table near the window;—large, clean, free from litter, with a few bundles tied in red tape upon it; another table, opposite, with sundry articles thereon, which we did not notice at first, but which were afterwards shown to us by the owner. Book-cases all round the walls rising up to the ceiling, filled with books, and on the top of

them rolled up inside wooden frames, maps which when pulled out would cover and conceal the book cases and form a sort of geographical tapestry. One or two globes and telescopes, I think. Not many pictures, one only I remember,—an oil painting of Mr. Babbage of the calculating machine, who was a relative of Sir Edward Ryan. Glancing over the books I thought the collection complete. Not a history, not a poem, not a novel of any celebrity, wanting; and the whole so beautifully arranged. Sir Edward Ryan let us look at his books for some time. There were many presentation copies from recent authors living and dead. A copy of Henry Sumner Maine's *Village Communities*, was open on a small table in a corner. Sir Edward Ryan who had evidently been reading it very recently spoke very highly of it. Then he took us to the table with the mysterious objects to which I have already made a reference. What do you think they were? Masks, a crown, daggers, a sword, false beards, periwigs, and all the small paraphernalia of the stage. There had been amateur theatricals in the house lately. Sir Edward was always stage struck, when in Calcutta, and was one of the warmest patrons of the Chowringhee and Sans Souci Theatres, though I do not know that he ever acted himself. Perhaps the office of Chief Justice which he held was the obstacle in his way. Members of the Board of Revenue, like H. M. Parkor, or Secretaries thereof like Henry Torrens, might wear the buskin,—but a Chief Justice! He put on one of the masks and donned the crown to the great amusement of my young ladies. "Had they been to any of the London Theatres yet?" "Yes." "Where had they been?" "Drury Lane, the Queen's,—the Gaiety,—Covent Garden." "Well, and what had they seen?" "Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Nights' Dream*." "Ah, that was very good; it had been got up magnificently. What else?" "Amy Robsart." "Ah, had they seen Amy Robsart at Drury Lane? I was just going to recommend you to take them there. Sir Walter Scott's plot has been altered,—I cannot say for the better. It is Varney who falls through the trap-door and not Amy. Did you enjoy it?" "Yes, Sir Edward, we enjoyed it immensely." Then there was talk of

Talfourd and Dickens and Thackeray, and what not besides. "You at least know," to the youngest lady in the room,— "that Talfourd was a friend of my youth. Dickens I knew"— "Yes he dedicated *Pickwick* to Talfourd, and as Talfourd was so much your friend, we thought you must have known him also." "Oh yes, I knew him, but Thackeray was a very intimate friend." "Thackeray was born in Calcutta and was a relative of Mr. Ritchie, our Advocate General in Calcutta." "Do you know Thackeray's daughters? They are living in your neighbourhood?" "No." We did not then. But afterwards we made the acquaintance of Miss Thackeray at the house of the Master of Trinity College in Cambridge. "Which of Thackeray's novels do you like best?" "Oh, *Esmond* of course. Which do you like?" "Pendennis." "Pendennis is the most popular novel. But surely *Esmond* is far superior as a work of art. I think it is the best novel that ever was written;—better than the best of Scott's,—and that surely is high praise." "Ah, you are young, you will modify that opinion bye and bye;—but Thackeray himself considered it his best work, and Trollope, no mean judge, thinks very—very highly of it. Have you read the *Small House at Allington*?" "Oh yes, and I like it very much. There is nothing sensational in Trollope, that is what I like best in him. His novels are so like ordinary life." "Is that praise or censure?" Well, that is as you take it; ordinary life is dull and insipid often, so are the novels of Trollope; sensational stories can only please the young." "And what are you,—are you not young? I consider your father quite a young man. I have seen him when he was younger than you are now. I have got the silver vase still, which you, students of the Hindoo College, gave me when I came away from India." Hereupon there was a general call for the silver vase.

Alas! It was not the one we gave him. I remembered our vase perfectly,—it had a little flower bending much on one side on its cover. I had objected to this flower at the time of the purchase, because it was so crooked, and D. L. R. had said—"Why sir, you would not surely have the flower standing up

mathematically straight,"—to my utter confusion,—neither was it the claret jug which the ex-students of the Hindoo College, Ramgopal Ghose, Kissen Chunder Dutt, Debendro Nath Tagore and others had presented to Sir Edward. I know that too, well enough. It was a vase presented by the students of the Oriental Seminary, and the inscription on it was clear on this head. But years had made Sir Edward Ryan's memory about our Calcutta Institutions somewhat vague and confused, and I dare say he confounded the Oriental Seminary, the Hindoo College, Hare's School, and the Sanscrit College, all together. I did not care to tell him it was not our vase, and my companions looked at it delighted. Was I very wrong in confirming Sir Edward Ryan in the idea that it was our vase, or in making my children suppose it was the vase we gave him? Nonsense! If we are to go on correcting every error of this nature that we meet, life would be intolerable; we would have nothing else to do, but to break up pleasant conversation with—"I beg your pardon." For my part, I always pass them over, and when my friend Mr. Z asked me the other day how my brother X (mentioning my own name) was, I assured him with my blindest smile that he was quite well, and promised moreover afterwards, to give him the kindest regards of my interlocutor.

Some of the ladies in the house,—Sir Edward Ryan's daughters,—having taken entire possession of my womankind, Sir Edward and I had some conversation on serious subjects—religion, social progress in India, Civil Service examinations, and the like. He was surprised that myself and all my brothers had become Christians. "Prosono Coomar Tagore's son too"—he added thoughtfully; "as to social progress," he continued,—“you have brought such evidence with you that I can hardly believe my own senses. It is a very great credit,”—he went on,—“to the scion of the Dutt family who has passed the Civil Service examination that he was first in English literature. First in Sanskrit he might well be, but to be first in English literature in a competitive examination with English youth, deserves notice. A student from Assam has passed since, and he has learned

French so rapidly and well, as to astonish us all here. But what fills me with most wonder," he continued, "is not the case, rapidity and thoroughness with which natives of India master foreign languages,—but the perfect pronunciation they acquire of such languages. I would never know if you were speaking in this room, and I heard you from another, that you were not a native of England, and yet if I overheard a German or a Frenchman speaking, I should certainly know it. I do not mean this as a personal compliment to you, or in fact as a compliment at all. Every native gentleman whom I meet speaks English with the perfect accent of an English gentleman. No German, no Frenchman, no Italian does this. As to the Civil Service examinations, some of the native gentlemen in India seem to entertain the idea that I am opposed to the admission of the Hindu youth to these examinations and to the Service. A pamphlet was written against me. But if it had been known what battles I have had to fight (laying his hand on some of the bundles tied with red tape on the table,) for the continuance of the present system of indiscriminate admission—indiscriminate as regards nationality, I am sure, I should not have been so unjustly accused. People ask me, if more native gentlemen are coming out from India, to compete in these examinations. I say I should be glad if they came out in batches. I met one of the Mullicks the other day in a railway carriage." "Where?" "I was going to Folkestone to cross over to the Continent for a holiday, and this young fellow,—and a very good sort of a fellow he seemed to me—happened to be in the same compartment with me. He said, he was not going to compete in the Civil Service examinations but had come to be enrolled in the bar. I at once surmised Sir Edward had been a fellow-traveller with Baboo Hrishy Case, who whatever had talents or his faults, was certainly a very good fellow, as Sir Edward declared him to be, and had a modesty and frankness in his bearing that won him the hearts of all.—"But Sir Edward I find that if a young man fails to pass in the Civil Service examination, you still permit him to enter the bar. How is this?

Will not the bar become a sort of refuge for the destitute,—an asylum for the incompetent,—by this means? As a Benchers, are you willing to allow that a man who is not found competent to be a Civil Servant is competent to be a barrister?" "The mere fact of admission to the bar is nothing; a man so admitted gets no emoluments,—he has still to make his way in the world. If he has talents, he will get on; if he has not, he will starve. It would be a pity to deprive him of the privilege of simply entering the lists; he has still to shew his mettle, in the presence of an exacting and most impartial judge,—the Public,—before he obtains either fame or profit."

The conversation then diverged to the old times of our school-days. Sir Edward had a vivid recollection of some of the native managers of the Hindoo College, about whom he made enquiries. As to the members of the Council of Education he said,—“They are all gone. Halliday only is left and myself. I dare say you have seen Halliday in London.” I said I had; and could not help contrasting in my own mind the intense interest which the highest officers of Government used to take in those days in Native Education, with the apathy on the subject which now prevails. Judges of the Supreme Court, Members of the Supreme Council, and Secretaries to Government were in the constant habit of visiting the schools and colleges, and they took a personal interest in the boys, whom they knew not only by sight, but often by name. Competent examiners are now appointed to conduct the annual examinations, and it is not necessary for the “big wigs” to undertake this duty. This is right; but surely they might take a little more notice of school matters than they are wont. There is no doubt that much encouragement would be given both to pupils and teachers if they did so. It would be *infra dig.* Would it indeed! Lord Macaulay and Sir Edward Ryan never stood on their dignity, and I am sure they have both left their mark on the Education Department in India.

The last time I saw Sir Edward Ryan, he was silent and in a crowd. He was standing against the wall of the Royal

Academy, gazed at by every body, but speaking to none. "Sir Edward Ryan—Secretary of the Dilletante Society—Leighton. R. A." That was, I think, the description in the catalogue. The resemblance was exact. The expression on the face was to the life,—perfect. Some fruits, and half a glass of wine were before him. These might almost have been touched and tasted. What a glorious art is that of the painter ! This time there was no conversation. It was I only who spoke, and I merely said under my breath,

" Co fut un vaillant cœur, simple, correct, austere ;  
 Un homo des vieux jours, taill'o dans lo plein bloe,  
 Sincère comme l'or et droit comme un estoe,  
 Dont rien ne détrempe le mâle caractère."

G. C. D.

## CIVILIZATION IN ANCIENT INDIA.

*By Una.*

Thus we have briefly touched upon the arts, sciences, literature, philosophy, religion, governments, manners and customs of the Hindus, as illustrated in the Vedas, Upanishads, Smritis, Epics, Darsanas, Kavyas, Puranas and Tantras, and other works which could throw any light upon the civilization of ancient India. It is much to be regretted that the ancient Hindus did not possess any regular history, except the Rajatarangini. Historiography was perhaps too secular to be worthy of the consideration of a people so much imbued with religious ideas. The Rajatarangini, which was written by Kalhana Pandita in the middle of the twelfth century, is only the chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir. But the ancient Hindus have left behind them innumerable works from which some idea of the civilization as it obtained among them, could be deduced. The several copper-plate inscriptions, inscriptions upon rocks and temples, and the various coins which are exhumed from time to time from the bowels of the earth, might also very well form a chapter of ancient Hindu history. Like the statue, which is in the



block, but which requires the laborious chiselling of the sculptor to get it out in its perfect form, the history of ancient civilization in India, which is scattered, as it were, in the monumental remains and the various works we have cited before, can only be ascertained by the laborious investigations and researches of the inquirer. Crumbling manuscripts must be looked into, and sermons should be read in brooks and stones. The works, which have been handed down to us, should be divided for the purpose of investigation, and these divisions would clearly show the several stages of development through which the Hindu intellect has passed. Thus the earliest stage is the *Sanhita* of the *Rig Veda*; the second the *Brahmana* and the *Aranyakas*; the third the *Kalpa-sutras* and the *Smritis*; the fourth the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*; the fifth the *Kavyas*; and the sixth the *Puranas* and the *Tantras*. But the chronology of important events in ancient India is so very uncertain, and the biographies of the most renowned personages are such absolute voids, that we are only left to conjecture as suggested by the intrinsic evidence of their works. Thus we do not know where to place the *Darsanas*, whether before the two epics, or after or between them. It is strange that a nation who possessed so much egotism in matters of religion, should be perfectly indifferent where secular affairs are concerned.

We have already observed that one predominant idea alone swayed the course of life of the ancient Hindus. It was the idea of a future life. The doctrine of transmigration had perhaps its origin in or before the *Sanhita* period. The march of the Hindu intellect and the consequent improvements that had taken place in the several branches of knowledge, may be proved to hinge upon this idea above. The subsequent decline of the ancient spirit of the Hindu, and their consequent retrogression, may also be ascribed to this fact, as being brought about by the unnatural pressure of the idea put upon their intellect and genius which should have otherwise found different avenues to display and develop themselves. Their religious institution, their turn of mind, and the natural conditions of the country,

were all calculated to keep up that idea in its pristine vigor. It originally shaped the national course of life and produced a healthy influence upon all the systems, but in later times its influence being not in requisition, it produced an abnormal condition of society. The shade of this idea, excluding out other influences to the institutions and systems, gave them a sickly growth and an one-sided turn. The very same influence, therefore, which worked in India produced different effects in the civilization of the country under the dissimilar circumstances in which it was placed: those branches of knowledge which had any connection with religion developed most rapidly, whereas others not so connected came into existence by the mere force of necessity, but either did not receive similar culture or they were neglected and forgotten.

In order to illustrate this position, we must advert to those facts which we have mentioned before. The idea of a future life which evolved into the theory of the metempsychosis underlies the religion of the Hindus in all the changes it has undergone. Man's object of life, they conceived, was *mukti* or deliverance; though they varied in their idea of it, the earliest notion, it seems, being the absorption of the soul in the essence of the Creator: till that end is attained, the soul must pass through different lives in the course of transmigration after the period of present existence. The idea of God being the concrete man whose attributes of course were magnified manifold in Him, was the common notion in the primitive states of society. The Hindus therefore were not exempted from this idea. Unless the Deity were satisfied there was no chance of escape from the miseries not only of this life but of all the existences which the soul must undergo after death. In order to pacify the omnipotent Divinity they must naturally think of giving him presents and oblations, as they would do to appease a human being when he is offended. Thus the system of sacrifices—the only form of worship known during the Vaidic period—was instituted, the performance of which engendered a necessity for the investigations of science, as we shall presently show.

The ideal of the Deity not differing from man in the quality of his attributes but only in degree, it was conceived that he should be pacified by getting his food, presents and oblations at the proper time. Thus night after night the ancient Hindus watched the movements of the planets and gazed upon the starry sphere to find out an auspicious moment of conjunction or opposition or entrance of the planets into some sign or constellation, when their offerings would be most complacently accepted by the Deity. Thus the science of Astronomy came into existence, and this feeling gave an impulse to the investigations of the truths of the science. To every Veda, therefore, a sort of astronomical treatise is appended, and however unscientific some of the calculations may appear to a reader in this enlightened age, it must be borne in mind that empiricism lies at the foundation of every science. Though we have said indeed that, according to the showing of Colebrooke, Dr. Bhau Daji, and Dr. Weber, some of the terms of Hindu astronomy have been taken from the Greeks, yet other eminent scholars do not agree with them : "Some of these, however," says Dr. Rajendralala in his *Yavanas of Sanskrit writers*, "are formed with well-known and ancient Sanskrit roots, and retain the meanings which they originally had and still have as common terms of the language, and they can no more be adduced as proofs of the Hindus having borrowed them from the Greeks, than any number of common words can be put forth as proofs of the Sanskrit language having been borrowed from the same source." Dr. Thiabaut is also of the same opinion, "for whatever is closely connected," says he, "with the ancient Indian religion must be considered as having sprung up among the Indians themselves, unless positive evidence of the strongest kind points to a contrary conclusion." \* There cannot be any doubt however that the ancient Hindus had made the science of astronomy one of their principal studies from the earliest dawn of history to the time of Bhaskaracharya, and whatever doubt may exist regarding the borrowing of some terms by the Hindus from the Greeks, it is certain that many

---

\* On the *Sulvasutras*, J. A. S., 1875, p. 228.

of their principles and observations were borrowed by the Arabs, the Chaldeans, and the Greeks themselves. The motive which gave the first impulse for the investigations of the science was indeed a powerful one; and so long as it existed, it caused considerable accession to our knowledge by the frequent observations and discoveries that were made. Such was the advancement which the science had made that even after the Vaidic sacrificial ceremonies had long given way to a new phase of religion, it was studied for its own sake as contributing to the elevation of the intellect, and not with a view to the propitiation of the Deity.

The discovery of the geometrical truths are also due to the sacrificial rites of the Vaidic period. That the origin of the geometrical science should be better understood, it must be laid down that various sorts of *vedis* or altars of different shapes and size were constructed by the ancient Hindus for the performance of the sacrificial ceremonies. It was conceived that the rites performed on these altars conferred different benefits on the sacrificer according to the shapes of the altars themselves. Thus the falcon-shaped altar bestowed heaven to him who performed the ceremonies on it, for he "having become a falcon himself flies up to the heavenly world;" the altar of the shape of *drona* (a measure) conferred food to the sacrificer; the wheel-shaped altar, power over enemies; thus every altar possessed peculiar inherent qualities. The construction of these altars involved geometrical operations without which the variations were not possible to be accomplished: the heights which varied at different places in the same altar; the measures which should be deduced from the general rules as of combining squares of equal or unequal sizes, turning a square into an oblong, or transforming a square into a circle; and the different layers which should contain only a certain number of bricks of different sizes and figures by a peculiar adjustment;—were certainly difficult to be managed unless previously acquainted with the principles of geometry. The rules for the size and the shape of the various *vedis*, their measurements and transformations, are given in the *Brahmans*, but the explanations of them

are given in the *Sulvasutras* which are appended to all the *Kalpasutras*, the rules being expressed in the same words as in the *Bramanas* by Baudhayana, Apastamba, and Katyayana.\* Thus impelled by a religious notion to meet the requirements of the sacrificial rights, the Hindus were led to investigate the principles of geometry at so early a period as the *Brahmanas*. Long before Pythagoras discovered his well-known proposition, it had been known to the ancient Hindus; but their geometry being essentially for practical purposes, we cannot expect to meet with the exact words of the Greek philosopher. Like the science of astronomy, the principles of geometry were investigated and improved, so long as the Vaidic sacrifices were considered necessary for the well-being of individuals either in this world or in the next. But in later times, we observe that the geometrical rules were employed for the purposes of astronomical calculations: the ancient Hindus must have made considerable improvements in both the sciences before they could have made geometry altogether subservient to the science of astronomy.

The origin of algebra may also be traced to the *Sulvasutras*. The necessity for the solution of indeterminate problems involved in the practical application of geometry to the erection of altars and fire-places, and also in the calculations of the motions of the heavenly bodies, first gave rise to this important branch of mathematics. The *Cuttaca*, as we have said before, was known to the Hindus long before Diophantus, and the application of the truths of algebra to astronomy and geometry was only peculiar to the ancient Hindus. There can be no doubt that the origin and the improvement of the Hindu mathematical sciences, in spite of the attempt of some writers to trace them to foreign source, may be ascribed wholly to their idea of precision in performing acts of religious duties; and it being characteristic of the people and their religion, a stricter and closer enquiry is necessary to clear up all doubts in this matter; but there is one fact

---

\* For a detailed account, see the excellent work of Dr. Thiabant on the *Sulvasutras* to which we are wholly indebted for all the information under this head.

which is hardly to be contested that, during the *Kalpa-sutra* period, there was scarcely a nation who had made so much advancement in mathematical learning as the Hindus had done.

The origin and scientific perfection of the grammar of the Hindus are due entirely to the same notion of pacifying the Deity. At all sacrificial ceremonies, the *Vaidic mantras* were chanted. It was conceived that the Deity would be enraged if the hymns were sung in a halting and jolting manner, or the words were wrongly pronounced, or recited without knowing their imports and bearings: not only would the sacrificer fail to attain the object of his sacrifice, but would commit a heinous sin by such wrongful recitals for which he must suffer in after life. This idea indeed gave rise to the cultivation of grammar, comprising the four branches of phonetics, prosody, roots and meaning of the six *Vedāṅgas*: *Siksha* or the science of pronunciation, *Chhandasa* or metre; *Vyakarana* or analysis of language; *Nirukta* or exposition; *Kalpa* or sacrificial and ritual rules; and *Yōtish* or astronomy. The last two do not relate to grammar. *Siksha* or the laws of phonetics may be traced to the *Taittiriya-Aranyaka* and the *Pratesakhas* of the Vedas, if not earlier. The laws relating to metre or *Chhandasa* are also very old, and it is said that he who shall cause any one to repeat or shall himself repeat any hymn of the Veda without having acquainted himself with the metre is the "worst of sinners"; a person is said to be a *mantra-kantaka* (the destroyer of the efficacy of a mantra) who repeats a hymn without knowing its interpretation or the accents of the words.\* These indeed were powerful incentives for the culture of Grammar at a very early period. Panini's work is an instance of the scientific completeness of Grammar, but it should be remembered in order to account for this perfection that Panini himself mentions the names of several grammarians who preceded him. The *Niruktas* are the expositions of Vedic terms and phrases; many works on the subject were extant before, but the only work we have at present is that of *Yāska* who flourished long before Panini.

---

\* Sayana's commentary on the *Rig Veda*, see *Indian Wisdom*, page, 146.

The science of music was cultivated by the Hindus from the most ancient times, as we have observed before : its scientific culture and the perfection it afterwards attained, may also be ascribed to the same cause, that is, the sacrificial ceremonies. There are few things in the world which can enchant the human soul like music. However extravagant or unnatural might be the nature of the reports regarding the charming influence of the songs of an Orpheus or a Tansan, or however still more ridiculous might be the credulity of some persons who actually believe the reports in the literal sense, yet this belief does full justice to the enchanting power of songs. Now, the conception of the Deity, as we have said, was a Being possessing all the qualities of man in the highest degree. It was considered that He would be more pleased if the prayers were sung to Him than if they were barely recited. Even to this day the notion of charming the deity by the influence of music is not uncommon in religious congregations. All the Vaidic hymns were therefore sung during the ceremonies. Music was therefore cultivated as a matter of necessity, the necessity for obtaining deliverance. Numerous books are extant on Hindu music, but the most ancient relating to the Vaidic period are either lost or to be found by laborious researches. Though for want of chronology we cannot rank the writers according to their precedence in time, yet we are sure that the principles themselves had their origin in the Vedic period ; the Gandharva-Veda, which is a branch of the Sama-Veda, is the earliest work we have on the science of music, but the rules themselves must have been drawn from records existing before.

These are the Sciences which directly owe their origin to the sacrificial ceremonies of the Vaidic period ; but Hindu philosophy was the result of speculation on the religion itself. The nature of God, His relation with man, and the mode of obtaining deliverance from the miseries of life,—in short, the rationalistic ideas may be traced to the Upanishads which form a portion of the Vedas. This was the period when the ebullition of the intellect took place,—a critical time, indeed, which shaped

the intellectual march of the nation. Though no nation in the ancient world could vie with the Hindus in the progress of philosophy and rationalistic speculations, yet their impressions were too deeply made upon the national mind not to show themselves at every important act of succeeding generations. Theology and philosophy were so much blended with each other that, as it has been truly said, it is impossible to decide where one begins and the other ends. Metaphysics was not treated purely as a science of mind, but in its relation to the religion of the country. The six systems of philosophy and their commentaries display the highest flight of the intellect in the region of abstruse science, and prove the genius of the Hindus in matters where their religion is concerned. But it must have been observed that they all proceed from certain presumptions, the principal of which are the eternity of the soul, and its transmigrations through successive bodies enjoying or suffering on account of the merits or demerits of the actions of a previous existence. These doctrines were so widely known, not only by the action of the followers of the different schools, but also by the religious performances enjoined on all classes of people for throwing off the miseries of life, and by subsequent writers who engrossed the theories in their own works, that they were blended, as it were, with the thoughts of the people and became the motive power of their actions.

Architecture does not indeed owe its origin to the Hindu religion, but to necessity, yet the improvements in the art are wholly due to the former. Among the four Upa-Vedas,\* the Sthapatya-Veda relates to the science of architecture, and we have already seen that at the time of Manu the Hindus had made great advancement in the architectural art, the Rámáyana and the Mahábhárata also notice the improvements that men subsequently introduced; but it was not till idolatry had substituted the old religion of the country that their ingenuity in

---

\* The four Upa-Vedas are: Ayur Veda or the science of medicine, Gandharva Veda or the science of music, Dhanur Veda or the science of archery, and the Sthapatya Veda or the science of architecture.



the art was called into action. Idolatry is always connected with pomp and grandeur, faith in the gods is generally displayed by splendid decorations of the temples and shrines. Mouldings, carvings, sculptures, and ornamentations were therefore resorted to, to produce what is called a striking effect. The rock-cut temples of southern India, and the remains of the shrines in Rajputana, Orissa and other places, some of which are more than one thousand years old, are still admired by foreigners for the beautiful works they contain.

Thus the sciences of astronomy, geometry, algebra, grammar, music, philosophy and architecture, which attained the highest improvement, were connected with the religion of ancient India; but the other branches of knowledge, not so connected, did not receive similar attention from the people: it is necessity that led to their cultivation, and their improvement varied according to the necessity. The minds of the Hindus were so much tinctured with religious ideas that it is not too much to say that secular writings were very inconsiderable compared to theological works. During the thousands of years which have elapsed since the Vaidic period, we have only a few writers of celebrity who devoted themselves exclusively to secular subjects. Jurisprudence was not treated as a science, but it is only to meet the requirements of society that they framed those laws which are neither characterized by depth of principle nor profundity of thought: but even in this branch, a distinction is observed in the treatment of the subjects according as they were connected with religion: thus we have more works on the law of inheritance, which, as we have shown, depends on a religious principle, than on criminal laws. Trade, manufacture and the industrial arts, though their existence may be traced to the early period of the Rig Veda, and though the highest success has been achieved in some of them, were, in later times, not carried on by the Hindus with that spirit of energy which they had displayed before when no social or commercial restrictions existed. Before the Smriti period, when the rules of caste had not matured into a regular system, commerce and manufacture

were not confined to a certain class of the people, but they could have been carried on by the three upper classes, who were then called Dvijatis. We have already observed that the ancient Hindus carried on trade with various countries by sea and land, but it seems that a considerable restriction was imposed on it when sea-voyages were prohibited at the beginning of the Kaliyuga, that is after the period of the Mahabharata. The cultivation of the science of medicine is a necessity with man, and it should subsist with his existence. Hindu medical practice has been traced to the Rig Veda period, and since that time, the experiences of the Hindus have been recorded. Every attention was paid to the science: though unconnected with religion, yet the necessity was strong and continuous. The extraordinary improvements which it attained in India cannot be a subject of wonder, for the discovery of the hygienic properties of matter and the diagnosis of diseases were characteristic of the intelligence of the people, and the time during which the observations were made is the longest recorded of any nation. The Atreya-Sंहिता is said to be the oldest existing treatise on medicine, and the Ayur Veda or the science of medicine is regarded by some as belonging to the Atharva Veda, and by others to the Rig Veda.

We therefore find the combination of three circumstances which led to the development of civilization in India: (1) Religion, (2) necessity, and (3) the diffusion of knowledge which was the result of the first two circumstances among the general mass of the people. The first gave an impetus to the cultivation of the sciences, the second to the cultivation of those arts which have reference to the existence and prosperity of society and individuals, and the third refers to the promulgation of the knowledge thus obtained among the twice-born classes.

Clerical power and influence have always acted beneficially in the primitive states of society, but when knowledge increases instead of forwarding the movement of the intellect, they become stumbling-blocks in the path of real progress.\* That such

---

\* See Buckles *History of Civilization in England*, Volume II, Page 4. (New Edition.)

was the case in India is proved by the various circumstances which led to the deterioration of the intellect, but which were brought about solely by clerical influences. From the happy beginning of the Vaidic period, we were led to expect a healthy movement of the intellect,—the true basis of civilization, but instead of that, Hindu society presents us with an abnormal condition after the Mahabharata period, though some of the germs of it were sown long before.

In the Vaidic period when the people were not yet divided into regular classes ; when the particular vocations which became afterwards assigned to certain classes could be carried on by any person belonging to the Aryan Hindus ; when that morbid sentiment which became afterwards more marked and strong, did not deter the clergy from messing with a trader ; when a person of a certain rank could marry in a sphere higher than his own, a degree of freedom, unity and patriotism prevailed which can never be realized in the present state of Hindu society. Though the caste system could not have been the result of the caprice of any influential individual or the despotic legislation of a government, however confident it might have been, in the submission and loyalty of its subjects, yet, as we have already seen, how it has been brought about in the lapse of time by the description which Manu has given of the community in his Institutes. The name of Manu acted as a charm in the minds of the ancient Hindus : he was regarded as an authority next only to the Vedas. That the caste system was the effect of Brahmanical influence, however unintentionally it was exerted, must remain an undoubted fact. Down to the period of the Mahabharata, however, much of the strictness of the system had not come into operation, for even then we find that intermarriage was not placed thoroughly under the ban. After the maturity of the system, when all intercourse was stopped between the several classes except what was effected by a common religion and government, the whole community had that sort of connection only which we can conceive of pebbles of certain colors placed in one and the same bag. This state of

society produces the disseverance of that communion of feeling which is the basis of national strength ; men become intensely selfish, and the spirit of liberty and patriotism becomes weakened under the circumstances. As a consequence of this we find the Hindus love much more their own families than their country, whereas in those places where national bond is the strongest, domestic life does not present us with that charming picture which we have in India.\*

Another result of the system of caste is the monopoly of learning by the clergy. So long as war and trade were not the special professions of the Kshatriyas and the Vaisyas, knowledge was disseminated among the greater portion of the people. We have already stated that rationalism was set afoot by a person of the Kshatriya class, for Srutaketu, son of a Brahman named Gautama, learnt it first from Pravahana, king of Panchala, as is mentioned in the Chhandogya Upanishad. To the time of the Ramayana, it was the bounden duty of the twice-born classes to receive education, the acquirement of which in later times became the exclusive privilege of the Brahmans only, but at the time of the Mahabharata, we find that receiving of liberal education was considered optional with the Kshatriyas, whereas politics and the art of archery were learnt as the only duties enjoined upon them. We have already said that Sakya Sinha, a Kshatriya, studied in some of the principal seats of learning, and became the teacher of some Brahmans before he attained his Buddhahood, but all the persons of his class did not receive liberal education like himself. The Brahmans, it seems, were all along aware that intellect and wealth are the two powerful sources of influence in society and the superiority which the former possessed over the latter, they therefore gradually confined learning to their own body ; and though ostensibly they

---

\* "In proportion," says Professor Williams, "to the weakness or rather total absence of the *national* is the strength of the *family* bond. In England and America, where national life is strongest children are less respectful to their parents." *Indian wisdom*, page 433 note 3.

gave up every profession that had for its object the acquirement of wealth, yet by their cleverness they managed to have all the power which wealth affords. All the superior offices under Government were in their hands, the king's principal advisers in politics and administration belonged to the clerical order, and the sacred character with which they had invested their own persons, acted powerfully on the weakness and superstition of the people, who paid ready and instant attention to the requirements of a Brahman to avoid his curse.

Another circumstance which led to the deterioration of the intellect was caused by the Government not improving those opportunities which should have accelerated the progress of the nation. We have already said that the Hindu government was monarchical, but it was monarchical in name, whereas, in fact, it was oligarchical, and that in its worst form—that of a priestly hierarchy. Though the king was invested with the highest powers, and a sacredness which made his person inviolable, responsible to no being on earth, yet all these powers he got from the clergy to serve their interest more than that of the subjects he ruled over. In short, he was a mere puppet in the hands of the clergy, the Brahmans ruled through him. There were indeed kings who had the courage to throw off the shackles put upon them, yet they had not the courage to introduce reforms. Any innovation that was introduced either by the people or the kings, not sanctioned by the Brahmans, was a heresy. In the generality of instances the kings had nothing to do, except to leave the reins of government into the hands of his priestly advisers, and enjoy the luxury which the enormous wealth of the country could afford. It was therefore the interest of the Brahmans to rule the kingdom through the ignorance and superstition of the people and the weakness of the king, and to keep up these failings as much as they could. Since learning became confined to the priestly class, it was no part of the business of the governing body to dissipate this ignorance by the introduction of liberal education among the people. We do not assert this of India before the period of the Mahabharata, but there can be no doubt

that such was its subsequent condition as is testified by many writers who flourished after that period.

Buddhism also, whatever credit may be due to its object of relieving the nation from the thralldom of the priesthood, contributed its mite to deaden the intellect of the nation, and thereby retarded the progress of civilization. During the long period of clerical oppression which followed the termination of the reign of Yudhishtira, when superstition had taken a deep root in the mind of the people, when sound principles of morality had given way to religious formalities, when the rules of caste were strictly enforced to convince the mass of the people of their distance with the heaven-born class of Brahmans, not a single person had the boldness to utter a thought which was in contravention of the adopted notions of the time. The overstretched string broke at last. Buddha was the first to proclaim the equality of man and the inefficiency of religious mortifications and ceremonials to give deliverance after death. The people flocked to him, inasmuch as his principles declared to them that they were not in any respect inferior to the so-called nobles of the land, and the kings attached themselves to his law, because it recognized their supremacy and saved them from the interference of the clergy in their dealings with their subjects. Being a Kshatriya, a prince, a highly educated man, a philosopher; and being humble, unselfish, patriotic and sincere, he was every way fitted to become the leader of the nation. Original Buddhism was nihilistic; and according to Mr. Rhys Davids, it not only anticipated Comte in his doctrines of materialism and agnosticism, but also in his worship of humanity and sacrifice of the individual to the race.\* Buddhist principles were therefore too high for the ignorant minds of the people; they therefore dragged down Buddhism to the level of their own comprehension, for the religion of a nation must be fit itself to their intellectual progress, even if a high philosophic religion be forced upon an ignorant people; we find that in the long run

---

\* *Mahommed, Buddha and Christ* by Dods, p. 170.

they make it suit their own simple notions and predilections.\* This indeed explains the later phase which Buddhism assumed. Nihilism was originally preached by Sakya Sinha, but this being beyond the comprehension of the people, they filled their pantheon with innumerable deities, and transferred into it those superstitions which they had imbibed from Hinduism. Buddha himself was compelled to respect these superstitions, and there was the error: instead of meeting these superstitions with counter-superstitions, he ought to have dispelled them by enlightening the minds of the people with knowledge. Though Buddhism gave a high moral tone to the national character, and though it made the people generous, truthful, self-reliant, humane, temperate, charitable and self-sacrificing, yet these qualifications were not sufficient to forward the movements of civilization. The Spaniards possess these very qualities, but they have not saved them from retrogression.† On the other hand, Buddhism had a tendency to repress the mind within a limited range of ideas; it imparted no strength or energy to the thought; it led the mind to play in fanciful speculations; it made the people dreamy and contemplative and therefore impractical and apathetic; under such circumstances the intellect becomes deadened, it can not get free scope to flourish.‡ Therefore is it that Buddhism possesses the names only of a few great men; the whole history of the faith is almost a blank of intellectual progress.

The system of protecting literature and rewarding learned men, which has been so much deprecated by Buckle, was in full force in India from the beginning of the Christian era. We need not therefore expatiate on the evil effects of such a system. Suffice it to say that literature can not thrive under the circumstances, and the sciences and other useful branches of knowledge, not receiving proper attention necessarily decline. Literary men lose that independence of spirit which they ought

---

\* Buckle's *Hist. of Civilization in England*, Vol. 1, p. 255.

† Ibid, Vol. II, p. 585.

‡ Calcutta Review, Vol. XXXVIII. p. 296.

always to possess, by frequently ministering to the vanity of the king upon whose smile or reward they consider their success or eminence depends. From Sudrak to Lakshman Sen the patronage of poets was a fashion: kings measured their glory according to the number of poets they supported in their courts. The whole of India was divided into several petty states, all the princes of which strove with each other in their munificence to poets, or to emulate the glory of Vikramaditya, Bhoja or Harshavardhana. Ballala, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, mentions that Bhoja alone maintained more than five hundred poets in his courts of Dhar.\* So lavish was his expenditure that he is said to have dismissed a minister who had dared to remonstrate with him on account of his lavish liberality to poets and the state of the exchequer, and ordered that in future none of his advisers should prohibit him from such a course except on the penalty of death.† Thus the country was impoverished by these courtier-poets, and patronage checked that independence of the intellect which it would have otherwise attained. There were men indeed of true genius like Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, who would have been an honour to any country on the face of the earth; but there were twenty men to one of sterling merit, who were behind their age in thoughts and ideas. Only the names of a few of these poets have been transmitted to posterity, whereas the rest were supported at the sacrifice of public money, which circumstance served only to make literature reactionary, instead of progressive.

We have already said that Badrapadji, assisted by his disciple Nandana Misra, gave the first blow to Buddhism, and did much for the revival of Hinduism by the introduction of time-honored rites and ceremonies. He was followed by Sankaracharya, who preached the *Jnanakanda*, while his disciple, Paducapada preached the *Upasanakanda*. The royal patron of Sankaracharya is said by some to have been Sudhanwa and by others Dharmapala. Other preachers arose to bring back the people

---

\* *Bhoja-prabandha*, page 20.

† Ibid page 17.



to their ancient religion ; and among them may be mentioned the names of Poithunusi, Yugmiparshma and Devulu. Political influence was also brought to bear upon the zeal of these missionaries. Kumarila Bhatta became the chief leader of the persecution against the Buddhists : for it was at his instigation that king Sidanma passed that terrible decree for exterminating Buddhism from the face of India : "Let them be slain who slay not the old men among the Buddhists and the babe, from the bridge of Rama to the snowy mountains." Kumarila was a very learned man : he commented on the work of Savana-svamin which is a commentary on the *Mimāṃsa-darsana* of Jaimini. Strengthened with civil power, he travelled about in various countries inculcating the doctrines of the Vedas, and succeeded in expelling the Buddhists from Malabar. From the eighth century the persecution continued, and it was not\* till the latter end of the fifth century that the hierarchs of the Buddhists were compelled to take refuge in China, Java, and other neighboring countries outside of India, under the leadership of Dharma, one of the descendants of Buddha himself. But from the works of foreign travellers, we find that Buddhism still lingered in India to the twelfth century, oppressed, outlawed and crushed.\*

The zeal which actuated the Hindu religionists of this period for the extermination of Buddhism, led them also to take every measure to fix the people in their ancient religion. Times had changed since Buddha preached against the ancient faith : the literary language of India had become antiquated, the people could not understand the religion ; rites and ceremonies were abandoned ; no distinction existed between the clergy and the laity ; liberty and equality became the popular cry ; and the powers which the Brahmans<sup>h</sup> had wielded before were now entirely lost. In order to regain that former influence and to prevent the people from a relapse to a faith like that of Buddha, the Brahmans now began from time to time to issue those books which form a considerable body of Hindu literature known by the names of Purans and Tantras, under the authorita-

---

\* Calcutta Review Vol. XXXVIII, page 270-71.

tive names of Vyasa and Siva. Ostensibly these works professed to expound the ancient Hindu religion, whereas they were intended to check every act, every notion and every idea of the people, so that they might not go astray from the path chalked out for them by the Brahmans. The intellect was shackled : the people were thrown into the vortex of superstition. The freedom of thought was lost—it was environed on all sides with superstition. The people learned in order to be ignorant. This was the crowning circumstance which brought the civilization of the country to a stand. What was effected by the other circumstances was slow and gradual, but now the finishing stroke was given. Buddhism, in spite of all its faults, was a thousand times better than the resuscitated faith : it did not check the freedom of the intellect, though it gave it a wrong and fanciful turn ; and what became of the nation afterwards for want of this freedom of the intellect, we leave the reader to infer from the pages of authentic history.

The condition of the people before the period of the Mahabharata was certainly not so abject as it became after that period. The clergy were well aware that to secure their own influence they must propitiate the people and gradually bring them about to a thorough submission. Therefore was it ordained that the king should always love and protect his subjects as his own children,\* and should always have their welfare at heart. The generality of the people were educated like the Brahmans, the Sudras being left to learn by filtration from their own masters whom they served. The first question which Rama asked Bharata when they met in the forest was, whether the subjects were happy and in the enjoyment of prosperity. Yudhishthira was also very popular because he acted according to the rules laid down for kings. When Brahmanical influence had not yet become predominant, the princes considered it their paramount duty to seek the welfare of their subjects and their prosperity. The voice of the people carried much weight with them, and they uttered it without fear or favor.

---

\* Manu, Ch. VII, Sls. 135, 139.

Rama exiled his wife in submission to the people, because they wanted that she should pass through an ordeal to prove her chastity. But after the period of the Mahabharata, we find that the kings became luxurious, the Brahmans were supreme in the kingdom, and held the reins of government. It is only as an exception and not as a rule that we see that a truly bold and wise monarch on the throne. Vikramaditya, disguising himself like Haroun-al-Raschid or Akbar, travelled about in the kingdom to learn the grievances of the people with his own ears. Bhartrihari is said to have killed his own favorite wife, because she might endanger the safety of the kingdom by revealing what is called a state-secret. Imbued with strong imagination from the natural conditions of the country, steeped in superstition, they were afraid to utter that voice which had been law unto kings. There would certainly have arisen a different civilization in the country, had the sciences which were inaugurated by the Vaidic rites been allowed to grow in an independent manner, but the increase of clerical influence impeded the genius of the people, who after the Kalpa-Sutra period, arrived at a point when the interference of the clergy was perfectly unnecessary, and their interference became a clog to the march of the intellect. Though we have seen that between the fourth and the seventh centuries, an impetus was given to the cultivation of science, yet for want of historical records we are unable to alight upon the true cause, but it seems that this movement was intended for reviving the ancient Vaidic ceremonies which had been forgotten by the people during the prevalence of the Buddhist faith. But it is certain that such knowledge did not become general, only a few Brahmans kept up scientific knowledge in their obscure schools even down to the seventeenth century, for as we have already seen the reluctance of the authors of the Surya-Siddhanta and Siddhanta Siromani to publish their discoveries and inventions. After the period of the Mahabharata, especially since the time of Buddha, the people only talked of religion, heard of religion and met religion everywhere. Freedom of thought they lost, and dared not broach any opinion.

lest it should clash with the adopted notions of religion. They gave themselves up to credulity and superstition, renounced their proper duties, and regarded themselves as passive instruments to serve the will of the clergy.

Thus we see that the abnormal state of Hindu civilization is the effect of circumstances which have been working from a very remote period. One circumstance indeed could not have produced such a state of society ; the civilization which grew up in the Vaidic period was healthy, vigorous, and progressive, but it got a misdirected turn by the combination of all the circumstances which we have stated before. The consequences brought about by a single circumstance were added up by those of others which followed. Hindu civilization has left its foot-prints on the rock of the past, engraven—never to be effaced, both in its forward and backward movements ; both these sorts are worthy of the observation and consideration of sociologists, as signs of health and symptoms of disease are studied by physicians. The circumstances which we have before mentioned in detail, may be briefly enumerated as follows : (1) the system of caste, (2) confinement of learning to one particular class, (3) withholding by Government of opportunities of national progress, (4) Buddhism in its connection with the national intellect, (5) patronage of poets, (6) the influence of the Puranas and the Tantras in generating superstition, and (7) the abject condition of the people.

The whole history of the civilization in ancient India proves that the Hindu intellect passed through three periods :—

1. The theological and practical,
2. The philosophical and speculative,
3. The superstitious and ignorant.

The present state of our knowledge regarding ancient India warrants us in drawing the conclusions we have already arrived at, but when by further researches other facts will be brought to light, they will elucidate many points in the history of the Hindu intellect which we at present do not understand. An honest pride now fills the minds of the modern Hindus regarding the glories of ancient India : it shows a love for their country

and a noble determination to emulate their ancestors in those works which they at present can not do. The history of many powerful nations of modern Europe shows that inspired by this feeling alone they have been able to rise from the mouldering ashes of their ancient splendor. It is not till education and necessity have sufficiently combined that we can expect a full play of the Hindu intellect.

### A TRIP TO RAJASTHAN.

By the morning train of the 28th August 1877, I left the city of Palaces on a tour to N. W. P. and Rajasthan, the seat of ancient Hindu glory.

Saw the distant hills of Raneegunj and Baidnath on the way, arrived next morning at Bankipur. There is a large *Gola Barea* (a granary) a few paces off the Cutcherry here. It is a large building. Before the opening of railway communication, grain was stored here with a view to check famines. Left Bankipore on the 30th August and arrived at Allahabad the next day. It is a large city full of every class of people. In the city there are many buildings though not of a gaudy style, yet they present a novel sight to the people of Calcutta. Here I saw one temple called "Pareshnath's temple," whose workmanship deserves praise; the building, though not entirely of stone, claims some attention on account of its masterly workmanship. On the following morning visited the Fort which was raised in the seventeenth century in the reign of the emperor Akbar. The selection of the place for the construction of this Fort, reflects great credit on its projector. On one side of the Fort flows the Jumna with her black water, and on the other the Ganges with her silvery water. Again, both the rivers meet on the south side of the Fort. From the top of the Fort, saw the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges; it is a pretty sight to look at. Within the Fort, there is a subterranean passage in which the trunk of an old banian tree is kept by the

Pandas. This old and dried trunk is called by the people the "everlasting banian tree"—or 'Akhoi Bata.' There is also a passage. My guide informed me that through this passage the Pandavas escaped from the *Gogriha war*. It is a small hole, the width of the face of which is scarcely above one foot square. Many gods and goddesses are there. The passage is so very dark that without the help of torch light one cannot proceed a single step.

September 4th. Left Allahabad by the night mail and arrived at Agra at 12 p. m. next day. Agra was once a favourite city of the Moguls. The golden minarated marble houses are now standing erect despite the revolution of ages, change of religion, and the taste of the people,—testifying to the splendid grandeur and romantic luxury of the once royal race of the Moguls. Col. Sleeman travelled throughout India, and having seen Agra, he remarked, that "what was figuratively said of Augustus may be most literally said of Shah Jehan; he found the cities (Delhi and Agra), all brick, and left them all marble, for all marble buildings and additions to buildings were formed by him." In the nineteenth century, there are only three stupendous buildings at Agra which the traveller may consider worth their while to visit. I entered the city having passed across a railway bridge, the construction of which deserves praise. This bridge is called Jumna Bridge. Facing the station, there is a Musjid, called "Jumna Musjid," built after the one at Delhi. The building is noticeable only on account of its bulky dimensions. The next day I entered the Fort. In my opinion, this fort was not erected by that wise and subtle Emperor Akbar, with a view to guard the city; otherwise I should surely find something that would confirm this statement. It is a mere fortified and castled palace. Within the fort, saw a splendid Musjid of entire white marble, denominated "Mothi Musjid" or pearl mosque, the like of which I have never seen, during my travels. It is a chaste, simple and majestic building. From the inscription on the entrance of the building, I learnt that it was built by Shah Jehan and completed in the year 1656 A. D.

In this Musjid, as I was told, the Emperor used to pray with the inmates of his Zenana. In the yard of the Musjid there is a beautiful fountain (now out of order), for ablution purposes. In the *divan*, the place for each man is marked out by coloured slabs of marble. If I mistake not, the building can accommodate five thousand persons at a time. Besides the 'pearl mosque or "Mothi Musjid," there are two or three *Mahals* of Akbar within the Fort worth noticing. Before this I had no idea of Mahomedan architecture—the palace of Akbar was erected on the banks of the Jumna the grandeur and sublimity of which, is to be felt rather than described. The Sismahal (bath room) contains a spout, wherein two or three fountains have been fitted up. When the fountains play, it is a splendid sight. In the court-yard of the palace, there is a nice garden, the gravel walks of which are of the best Sinai marble. Saw a good many other rooms, which are now in a dilapidated state, for want of proper superintendence and repair. On the roof of the second story, saw a black-stone throne, having blood-stain upon it. On questioning my guide, he said that formerly it belonged to the Hindu Kings. Subsequently it was bought by a certain Mahomedan conqueror. The throne was placed at Agra by his chiefs. One morning when this conqueror came out dressed, and while attempting to sit upon the throne, he suddenly trembled and tumbled down over it, cutting his forehead, and staining the throne thereby.

In the evening of the 7th September, visited the world renowned Taj. Here rest the remains of that proud queen Nur Mahal. Whatever wonders there may be in the world, the crystal palace of London, the hanging garden of the Missisipi, or the arcade-triumph of France, all yield the palm of superiority to the Taj Mahal of Agra. It has a grand entrance embellished with stones in mosaie. From the gate a nice view of the building can be had. There are rows of cypress on both sides of the road, from the gateway to the building. Four columns are placed on the four corners of the building. They are so very high, that one can take a bird's-eye-view of the whole city of Agra, by ascending

it on the front of the building. Between the rows of cypress, there is a row of fountains, which, when at work, gives additional beauty to the Taj. On the front of the building there is a garden too, (now converted into English style) with olives, citrons, pomegranates and other oriental fruit trees. Entered the building, the walls and floors are of mosaic work, the like of which, as Major Osborne remarked, is not to be found in any country. The floors are made of best Sinai marble. Descended to the vault with a torch-bearer to see the tomb of Muntaj Begum, and her royal husband. This room is full of mosaic work of beautiful design. No epitaph is inscribed on the tomb of Shah Jehan, but on the tomb of Muntaj Begum is inscribed "Defend us from the terrible unbelievers." The view of the Taj Mahal in moonlight from the Jumna is very picturesque. Passages from the *Koran* are inscribed on the gates of the building. A very beautiful piece of poetry, I quote here, written sometime ago by Mrs. Nugent,

"Oh thou! whose great imperial mind could raise,  
This splendid trophy to a woman's praise!  
If love or grief inspired the bold design,  
No mortal joy or sorrow equalled thine?  
Sleep on secure? this monument shall stand,  
When Desolation's wing sweeps o'er the land,  
By time and death in one wide ruin hurled,  
'The last triumphant wonder of the world.'"

In the reign of Lord William Bentinck, a portion of the Taj was broken down, and the valuable tiles were put up to sale. But the proceeds of the sale were very small to the utter disappointment and mortification of the Governor-General.

September 8th. In the morning after breakfast started for Secundra, a beautiful place, quiet and secluded, three miles off Agra. There is a large garden here, where the pious and tolerant Mogul Emperor, after governing India for 50 years, is now reposing. The building raised over his grave by his successor and royal son, though not vying with the Taj, is in no way inferior to it. The range of willows, cypress and the sprinkling of popu-



trees, present a sublime and melancholy sight to the visitor, who may therefore easily conjecture for what purpose the building is erected. There is a large gate on the front of the building, beautifully carved and coloured. I went through the gate and entered the building. It is four storied. Descended with the torch-bearer to see the tomb of the Mogul Emperor, Akbar. Found nothing engraved on the tomb, but on the top of the building, there is another marble slab corresponding to the one in the vault below. This is beautifully carved with the 99 names of God from the Koran. There are two or three more graves of the same royal family within the mausoleum. Lord Northbrook, on his last visit to Secundra, with his usual liberality, presented a gold-cloth valued at rupees five or six thousand to cover the grave with. His Excellency also ordered the Maulavi in charge of Secundra to strow flowers upon the grave, every morning agreeably to Mahomedan custom. Took a round in the garden. In the days of the Moguls, it was one of the prettiest gardens no doubt, but now it is in a sad and miserable state. A small zemindary yielding an annual revenue of 50 or 60 Rs. a year, is attached to Secundra. The Maulavies who read sermons from the Koran before the grave, and the gardeners of the Secundra, are paid out of this income.

September 9th. Left Agra and arrived at Ajmere at 3 p. m. Waited at the station till sun-rise, for these cities are walled on all sides, and the gates of the cities are opened at 5 a. m., and closed at 10 p. m.; and one happening to be out of the city before or after the time alluded to, is obliged to stop without the city. The clock struck five and the doors were opened, the busy multitude of people began to move to and from the city. I hired an *ekkah* (a two-wheeled carriage drawn by a horse) went into the city and put up with Babu Makhan Lal Bosu, an accountant at Ajmere in the P. W. D. At Ajmere saw *Durga*, a Mahomedan shrine and the relics of a Jain temple. The latter was built by the Jains in the time of Sakshya Muni. The temple is gorgeous and gigantic. The workmanship on the stone slabs and pillars in the temple proves that the Aryans were not inferior in fine arts. Three

large arches of stone that are supporting the building in the interior are wonderful to look at. But when the Mahomedans, came and took possession of these countries, this temple was demolished, and a musjid was erected in its stead. Considering the age when this temple was built, the builder of this temple deserves more praise than the Taj.

September 11th. Went to Daulatabag, a very nice garden. It was planted in the reign of Jehanghir after the oriental fashion. A palace is in the interior of the garden, where the Commissioner of Ajmeer lives. Jehanghir in his tour to Rajputna used to honour this building with his royal presence, and the receive homage from the princes of the surrounding countries. The rows of cypress planted around the walls of the garden, the sprinklings of roses and olio fragrance, and the playing of the fountain, make a beautiful and picturesque sight.

Having visited Daulatabag, the trophy of the Mogul victory over Rajputana, I went to Taragarh, the sanitarium, of the soldiers of Agra, Nasirabad, and the surrounding territories. Ascended the hill, there saw the barracks, there found also a pond excavated by Prithi Raj, the flower of Rajput chivalry. On close investigation found inscriptions on a stone in Nagri. But as there was no one present who knew Nagri, I returned to Ajmere with my curiosity unsatisfied.

September 12th. Went to Pushkara, 12 miles from Ajmere. On the way I had to pass many hills and hillocks. Pushkara is a shrine of the Hindus. There is a large lake in the heart of the city, the water of which (as our shastras tell us) cleanses and purifies sin. Numbers of men and women come even from the remotest parts of India, and bathe here and offer cakes and libations to departed souls. This pond is full of alligators. Besides the pond, there are temples of gods and goddesses of which the principal are Brahma, Gaitri, &c. &c. There is a broken piece of sand stone, which the Pandas explained to be a wheat-grinding-machine used by Bhim, one of the Pandavas. In the month of November, corresponding to the Bengali month Kartic, a fair is held in this place. In this fair, like that of Hari-

har Chatra, cows, horses, camels &c. are sold. The mela lasts 15 days. Returned to Ajmere.

September 13th. Left Ajmere and arrived at Nasirabad. It is a large city. To guard the cities of Rajputana, soldiers are kept at Agra and Nasirabad.

September 14th. Left Nasirabad and arrived at Chittore on the 17th September : 3 day's journey from Nasirabad.

Really I want language to describe what joy I felt at the first sight of the city of Chittore, the seat of ancient Rajput glory. The temples of the gods and the palaces of the Rajahs are no longer there. The Chittore bridge, over which the inhabitants of the country used to stand, to hail with acclamation and joy the return of the victorious army from the battle-field, is now mouldering into decay. The Siva's temple where the Rajputwomen used to bid farewell to their kith and kin when they went to the war, is now levelled to the ground. I ascended the hill, and entered the fortress there. I am given to understand that this was the first hill-fort in India ; next to it was Purandhur. The fort is built on such a plan that a handful of troops can defy ten thousand well-disciplined soldiers. From the walls of this fort, Padmini, the wife of Rajah Bhim Sing, jumped down and made a sacrifice of her life to save her honor from the hands of the cruel Mahomedan conqueror, Alauddin. The place where she fell, is still considered by the people to be holy.

September 18th. Left Chittore and on the 22nd arrived at Udaipur, having passed Nimbahara, a small city under a petty Nawab. The city of Udaipur is surrounded by a chain of hills. It being well fortified by nature, the Ranas, on many occasions, defied the Mahomedans. The natural scenery here is very grand and sublime, the city like the other native towns is walled on all sides. In the interior of the city, there is a large lake, called Udaishagor, which is above the level of the ground. If by accident it overflows, it inundates the country throughout. The Rana's palace is in the interior of the city. The building is a bulky one, and somewhat resembles the houses of the Marwaris in Calcutta. In the midst of the lake Udaishagor, there

is a temple called *Jogomundir*. Went into the palace of the Rana and walked into every room of the palace, but could not find any furniture worthy of a Rana. The rooms are shabbily furnished, and to my utter disgust I found obscene pictures painted on the walls. In the evening, went to the political agent Col. Impey. The palace of the political agent was furnished with taste. Saw the rooms, where criminal and civil cases of British subjects are decided. Took a round in the city, but found nothing worth noticing except two or three huge temples.

September 24th. Left Udaipur and arrived at Ajmere on the 1st October. Halted at Ajmere for one day.

October 3rd. Left Ajmere and arrived at Jaipur. Among the native states, Jaipur now stands first in civilization and progress. Able administration and management reflect great credit on the abilities of the present Maharajah Man Singh and His Highness's able councillors. Pure taste, encouragement of education, reward to the deserved, show that His Highness is a man of letters and mental culture. It gives us great delight and makes us proud, when we see that our Hindu rulers can hold the reins of government like the British. Sounds of bassoons, ringing of bells, and the singing of the people, indicate that the subjects are all contented under the rule of the present Maharajah. Jaipur, like other native towns, is walled with gates. Entered the palace. From the paintings of the walls and floorings I see that His Highness is very fond of imitation. Walls are embellished with bits of looking glasses in oriental style. On the front of the palace, there is a row of fountains like that of the Taj. A large garden is attached to the palace. Close to the palace, there is an observatory now under repair. Several brass and iron scientific instruments are there now lying, the use of which, no one now can explain. There is a large stair-case from which the astrologers of yore, like those of Greenwich, used to see eclipses. There is an art school at Jaipur. It is now under the superintendence of Babu Upendra Nath Sen, the cousin of our townsman Babu K. C. Sen. The people of this country have no literary taste. But some of the produc-

tions of the students of this institution show that they are making wonderful progress in the fine arts. One sandal wood box and some stone toys made by a blind man deserve mention. The man is perfectly blind, and he goes on in his own way without being guided or instructed. In the mechanic department, I found that clocks and other mechanical toys were being made by the students. No progress is noticeable in the drawing department.

In the evening I applied to His Highness the Maharaja for a pass for admission to the ancient Palace at Amir. The Palace mentioned above was founded by Joy Sing and that of Amir by his predecessor. Amir is 6 miles from Jaipur, I went to Amir next morning on an elephant. The Palace is built upon a rock. The Palace commands a fine view. Facing the palace is a very beautiful patch of garden upon a *glocki*. Adjoining the Palace, is a fort where entrance is prohibited. Facing the door of the building is a large yard of marble. On one side of the yard, there is a room, where court was held formerly. The room is made of marble, though not entirely. Next to this room there are numbers of rooms decorated with bits of looking glasses. The ceilings are decorated in the same style. In the zenana mohuls high walls are raised on all sides. Even the entrances to the zenana mohuls are similarly curtained. The Palace may be described thus, it is a huge building noted for its bulky dimensions. His Highness the Maharajah, as I am given to understand, cannot enter the forts, except on the *Bejoya Dusamy* day, when his chiefs come, cover His Highness's eyes with cloth, and lead His Highness into the Fort. On arrival there, His Highness's eyes are opened. His Highness then takes a glance at his wealth, hoarded up by his predecessors. His Highness is then brought out, in the same way, by the chiefs. I further learn that His Highness can spend any money from the exchequer. It was the will of His Highness's predecessor, that when the country would meet with famine and when there would be nothing in the exchequer of the present Maharajah, then a certain amount of money could be taken out of this exchequer. In the court yard of the palace there is a

temple of the goddess Kali. It is said, the Kali was taken from Bengal by the predecessor of the Maharajah. The goddess was not willing to leave Bengal, and when she was forced out of Bengal she turned her face on one side. I found her in this position. The Brahmins who are retained for the worship of the goddess are natives of Bengal. There is another temple on the front of the present Palace, called Govind Jee's temple. It does not bear any historical associations. It is an ordinary temple.

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*A Companion to the Sanskrit-reading Graduates of the Calcutta University &c.* By Anundoram Barooah, B.A., B.C.S. ; Author of *Janakirama Vahshya*. Calcutta : Saraswati Press. 1878.

We offer an apology to Mr. Barooah for having so long delayed to notice the above book. The author is no new worker in the field of Sanskrit literature, he having already published the first part of an elaborate English-Sanskrit Dictionary, which has obtained the approbation of so distinguished a scholar as Professor Max Muller, and an edition of *Mahavira Charita* of Bhavabhuti which has been pronounced to be "most valuable" by the learned Principal of the Calcutta Sanskrit College. Although the publication before us is of a humbler character than those just now mentioned, it is not the less useful. It contains notes on the Sanskrit course adopted by the Calcutta University for the F.A. and B.A. examinations of the years 1878 and 1879. The notes are on the poems *Meghaduta* and *Abhijnana Sakuntala*, on the first seven cantos of *Kumara Sambhava*, on the first nine cantos of *Raghuvansa*, and on the first five cantos of *Bhatti*. The notes seem to us to be exactly of the sort which young students require. We have no doubt the book will be found useful by the undergraduates of the Calcutta University.

*Mathilikhitah Susambadah.* Calcutta : Baptist Mission Press. 1877.

This is a very neat and picturesque edition of the Gospel of Matthew in Sanskrit. It is printed in the form of a *punthi* or Sanskrit manuscript. In this form it will, we are sure, be valued by not a few Pandits in the country. It is right to present the word of God to the people in as attractive a form as possible.

*The Unreasonableness of Brahmatism*, being a Letter to Baboo Keshub Chandra Sen. By B. L. Chandra. Third Edition. Calcutta : Baptist Mission Press. 1878.

We are glad to find that Mr. Chandra's useful tract has attained the honour of a third edition.

*Upanayas Mala.* By Rai Sasi Chandra Datta Bahadur. Calcutta : Girisa-Bidyaratna Press. 1877.

Some years ago the author published in English a series of tales called the "Tales of Yoro." They are now presented to the public in a Bengali dress. The tales are good and well told.

*Adisura and Ballal Sen.* An Historical Investigation on the Ambassadors of Bengal. By Parvati Sankar Raya Chaudhuri. Calcutta : Gupta Press. B. E. 1284.

In the year 1865, Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra published a paper in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal on the Sen Rajahs of Bengal in which the Doctor showed, contrary to the common belief, that the Sen Rajahs were by caste not Vaidyas but Kshatriyas. The object of the pamphlet before us is to show that the Doctor is mistaken, and that the Sen Rajahs were really Vaidyas by caste. Without pronouncing any opinion on the point in dispute, we congratulate Baboo Parvati Sankar Raya on the ability he has displayed in discussing the question. It is also a matter of satisfaction that our educated countrymen are taking to historical investigations, inasmuch as it takes away

the reproach so long cast in our teeth that the Hindus are devoid of the "historical sense."

*Pashan-Pratima.* By Gopal Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Calcutta: Bengal Rajkiya Press. B. E. 1284.

The hero of this drama is a Punjabi prince of the name of Randhir. Four beautiful princesses—three in reality, for one was acting the part of two—fall in love with him. One of these three gets married to the prince at last, and the other two commit suicide. In this drama there is much action, much fighting, much blood-shedding. It is quite sensational. The style of composition, however, is elegant.

*Baraiyari-Puja.* A Farce. By a Pundit. Calcutta: Ganesa Press. 1878.

This little book is called a farce, though it ends tragically. Binaya is sacrificed along with a buffalo. Its object is to show the evils of those join-stock celebrations which are called Baraiyari Pujas.

*Mrimai.* By Govinda Mohan Raya Vidyabinoda. Calcutta: Son Prakasa Press. B. E. 1284.

This is a useful little book on Hindu Astronomy, the chief doctrines of which the author shows to be identical with those of modern European Astronomy.

*Nanili-Bhushan Nataka.* By Pyari Lal Mukhopadhyaya. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. Samvot 1934.

The scene of this drama is laid in the court of Bukhtiyar Khiliji, the first Mahammadan ruler of Bengal. He captures three women for vile purposes, one of whom, a Bengali kills him. We hear there is not much verisimilitude in the story. The writing, however, is good.



*Prabhur Prarthana.* By Hara Chandra Datta. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. B. E. 1284.

This is an exposition of the Lord's Prayer intended, as the author modestly says, for little boys and girls; nevertheless it is so good that grown men and women may derive benefit from reading it.

---

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "*A Brief Survey of the History of Female Education in Madras*": being a statement read before His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and the Lady Mary Grenville, at the opening of the Free Church of Scotland Mission, Chetty Girls' School Premises, April 4th, 1878."

*Abakash-Rangini.* Part II. By Nobin Chandra Sen. Calcutta: Albert Press. B. E. 1284.

We are very glad that the author has published the second part of his book. The first volume was published some time ago and it was greedily read at the time. In the present volume the writer has fully sustained the reputation which he has acquired of being a true poet. The author, in most of the pieces in the book under review, has treated of the worn out subject of love. We hope, therefore, we shall be pardoned if we venture to advise the young poet to leave the subject of love for a short time to take care of itself, and to wield his pen in giving the public a few more books like his battle of Plassey.

*Helena Kabya,* Part II. By Ananda Chandra Mitra. Calcutta: Roy Press. Sakabdhā 1799.

The second part of this book, like the first, is admirably written. The language and the style are good. We think we can safely say the book before us is the nearest approach to the poems of the late Mr. Michael M. Datta that we have ever known. The author gives us great promise, and we hope he will not allow his lyre to rest.

*Mitra Pat.* By Arunda Chundra Mittra. Calcutta: RoyPress. Sakabda 1799.

The book contains a few short poems on diverse subjects. The publisher says in the preface that it is intended for boys in the junior classes of Schools. We think also that it will be a valuable acquisition to our present list of School-books and will admirably suit the capacity of students in the lower forms of schools in Bengal, written, as it is, in a simple style. The author has, we find, brought his book to a close by publishing a few "patriotic songs." As it is extremely likely that the book will sooner or later be introduced into our Vernacular Schools, and as we do not think it will be conducive to the well-being of our students if politics be knocked into their juvenile heads, we hope the author will strike off the "songs" when the book goes through a second edition.







